

The Life of

Little Justin Hulburd

Medium, Actor and Poet

E. W. Hulburd



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JUSTIN HULBURD AT SEVENTY-THREE YEARS

The Life of Little Justin Hulburd

Medium, Actor and Poet

Who was during forty years one of the greatest attractions upon the dramatic stage, and who served his adopted country during the Civil War as President Lincoln's private spy. Given through his mediumship by prominent people of that time who knew him intimately, relating many exciting experiences.

Compiled by his cousin

E. W. HULBURD

Volume III

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Preface to Volume III

In preparing the third volume of "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium, Actor and Poet," for perusal by the reading public, it is the wish of the powerful spirit band having the work in charge that a number of communications which have no connection with the life of Justin be inserted because of the valuable instruction and information they impart to humanity; especially does the one given by "Aunt Rachel Noones" appeal to the best interests of the human race by the grand instruction she presents to the readers, which, if followed, will be of incalculable benefit to succeeding generations by enlightening the ignorant and showing them the great importance to be derived from a thorough knowledge of many things which heretofore have not been thought worthy of consideration. Our spirit friends think otherwise and wish the world to become enlightened. The spirits were brought to Justin and through his mediumship the communications were given.

The ancient spirits were found and brought to Justin to communicate by W. E. Gladstone, who, when in the physical body, was one of England's greatest statesmen. He said they had great difficulty in finding a medium through whose organism they could accomplish the work; that they had tried more than sixty mediums, but Justin was the first that they could control to give the communications. Many of them had been in spirit life thousands of years, ignorant of the fact that they could communicate with those still in the physical body. They had to be instructed and in some cases it required two or three years before they became sufficiently enlightened to give the communication intelligently.

Foreword

Will humankind ever become so spiritualized that they can realize they took upon themselves mortality for a purpose, that our life lines were marked out for us before entering our earthly bodies? How little we comprehend the divine plan which must control our lives while in the physical tenement.

As the assistant of the spirit band in the preparation of "The Life of Little Justin Hulburt" for publication, I am impressed to give a short synopsis of my life.

I was born August 5, 1827, in the town of Orwell, state of Vermont. When four years of age my parents removed to Medina, Orleans County, New York, where they remained ten years, then removing to Warren, Ohio. In the autumn of 1845 I went to Wisconsin, where I remained until February, 1848, when I went to Morris, Illinois, where my parents were then residing. Here was my home at the outbreak of the Civil War when, feeling it to be the duty of every lover of his country to rally for the salvation of the Union, I enlisted and followed the Stars and Stripes until disabled by disease I was obliged to resign and return home. My disease becoming intense, I removed to Traverse City, Mich., where for several years I experienced much relief; in time the disease returned and I then removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where I remained a few years, but the climate not proving favorable, my spirit guides directed me to go West.

While residing in Cleveland, I had frequent sittings with Mrs. S. F. Pirnie, who was a good and reliable medium. At these sittings my wife, Mary, would always come and we would converse the same as when she was in the physical body. From her I acquired much information of spirit life and the spirit world. One night after I had retired, I discovered the ceiling

of my room to be entirely covered with writing in some foreign language, which I thought must be Oriental. In a few minutes it faded away; in a short time it was again written over in what I thought to be a different language. That also after a short time faded and disappeared. After several minutes the ceiling was for the third time written over in still another language. This time I saw the hand making the writing; apparently liquid fire flowed from the forefinger of the hand. It was an exact parallel to the handwriting we read of in the Bible, which occurred at the king's banquet. The next day I called on Mrs. Pirnie; my wife came as usual. She told me she was present and saw the manifestation of writing. One language was Sanscrit, another Chaldean and the third was Syrian. Two days later I again called on Mrs. Pirnie. She was immediately controlled by a spirit who said that he had been in spirit life several thousand years, that it was he who made the writing in my room; that he had been with me from birth and influenced my movements thus far through life. I asked him if it was his influence which had prevented me from becoming a church member. He replied, "It was; I did not wish your mind to become warped and clogged by creedal superstition." I had quite a lengthy and intensely interesting conversation with him and he explained to me the meaning of many things which heretofore had to me been inexplicable, and also the reason for many moves I had made. I was guided—unknowingly—by spirit influence.

In compliance with spirit direction I went to Central Kansas, where I remained about sixteen months, but my guides were not satisfied. One evening after having given the matter much thought I retired with the subject still on my mind. I had lain there but a short time when a spirit appeared at my bedside, looked at me intently for a few moments, then glided over the bed to the opposite side, where he again looked at me for a short time, then with his right arm motioned three times toward the east, then disappeared. In about an hour he returned and repeated the movement. I then knew my guides wished me to leave that place and return east. I immediately arranged my business and went to Topeka, where I remained a week. That was not the place. I then went to Kansas City, Mo., where spirit designs were consummated. There my cousin, Justin Hul-

burd and myself were brought together, never to be separated until they were ready to proclaim, "It is finished." We were fellow workers for nearly twenty-five years, when Justin was permitted to go to that beautiful home "over there," builded by his grand work for humanity while occupying his earthly tenement. There he was welcomed with joyous acclaim, "Well done, good and faithful worker for your fellow men."

Soon after meeting Justin I learned that spirits had guided and influenced my every move, that I had been selected when a young lad to co-operate with Justin and his spirit band in the publication of a book that would inform the public of the great work he had performed as the private spy of President Lincoln during the Civil War.

In the spring of 1884 our spirit guides directed us to go to Southern California. We went to San Diego. In a few months we learned they had selected a place for us in the mountains near Descanso, which we purchased and it is still my home.

Here the spirits gave their communications through Justin's mediumship, for "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium, Actor and Poet."

E. W. HULBURD.

Josephine Drake

Chapter I

Wednesday, September 14, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend; they tell me your name is Ebenezer Wallace Hulburd, but they say you reversed it. I have great respect for the name of Ebenezer. My great, great grandfather bore the name of Ebenezer Campbell Drake. His wife's name was Phoebe Eliza Hulburd. They were both born in a little place called Dinnan, Scotland. It is on the present railroad between the city of Perth and Sterling, which is also on the railroad to Edinburg.

When my great, great grandfather and grandmother came to America they settled in what is now called New York City. They made soap and candles for a living. My grandfather and mother came to Philadelphia, Penn., and located there. There is where I was born—as you please to call it—that is, I made my appearance in a physical body—on the 14th of September, 1828. My name is Josephine Drake.

The band gave me permission to commence my communication on my physical birthday. I think it was a royal gift on their part to permit me to come on my birthday. In 1828 when my physical body made its appearance into earth life, it was during a great storm of thunder and lightning which finished up with a heavy rain—so I have heard my mother often tell.

As I expressed myself in receiving a royal gift today, every thing that is beautiful in spirit life is royal; as the great royal sun shines over all it leaves its royal influence on everything upon the earth planet. There is no life that exists upon this planet but that which is royal, even the little crawling worm has a royal, majestic nature.

Before I proceed any further with my communication per-

mit me to inform you that Arthur Clement Drake, who was burned on that ill-fated Steamer Slocum, was my nephew. He was visiting in New York City; unfortunately he joined the picnic parties on that day, many of whom were his friends.

Now we will take up part of your medium's life—that part I am acquainted with. Mother and I made a visit to New York in the month of October, 1848. While there we made a visit to an art gallery, where many fine pictures were on exhibition. We noticed during the day two large, military looking gentlemen, who held a little girl by the hand. She was a wee little creature and dressed so dainty. As we were passing along the large exhibition room we were attracted to the two gentlemen and the little girl, especially the little girl. She was describing the pictures to the amusement of the gentlemen. As we came close to where they were standing the little girl said to the largest of the two men, "Uncle Scott, you old duffer, hold me up; I want to see that mule in the picture." He lifted her and held her in his arms; while doing so she said, "Uncle, just look at that mule, and don't you dare tell me that he ain't got a soul." My mother laughed so much that she had to hold onto me. Before the gentleman placed her on the floor, he said, "Pet, haven't I earned a kiss?" She said, "Two of them." She placed her little arms around his neck and gave him three kisses. He said, "Now, Pet, just another one for good luck," then he placed her on the floor. All the while the other man was laughing. Then she commenced to describe and give explanations of the pictures that hung lower on the wall. She would point out the merits of the pictures in her way. Mother said, "The little creature is a born artist. I must make their acquaintance." Immediately she stepped up to them, saying, "Pardon me, gentlemen, I think the little girl is a born artist." The Little One looked up with a twinkle in her eye and said, "No, madam, I am a born bad actor. Papa Warren and Uncle Scott have made this visit here today with me to see if I can improve in my make-up on the stage." Mother laughed and said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, for my intrusion on your party. My name is Mrs. Amanda Drake; this young lady is my daughter, Josephine Drake. I am the wife of Alexander Drake, of Philadelphia, and the sister-in-law of Joseph Drake in Maiden Lane, New York City." When

mamma had finished telling who she was the Little One threw her head into the air with a backward movement and said, "Ladies, allow me to introduce you to Papa Warren, the dandy of Broadway. This fail looking boy," pointing to the other large man, whom I think must have weighed near three hundred, as he looked, the Little One said, "is falling away, as you perceive, before he passes into a grease spot. I will tell you his name: it is General Winfield Scott, the great pie eater of the nation." At that we all laughed. The General said, "Mrs. Drake, I believe I made your husband's acquaintance in Richmond, Va." Mamma said, "No doubt; he travels part of the year through the south." The General said, "Let us find one of those benches, that we may sit down and talk." Throughout the room were placed rustic sofas, such as they had in parks and gardens. When the two gentlemen and mother were seated the little girl came up to me and said, "Lady, I like you; let us go and look at the pictures." When she laid her little hand in mine there was a bond of friendship sealed that never was broken. I judge we passed away an hour in looking at the pictures. When we returned to where the older folks were sitting, mother was laughing. She looked up at me and said, "Daughter dear, Mr. Warren is an old friend of your Uncle Henry's, and also of your brother Alexander."

They made room for us on the same seat—that is, Mr. Warren placed the little girl sitting on his leg, while I sat on the end of the seat. The General said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am hungry and hope you are all the same. Let us go and find something to eat. Ladies, will you do us the honor to dine with us today? We are stopping at the Astor House." Mamma said, "We are stopping there, too." That was the cause of a hearty laugh. We all left the gallery together. When we reached the sidewalk General Scott asked mamma to take his arm. Mr. Warren did the same to me; the Little One caught hold of Mr. Warren's other hand. When we reached the hotel, on the steps stood Daniel Webster, Mr. P. T. Barnum and a lawyer by the name of Roark. We were introduced to the gentlemen, then we passed into the dining hall. After dinner Mr. Warren said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will see you later—perhaps in an hour. I have to put my Little One to sleep, then I will return: so par-

don me for the present." General Scott said, "Baby, ain't you going to kiss us all good bye?" She kissed each one in turn. We all had to stoop to be kissed, as she was such a wee creature. When she came to Daniel Webster she looked at him and said, "Old man, you've got a big head; I wonder if there's anything in it." He picked her up, kissed and hugged her a number of times, saying, "You sweet little thing. I wonder whose wife you will become. He shall love you, for who could help it—you are such a little witch." Mr. Warren stepped forward and took her from Mr. Webster's arms, saying, "You will see her again tonight, perhaps. She is playing at the Museum, in 'The Magic Ring.'" Then they walked away. My mother started as if she had been shot, grasped the General by the arm, saying, "Is that little body on the stage? Oh, how shocking." Mr. Barnum said, "Not at all, madam; her acting, singing and dancing is the admiration of the people. She is the star of the play." My mother turned around and looked at me in such a way it frightened me to see distress pictured so upon her face. She said, "Dear, let us go to our room." We bade the gentlemen good afternoon and ascended the stairs to our room. When we had entered our room my mother closed the door and locked it. She said to me, "Daughter dear, I feel that I have committed a sin in introducing myself to those gentlemen this afternoon." I said, "Oh no, mamma dear, it was no sin. I love that little girl and her father already. I am going to see the little girl play. I might just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. I know, mamma dear, we are church members and you think the theatre is a dreadful place to go to; you know there is an old saying, 'There is a first time to everything,' and that first time will be for me tonight." My mother groaned and threw herself on the bed, saying, "I wish to God we had never made this visit to New York City. It was a long promised visit and it has resulted in a disaster for us—to think that you tell me that you will attend the theatre tonight. Oh, how wicked. Just think of it, daughter; how wicked it is for that pretty child to be on the stage." I said, "Mother dear, there is a love that has come up in my heart toward that child, and I must see her play tonight. I feel that there will be many things in common through life for her and me, and I must see her and know her better." My

mother screamed and said, "Good God, the child has bewitched my daughter." She got down on her knees in front of the bed and prayed to God to take the curse off her child. "She is bewitched and will not listen to reason." Then she wept and prayed in silence for her daughter. She arose from her knees, looked at me and said, "Josephine, my child, if you must go to that place I will accompany you. I will wear two veils in order that no one shall see my face." About half past seven a knock came on our door; we were then preparing to go to the museum. I unlocked the door; there stood Mr. Warren. He said to me, "I have the honor—hoping you will not deny me that honor—to place a box at the theatre at your service this evening. It was Mr. Barnum's wish that I should have the honor of presenting the same to you ladies." My mother heaved a terrible sigh and said, "How I wish we were home tonight in Philadelphia. I am to blame for all this." I said to Mr. Warren, "I thank you for your kindness and also thank Mr. Barnum for the great privilege he has given us tonight. We accept his box with the greatest delight." Mr. Warren said, "General Scott and myself, with your permission, will escort you ladies to the theatre." I took his hand and thanked him. There was a fate in that greater than I understood.

We arrived at the theatre as the curtain was going up. The scene was a king's palace and the wee Little One was dressed as a page. He sat at the feet of the king, singing about the war. The first thing I knew after we were seated in the box, mamma lifted one of her veils, and as the Little One came skipping and singing toward our box mamma lifted the other veil, then heaved a heavy sigh, saying, "This is what lures men and women to destruction. Isn't the Little One pretty? How handsome the king looks sitting on that throne."

After the curtain had dropped on the first act a knock came to the box door. Mr. Warren opened the door. There stood Mr. Barnum, Mr. Webster and a Mr. Grafton, the great scenic artist. When they had taken their seats Mr. Barnum addressed us ladies, saying, "Don't you think the little 'Dashing Blanchard' is sprightly and fascinating?" Just then a shower of raps came on the box walls. My mother screamed and said, "I'm in the devil's pit at last. Oh, God, what a wicked woman I am,

to accompany my child to such a place as this." Mr. Webster said, "Madam, some of the best people in the world attend theatres, and when I meet them afterward in society I cannot see that they are tinctured in any way with the aroma of the devil." Just then a kind of a breeze seemed to pass through the box. Mr. Warren said, "I wish they would stay away and leave us alone." I said, "Who are you talking of?" He said, "An influence that follows my Little One. I think it follows you, too, if I'm not mistaken." Then my mother commenced to groan again and said, "God defend us; where will it all end?"

The play was a beautiful one. The singing, dancing and acting was marvelous. When the curtain had fallen on the last act, they were applauding for the Little One to appear. She came in front of the curtain and sang, "I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet," which sent the audience away laughing.

That evening I dined with the friends. While sitting at the table mamma asked Mr. Warren how old his little girl was. He said, "On the 22nd day of November she will be twenty years of age." Mamma expressed herself in such a manner it made the company look at her. She said, "Mercy save us. I thought the child could be only eight or ten years at the farthest." Daniel Webster said, "Warren, is it possible that your little girl is twenty years of age? Why, she looks like a child yet." They all laughed.

As we bade one another good night I stooped and kissed the Little One, saying, "I hope we will meet again, dear." She said, "We shall. We have met before and shall meet throughout all eternity." Mr. Warren said, "My Little One has fallen in love with you, Miss Drake." I said, "I love her and you, too, Mr. Warren. I cannot tell you why I am forced to speak the words." He said, "I understand; you are mediumistic and cannot help yourself."

After mother and I had entered our room, mother said, "Now, let us pray." I said, "I cannot pray as you wish to pray. I have no desire to acquaint God with my affairs. I shall say the prayer you taught me to say when I was a child." I disrobed and went to bed. While saying my prayers I passed into a sleep. It was a happy sleep. I dreamt that I became the wife of Mr. Warren. I never knew what time mother came to bed.

Thursday, September 15, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend. I will now continue my communication.

It was six years after the time that I met your medium in New York. I was making a visit at the Jerome family's cottage at Long Branch, New Jersey, when I met Mr. Warren and your medium again.

The Jerome family and I were invited to attend a reception at the leading hotel of Long Branch. The reception was given on account of the President of our Nation being present on that occasion. There I met Mr. Warren and the little medium. They were stopping at the hotel. The reception turned out to be quite a swell affair; the number was a large one. Mr. P. T. Barnum, Daniel Webster and a Mr. Joyce—a great friend of the Jerome family—were present on that occasion.

After dinner there was a dance, some singing and recitations. Amongst the singers was a Lady Floy, from England, who had a superb voice. It looked to me as if her nature and make up was that of music. If she had been on the public stage I think she would have been a great prima donna.

I must inform you now that the little medium was dressed in boy's clothes on that occasion.

Next morning we left for Philadelphia before Mr. Warren or the Little One was up.

That was our first introduction to your medium.

I did not intend to give you that part of it. Mary Gannon, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Busheyhead and Mrs. Morse said, give that part of it by all means.

I introduced Mr. Warren and the Little One—as Mr. Warren called him—to the Jerome family. Mr. Warren and the little medium sang a duet. One part of the evening the little medium gave a recitation.

We were all introduced to the President. About half past eleven o'clock the President was conversing with me about the ocean and its power. During the conversation the little medium passed by. When the President called him by name he walked over to where we were sitting. The President lifted him and placed him on his lap, saying at the same time, "You have a high voice for such a little chap. Allow me to introduce

you to this lady." Little Puss laughed and said, "We are old friends, Mr. President." "Yes," I said, "We met in New York city and I saw him perform at the theatre. He was a little girl then. I see his father has transformed that little girl into a boy." The President said to little Puss, "What is your name, dear?" Puss said, Oh, any name you have a mind to call me. I aint particular about a name." The President laughed and said, "You are easily pleased. Can't you sing something low and sweet for this lady and myself?" Just then some raps came on the President's chair. The President said "Who is that?" Puss said, "Old Splithoof is after you, Mr. President. May be you aint paid your last board bill." We both laughed. Just then a portly gentleman came toward us. The President introduced me to him as Mr. Davis, from Illinois. The President said to little Puss, "How will I introduce you and by what name?" Little Puss threw back his head, looked up at the President and said, "Just call me Old Sauce Box, that's as good as any other name." He put his little hand in that of Mr. Davis when he was introduced as little Sauce Box and looked at him with a grin on his face such as a clown in a pantomime would make. He said, "Old duffer, we have met before and that other old raw-boned chump had the pleasure of meeting me before." Then he gave his foot a kick out. One of his shoes came off, which Mr. Davis caught in his hand. He said to me, "Just look at that silk sock old lady Drake. No, I mean those silk stockings. They cost three dollars. If I ain't a nobby one it ain't the stockings' fault." We all laughed then. The President said, "Davis, let me have his shoe and I will put it on." Mr. Davis said, "Not much. I will put it on myself." He placed his silk handkerchief on the floor, knelt on one knee and put the Little One's shoe on. While he was tying the Little One's shoe. Puss looked at me and said, "Drake, don't you think he's fed on hog meat? I believe all those western politicians are." Mr. Davis said, "You little scamp, is that the way you treat me for catching your shoe and putting it on?" Then there came raps on the President's chair. Mr. Davis said, "What makes that peculiar noise?" Puss said, "Old Splithoof is after you and the President. He knows you're both getting up some scheme." Mr. Davis said, "Well, I will take a kiss and we will drive old

Splithooff away." After Mr. Davis had kissed him he said, "I believe I know who you are now. Didn't you play 'Cinderella' in Chicago?" Puss said with an Irish brogue, "Sure and it was mesilf that did it." Mr. Warren came to where we were sitting and said, "Come, Little One, it's time for you to retire now. All little birds have found their nests long before this." Puss looked at the President with one of the most comical faces I think I ever saw. He commenced to cry and said in an Irish brogue, "Sure and ould man thinks I've been tipling too much. He's come to lade me to Purgatory. A decenter person than mesilf never stepped on a floor." All of a sudden he made a jump and Mr. Warren caught him in his arms. He threw kisses to us, saying, "Farewell until we meet again." More raps came on the President's chair. Mr. Davis said, "What is that makes that noise?" I said, "It's spirits, Mr. Davis." "Spirits?" he said. "I said, 'Yes, spirits.'" The President said, "He is a strange little creature. I will call him a freak in nature." Mr. Davis said, "I wonder how old he is?" I said, "On the 22nd day of November, 1848, Mr. Warren said his Little One was twenty years old, and that is six years ago. On the 22nd of November he will be twenty-six."

Alonzo Jerome came to where we were sitting and said, "Miss Drake, the Jerome family has gone. Mother has requested me to remain here in order to escort you home when you feel so inclined." I introduced him to Mr. Davis—the President he had met before. I said, "Alonzo, we will get home just as fast as we can now. I want to see your mother before she retires for the night."

When we reached home, after laying aside my wraps, I went direct to her apartment. I knocked; she opened the door and admitted me. She said, "Josephine, I knew it was your knock." I said, "Mrs. Jerome, I have come here to ask you to grant us a favor. If you do not think it wise to do so, do not grant it." She said, "Dear Josephine, I will grant you any favor that is within the bounds of reason." I was engaged then to her son Alonzo. I said, "Dear Mrs. Jerome, the request and favor that I will ask you to grant is this: Will you tomorrow afternoon permit the President and some of his cabinet, Mr. Davis and Mr. Barnum, Mr. Warren and his Little One and others

that I will invite to assemble here at four o'clock tomorrow afternoon. I have a strong impression that we will get a spiritual demonstration." She laughed and said, "My dear, how great minds run in the same groove. That is just what I intended to do. I was going to get up early in the morning, send out my invitations by Peter and have the friends assemble here tomorrow afternoon." We both laughed, and hugged and kissed each other. We laughed so loud it woke Lucille in the adjoining room. She came to her mother's room, asking her, "What great joke have you now; your loud laughing awoke me; can't you tell me, that I may laugh too?" Her mother told her the whole affair, then we had a good hearty laugh over it. She said, "Won't that be grand?" We kissed and bade each other good night, her and I withdrawing from her mother's room.

The guests assembled at four o'clock in the afternoon. We had singing and quite a good deal of piano performance by a Mr. Spencer, whose execution on that instrument was grand. The way his fingers would glide over those keys was wonderful. After he had finished Little Puss said to me, "Joe, you play and I will sing." I sat down at the piano and played the introduction to "The Last Rose of Summer." Little Puss commenced to sing and the raps commenced also; they rapped on the piano in perfect time to the music. After the music had ceased, Alonzo Jerome said to Puss, "Little One, if you will jump up on top of that table and crow like a rooster I'll give you five dollars." He had hardly said the words when Puss dragged off the table cloth and books onto the floor. He jumped up on the table, stood on one foot and crowed like a rooster, which brought immense applause and laughter from the guests present. Then he sat down on the table, commenced to cry and said he was in love with God. Alonzo said, "What God?" He said, "God knows, I don't." Just then the table commenced to slide over the carpet toward Alonzo Jerome. It was a large mahogany table. When the table got in front of Jerome it tipped up and threw Little Justin into Alonzo's lap, which brought great applause. Alonzo hugged and kissed him, saying, "Little One, you and I shall always be friends. We are servants of the spirit world. Dear spirits, if I and the Little One were to sit on the table, do you think you could slide the table across the

room to where mother sits?" The table tipped three times for yes. He placed the Little One on the table, got up and sat upon it himself; the table did not move. Alonzo said, "Dear spirits, we are all ready." The table did not move. He said, "Shall I put my feet up on the table?" The raps came on the table. He crossed his legs on the table, yet it did not move. He said, "Dear spirits, what is the matter; can't you inform us?" Little Justin spoke up and said, "They want me to sit astride of your neck, that's what's the matter." Then came the raps. Alonzo said, "Get up, Little One, you are right; that's what they want." After Justin got up and was comfortably fixed the table commenced to slide (rap) toward Mrs. Jerome; when the table stopped it tipped up and threw them both to the floor. That brought big applause. Present among the guests were a number of mediumistic individuals. The spirits could draw from them and perform that wonderful demonstration.

When the guests were parting many of them said, "We must investigate spiritualism. That demonstration this afternoon was wonderful." Little Justin—which I shall now call him—had fascinated the Jerome family; they were not satisfied until Mr. Warren and Little Justin came to reside at the cottage.

A coldness grew up between Alonzo and I. I made the discovery that I loved Mr. Warren. One day I was sitting in the summer house, holding a novel in my hand, when Little Justin entered. He looked at me and laughed, saying, "Joe, you are in love. You're in love with papa Warren, and I know it. If you'll give me a quarter I'll tell him all about it." I laughed and said, "If you don't say another word about it I will give you a dollar." He said, "Shell out." I gave him the dollar. He put it in his pocket, then he said, "Suppose a fellow gets to dreaming and talks in his sleep—it takes another dollar to keep him quiet." Before I had a chance to give him the dollar Alonzo entered the summer house. He looked at me and said, "Joe, I overheard the conversation. You do not love me. You love Mr. Warren. It is well that it is so. My spirit guide says I must not marry for at least fifteen years. You can have Mr. Warren if he will marry you." The Little One jumped up on the bench and said, "Hell's a brewing; I wish I'd got that other dollar before it commenced." Then he jumped onto Alonzo's

back; Alonzo turned around, ran out of the summer house with Puss on his back, Puss yelling, "We are off for Coney Island by the next boat."

I did not see Alonzo Jerome after that for seven years. That fall Little Justin and Mr. Warren made us a visit at our home in Philadelphia. The friendship between the Jerome family and ours was never broken up. When Alonzo Jerome came back from Europe he had developed into a grand medium. His phases were several. His physical demonstrations produced through his mediumship were the finest I ever saw. He never gave any exhibitions before strangers, it was only to friends. We became as sister and brother to each other ever afterward while living in physical bodies. His love for Little Justin was wonderful to behold.

One afternoon we attended a seance at Doctor Van Ame's home in Philadelphia. The physical demonstrations on that occasion were many. Four individuals sat upon a sofa and were wheeled from the back parlor into the front parlor.

They say I have held him long enough today, there is too much electricity in the air.

Saturday, September 17, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend. Now I will continue my communication. One day as we were walking from the Jerome cottage toward the beach we passed by one of the hotels. Mr. Warren discovered a friend sitting on the porch, a Mr. Brady, a photographer. Mr. Warren requested us to proceed to the beach and he would follow in a little while. We did so. In the party were Mrs. Jerome, Alonzo Jerome, Lucille Jerome, Miss Estelle, whose right name is Mary Gannon, a Mr. Walla Wallace, Henry Simpson, a tenor singer in one of the churches, the little medium and myself. As we were walking along the beach picking up small shells left there by the tide, a very peculiar incident happened. While we were picking up the shells Mary Gannon said to me, "Joe, look there at that ring forming on the sand around Little Puss." She grabbed my wrist so tight that I cried out. She said, "Oh, Joe, look, there are letters forming inside the ring." When the letters stopped forming Mary Gannon read them; she spelled out, "You will die out on the ocean." She said to the rest of the party and myself, "Do not

tell this to Mr. Warren—it will trouble him much to think that his Little One should die at sea.” Little did she think at the time that the warning was for her. The letters disappeared and we walked on, gathering shells. We walked quite a ways. When returning, Little Justin stopped; it looked to me as if it was the same identical spot where he had stopped before. He dropped his basket filled with little shells; he commenced to cry. He cried so hard that it went to my heart and made it ache. Mary Gannon said, “Mr. Jerome, will you go and find Mr. Warren? Tell him to come here as quickly as possible. No one can do anything with Little Puss but Mr. Warren when he is in such a condition as this.” I took Little Justin in my arms and tried to quiet him. I could do nothing with him—to pacify him was out of the question. He seemed to cry harder and harder all the time and would speak to no one. Mrs. Jerome looked up toward the hotel and said, “Here comes Mr. Warren, running.” Alonzo and the other man were following.

When Mr. Warren came up to where we were he said, “What is the matter with my Little Puss?” He took him out of my arms and sat down on the sand with him. He said, “Pet, tell me what you have seen that makes you cry so.” After awhile he stopped crying and said, “Papa, can’t you see that ship on fire, out there on the ocean? Look how the people are throwing themselves into the water and are drowning. Oh God, I feel there is some one on board of that ship that knows us; look and see if you can’t tell who he is.” We all looked out on the ocean, but saw no ship on fire. Mr. Brady said, “Warren, my boy, that means something. I’m going to get a field glass and watch what is going on as far as I can see.”

In about ten minutes Little Puss was fast asleep in Mr. Warren’s arms. Mrs. Jerome said, “Isn’t it strange that it affects him in that way?” Mr. Warren said, “Not on all occasions, madam; it is only when they show him something dreadful that he cries. Had he been crying long before you sent for me?” I said, “Perhaps ten minutes; we tried to quiet him, but it was of no use, then we sent for you.” Mary Gannon told Mr. Warren about the letters that were traced in the sand and just how they looked. She spelled out, “You will die at sea.” We all laughed when she said that. Mrs. Jerome said, “Why,

Estelle, you told us not to tell Mr. Warren of that affair and now you tell him yourself," which caused another laugh. Mr. Warren said, "That was a warning to you, Estelle, so look out; you are the one that read the words." Then he said, "Good friends, I will take my Little One to the cottage." Mrs. Jerome said, "I will go also; what I have heard today makes me nervous." We all followed in Mr. Warren's train.

Next morning at four o'clock Alonzo awoke all the inmates of the cottage to look at a ship on fire out on the ocean: She was trying to make the beach. Many boats went to her rescue and many of the passengers were saved. The name of the ship was the Sea Nymph. She was a sailing ship and was on her way to New York from Liverpool with a large number of passengers on board. Mr. Warren's cousin, Henry Warren, went down with the ship. That was the person Little Puss saw on board.

That same afternoon a number of guests assembled at the cottage. We held a circle. Little Puss was controlled by Mr. Warren's cousin. During the conversation he told Mr. Warren that he was on board the Sea Nymph and went down with her. She burned to the water's edge and then sank out of sight. He requested his cousin, Mr. Warren, to tell his mother and the rest of the friends that he sank with the Sea Nymph. He and others had been carousing the night before, drank too freely, and were so strongly under the influence of liquor they became helpless when the fire was discovered on board the ship.

That evening about five o'clock Mr. Warren received a letter, notifying him that the theatre in Philadelphia would open next Monday night. Little Puss would be required at rehearsal. Mr. Warren said that evening at tea, "In the morning Puss and I will bid you adieu, as we return to Philadelphia. They are going to commence rehearsal the following morning and his presence is required there; they open Monday with 'The Magic Ring.'" Alonzo spoke up and said, "Let us hold another circle this evening, if Little Justin is not too tired." The Little One laughed and said, "I'm good for twenty more if I can have some lemonade." Alonzo said, "You can have a bucket full." We held another circle that evening. Alonzo went to the hotel to look for Mr. Brady. Fortunately he found Mr. Davis, Mr. Ed-

win Forrest, the actor, a Lizzie Weston Davenport, a Mr. Bloodgood, connected with a New York paper. He returned to the cottage with the friends. A circle was held. Some of the manifestations were wonderful. Mr. Bloodgood's wig was taken from his head, carried around the circle and placed on the little medium's head, which made us all laugh. After he—Mr. Bloodgood—had recovered his wig the little medium got on top of the mahogany table. It moved across the floor to where Mr. Forrest sat, tipped up and threw the little medium into his lap. Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "You've come back to your first love, Pet. This puts me in mind of when you used to go to sleep sitting on my lap, waiting for the curtain to go up." Just then a shower of raps came on the mahogany table; it commenced to dance on the floor as if Old Nick had possession of it. Mr. Brady said to the table, "If I whistle a tune will you keep time to it?" Alonzo Jerome said, "They tell me if you will place the little medium on top it will keep time and dance to the whistling." Mr. Forrest carried the little medium and placed him on the table; when he had done so one of the lions' feet raised up and came down on his toes. Mr. Forrest hollered out, "God, that hurts; commence your whistling quick, so I can get my foot from under."* Mr. Brady commenced to whistle, the table danced, Mr. Forrest got his foot out, sat down on his chair and said, "I'll never say again that spirits don't come back." We all had a hearty laugh at his expense. After the table had danced for quite a while it went over to where Mr. Warren was sitting, tipped up very easily, and allowed the little medium to slip off into Mr. Warren's lap. After that it danced around the room so that I thought it would break lots of furniture; it went to the center of the room, stood motionless on one of its lions' feet, and waved backward and forward several times. Alonzo said, "That means good night, friends." It went back to its regular position on the floor. There were several other physical demonstrations that evening; the one I have just described was the principal one.

As the friends were bidding the members of the cottage good bye Mr. Brady said to Mrs. Jerome, "Lady, I would not have missed what I have seen here tonight for one thousand dollars. No money could buy that which my eyes have beheld."

Mr. Forrest said, "I have seen greater demonstrations than that. I remember one night at Mr. Singer's home—on a Sunday evening it was, too—I saw them take Little Pet and place him on top of a what-not full of ornaments. The what-not moved around the room, the Little One hollering, 'Three cheers for the fourth of July.' There were great expressions given that night by several individuals at what they had seen." Little Justin got the lemonade he was promised, which consisted of two glasses, he saying "he would leave the bucketful for the next time."

As Mr. Forrest was passing out of the door to the porch he turned around and said, "Puss, ain't you forgot something?" Little Puss said, "No, I haven't, uncle Forrest." He ran and jumped up onto Mr. Forrest, put his little arms around his neck and kissed and hugged him; then Mr. Forrest placed him on the floor and said, "Now, little baby, let me see if uncle Forrest hasn't got something to buy sweeties with." He put his hand into his vest pocket, took out a gold piece of money and placed it in the Little One's hand, saying, "There, you will always be a little baby to uncle Forrest." He shook hands with Mr. Warren, saying, "Old boy, be careful of our little baby. You know how precious he is to us. You go direct to my home with the Little One. I'll be there in two days. Tell sister I had to return to New York; will be home as soon as I get through my business. Don't forget to go to Arnold's. Arnold told me he has a pretty necklace for the Little One."

Warren and Justin left the cottage in the morning, returning to Philadelphia.

That will do for today. I see you have a friend to entertain and the medium seems somewhat unsettled. We will continue at another time.

Tuesday, September 20, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend. I will now continue my communication. I permitted Mrs. Morse to come yesterday in my place—that is, I permitted her through a certain condition, if the guides were willing, as her and I wished it to be; they consented and her forces were attached to Justin's organ of speech in order that Mrs. Morse could talk with her husband.

After Mr. Warren and Little Justin left for Philadelphia

we held a circle; the manifestations did not amount to much. Alonzo said they required the presence of the Little One.

I returned to New York City with Miss Davenport, Mrs. Hartman, Mr. Forrest and Mr. Brady. The day after we reached the city Mr. Brady prevailed upon us to go to his gallery and have our pictures taken. We were taken as a group. I sent one to Little Puss. I guess he has it now.

When in New York about seven days, I should judge, I received a letter from Mr. Warren in which he said, "After the Little One's engagement is finished here we come to New York. He plays in 'The Tempest' at the old Broadway Theatre. I hope when we return to New York that we will find you still there." I was there when they came.

After the engagement of "The Tempest" was at its end, Lola Montez made her first appearance in America. Little Puss—as I like to call him—remained during her engagement. He played a little dandy from London. Lola Montez became strongly attached to Little Puss.

After the engagement Mr. Warren went on the road with a Concert Company. Two of the ladies of the company and I became warm friends. Puss asked me to travel with the company, which I did, and found much enjoyment in doing so. Miss Nellie Bly I found a charming companion.

While in Baltimore we dined at the home of the Featherstones. There we found a man claiming to be a medium and said he had the same phases as Charles Foster. Little Puss watched him very closely and when returning to the hotel he said in the carriage, "Papa Warren, that man there tonight was a fraud and I know it; he may call himself Colchester all he wants to, he is not a genuine medium." When we arrived at the hotel Mr. Warren invited us all to his sitting room. After we had been there about half an hour conversing, Mr. Warren said to the company, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to tour part of the south and west. Those that do not wish to go can return to New York City. While in Baltimore I am going to make arrangements for my Southern tour. Here I make up my company for the south and west. All those that desire to remain members of the company will have to sign a contract tomorrow afternoon. I give you tonight and tomorrow fore-

noon to think it over." It just seemed as if it was one voice speaking when the whole company said, "Mr. Warren, we will sign the contract and remain members of the company." He thanked them very kindly. Just then Little Puss said, "You didn't ask me to sign the contract, Mr. Warren." After he had spoken the words raps came on the table. Nellie Bly said, "That's your contract. You have signed one to be faithful to Old Nick," which made us all laugh. Mr. Warren rang the bell. When it was answered he gave directions that lunch and wine should be brought to his sitting room. I think that was the happiest supper that I ever indulged in. Mirth and jokes were in abundance. We laughed so much and so loud it brought some of the guests to the door; they wanted to know what the matter was. Mr. Warren asked them to partake of the lunch. They did so. After remaining there, I should say, about an hour, one of the lady guests was controlled and spoke beautifully to the people present. That was the first spiritual lecture I ever heard. I was delighted. The spirit that controlled said his name was Charles Danforth and that he had been a student at the college in Baltimore. A negro controlled Little Puss and of all the antics and peculiar ways that I ever saw come through a medium came through Little Puss while controlled by that negro. The negro said his name was Ginger Brown. His master struck him a blow with a cane while under the influence of liquor and Ginger Brown's spirit passed from his body. He said his master's name was Thomas Crawford and lived at one time in Alexandria, Virginia.

We traveled through the south and west. I learned much from observation. When we returned to Philadelphia, Mr. Warren, Little Puss and myself dined with Edwin Forrest. He was playing an engagement at the old Walnut street theatre, Philadelphia. Mr. Warren disbanded the company in Philadelphia, the members returning to their homes. Edwin Forrest, Madam Dorio, Rose, Mr. Warren, Little Puss and myself went to Atlantic City. While there Mr. Warren hired a cottage, as Little Puss had become tired of hotel life.

There came an excursion from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. Among the people were a great many newspaper men. I gave them a reception at the hotel. During the evening I was both

surprised and delighted. Mr. Warren walked into the dining room with Estelle on his arm. Little Puss got up onto a table and hollered as loud as he could holler, "Three cheers for old New Jersey, Estelle and papa Warren, any other state that's got as good grub."

During that stay at the seashore Little Puss became acquainted with a gentleman that afterward presented him with a house and lot on his birthday. While there all the friends had a sail on a boat called the Seabird. Then I made the discovery that Estelle loved Mr. Warren.

I will continue my communication at another time. They say what I have given and Mrs. Morse is sufficient for one day.

Friday, September 30, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend. I will now continue my communication. I would have done so before. When Mr. E. W. Morse was here—that is the name by which I heard you call him—Justin left his window up the night of the fog; he caught a cold and was not in condition for me to use his organ of speech. I know he has a cheerful nature and was constituted so that he could throw such a matter as that off. Age has a grip on his physical body now—it is harder to throw off those conditions than it was forty years ago.

In the month of November of the same year that he was at Long Branch, the James family, who then lived on Broad street above Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, held a circle at their home on a Sunday evening. There were present George Meade, Edwin Forrest, Wm. Van Ame, a Miss Nellie Wells, Alexander Beard, Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson, a Mr. Alexander Boardman of Baltimore, Miss Sarah Leath, Walter Talbot, John Welch and two daughters, Mr. Warren, Little Justin and myself. Four of the James family were present.

In about half an hour after we had commenced the circle I noticed Justin became nervous and fidgeted around on his chair a good deal. All of a sudden he jumped to his feet and screamed out, "My God, I'm shot in the heart." Mr. Meade caught him in his arms or he would have fallen to the floor. The gas was only turned down a little and we could see his face, which was as pale as marble. Mr. Meade held him in his arms. I should think, for about fifteen minutes, when his lips moved

and a deep, heavy voice said, "Brother, I was shot today about two o'clock by my mistress on board the boat *Rosella*, on the Delaware river. The parties that were with me, to hide the crime that had been committed, threw my body into the river." Miss Serana James fainted. She was to have been married to him on Christmas eve. His name was George Talbot, and a cousin to Mr. Beard, who was present. He said to his brother, "Break it gently to mother and father. I was not the man, brother, that you thought I was. God help my betrothed. Be gentle with her, for I was a wicked man. Friends, all on board of that boat were of the same class as myself; the women were lewd characters; the men were gamblers and pickpockets of the worst kind. That beautiful bracelet that I presented to Little Justin on the stage I stole from Draper's jewelry establishment, on the corner of Warren street and Broadway, New York City—the one I presented to him while playing at Barnum's Museum in New York City." Mr. Warren said, "That bracelet shall be returned to Mr. Draper tomorrow. I will give an explanation how we made the discovery it had been stolen from his establishment." The spirit said, "Do as you think best. I am weak and must go now." I thought when all the circumstances had been verified afterward it was a wonderful test of spirit power. The man had been shot that day about two o'clock, and talked through Little Justin's organ of speech that evening. The James family felt dreadful to think that their daughter had been engaged to such a villain as that man turned out to be through his own evidence.

The body was washed ashore and it turned out as he said, he was shot through the heart. Before the body was discovered the woman made her escape. We heard afterward she went to England, kept company with a circus man by the name of Cook; hurt one of her limbs in some way; on her death bed, before her spirit had left her body, she made a confession that she was the woman who killed George Talbot, Henry Woodward of Newark, N. J., and Silas P. Wells of New York City, a man well known on Wall Street.

There are many other little incidents and evidences that he gave of spirit power. I only speak of the prominent ones.

In the month of April in the following year the company

that Little Justin was connected with was playing in Newark, N. J. Little Justin got Mr. Warren to write me a note in which he said, "Joe, after you receive this note, take the next train for Newark, N. J. The second morning after you receive this note, which will be the 16th of the month, we start for New Haven, Conn. We are going to tour some of the New England states. You have never been through New England; here is a good chance for you to go with us. New Haven, Conn., is called the Elm City and I want you to see those grand old elms. They are beautiful to look upon and perhaps you may marry a yankee husband—who knows? Do you? Your loving little friend Justin some day will be a six-footer," which made mother and I laugh. I accompanied them to New Haven, and found it a beautiful city, as Justin had described. Such grand elms as those I had never seen before.

Little Justin, Mr. Warren, Mr. Scott, the leading man, and his wife and myself were invited to take dinner at the Parker home. As we were walking up toward the front entrance of the dwelling three young ladies came toward us; each in turn took Justin in their arms and hugged and kissed him. I saw he was no stranger there. The door opened and out came Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who gave us a good New England welcome. When we had entered the parlor Mrs. Parker said to Justin, "Now, little dear, please sing something for us before we dine. Sing 'My Heart's in the Highlands.'" The daughter Jane sat at the piano, playing the accompaniment while Justin sang. During the playing and singing the piano seemed to tremble, then rise from the floor, perhaps three inches.

The daughter was a beautiful medium and between her and Justin there was a number of demonstrations that afternoon. After we had finished dining and re-entered the parlor, the piano seemingly of its own accord, moved a foot or more out into the room.

Mr. Warren did not enter the parlor until about a quarter of an hour afterward. He and some of the other gentlemen went into the garden to smoke. I was sitting by the front window when I heard Mr. Warren say, "Gentlemen, I must go and look after my Little One." Just then the parlor door was slammed by unseen hands; they held it so tight that none of the

gentlemen could open it. Mr. Parker said, "Let us enter by the window." They came out onto the porch and commenced to come in through the window. Just then the door was thrown wide open. We heard a peculiar kind of a laugh, as if it came from the ceiling. I and the chair that I was sitting on was moved out into the center of the room. Mrs. Scott commenced to laugh. Some unseen hand took the hairpins out of her hair and it fell down onto her shoulders. Mr. Scott's silk hat was brought from the hall, placed in his lap and some power compelled him to spit into it, which was the cause of a great laugh. A beautiful Maltese cat that was lying on the porch was thrown into the room through one of the windows. I laughed so much that I commenced to get a pain in my side. The daughter of the family was a strong physical medium and with the assistance of Justin's mediumship the spirits showed some wonderful demonstrations there that afternoon. In some unaccountable way to me I commenced to pray and must have prayed about half an hour when the keys of the piano gave forth sound. Mrs. Parker said, "They want us to sing." We sang "The Last Rose of Summer." A Mr. Bartlett from Yale College stood up and gave us a beautiful recitation. After that we sang again, when the door bell rang violently; Mr. Parker looked out of the window and said, "There is no one visible at the door."

A peculiar incident took place after that. A chair that was in the upper hall came down the stairs as if some one was sitting in it. It came bumpity-bump down the steps. When it got to the lower hall we heard a terrible groan, as if someone was in the act of trying to rise from the chair, which made us all laugh. After that we sang "Home, Sweet Home," and bade the friends adieu. It was a wonderful afternoon and showed what strong spirit power there was in the house.

The company went from New Haven to Hartford, Conn. By the way, Mr. Warren was the moneyed man of the company. It did not bear his name, but he braced it up with his money.

I found Hartford a beautiful city. There we made the acquaintance of Harriet Beecher Stowe, also two of her brothers; a Mr. Brown, whom I think was the most comical man I ever met; a Mr. Burr entertained us at his rooms. When we arrived after the performance we found a number of guests had pre-

ceded us. During the evening one of the gentlemen present came and sat by Mr. Warren. He said to Mr. Warren, "My name is Charles Wilkins. I would like to have you, your little boy and this lady visit my home tomorrow afternoon. I will send my carriage for you." The next afternoon we arrived at his home at the appointed time, were received with a cordial greeting by his family.

It was a beautiful place, so many large trees and great beds of flowers. It was almost impossible for us to get Justin to enter the house. He sat down by the flowers and commenced to talk to them. I was trying to coax him to come into the house when a black servant entered the grounds saying, "Dinner is waiting." Little Justin said, "Oh, damn your dinner; do you suppose that I'd leave all these beautiful flowers for something to eat? Not much." The black man returned to the house, laughing. In a few minutes Mr. Warren came out, saying, "Come, Little One, dinner is waiting. You can have all the flowers you want afterward." Justin said, "That's the way always. You big folks want something to eat." Mr. Warren picked him up and carried him into the house. While at dinner the Little One—Justin—admired the decorated China on the table and gave expression to his thoughts, saying, "Oh, isn't it beautiful. Your China is so handsome; you all look beautiful, not quite as pretty as the China, though." We all laughed at the compliment. He said, "That's just the way when a fellow says something smart you've got to laugh." One of the children said, "He's a daisy." I noticed during dinner that Justin only partook of a slice of bread and butter and a glass of milk.

When we had withdrawn from the dining room Mr. Wilkins said, "Let us take the Little One out, Mr. Warren, that he may feast his eyes on the flowers."

While looking at a bed of beautiful verbenas he placed his little hand in Mr. Wilkins', looked up into his face and said, "Dear papa, I'm so glad you love my verbenas. You know how much care I took of them." I saw the tears in his eyes. Mrs. Wilkins said, "Dear Elsie, is this you?" The influence said, "Yes, dear mamma. You know how much I loved the flowers, especially the verbenas." The mother said, "Oh, Elsie, darling, are you happy in spirit life?" The influence laughed and tak-

ing her hand said, "Mamma dear, how could I be otherwise when I have such a papa and mamma? Don't you know I live here most of the time with you; to prove it I will call my favorite dove, Jennie." The influence made a peculiar call; a beautiful white dove, followed by some others came toward Justin, lit on his shoulders, the white one commenced to coo and put its bill into Justin's mouth. Justin loosened one of his hands and smoothed down the feathers of the white dove. The father said, "Mother, what a wonderful test this has been to us today. From this day henceforth it will become to us a sacred holiday. We will commemorate it by decorating the dining-room with the flowers she loved so much and as long as her favorite pigeon lives it shall be one of the guests on that occasion."

As we were walking toward the front entrance of the home Justin became stubborn and would not walk any further. He sat down on the grass and made believe to smoke. He said, "I have just as much right here as any other body. I used to mow this grass and I guess I can sit on it if I want to." Mr. Wilkins laughed and said, "Charley, you can sit here all you want to and no one shall disturb you." Mr. Wilkins recognized the voice of their hired man that passed to spirit life about nine months before.

When we returned in the carriage to the hotel on the back seat where Justin sat were many beautiful flowers, placed there by the hands of Mrs. Wilkins. Mr. Wilkins came to the side of the carriage, took Little Justin in his arms and kissed and hugged him, saying, "Sweet Little One, you have made us happy today. May the good angels always have you in their care." He placed around Justin's neck a gold chain, saying, "Wear that in memory of our Elsie."

That night at the theatre Mr. Warren received a telegram from his grandfather saying, "Come to me at once." The company cancelled their dates in the other New England towns.

We returned to New York by boat; what a beautiful sail it was. The company opened at one of the Broadway theatres. It was a small theatre located on Broadway between Broome and Grand streets, the name I forget.

After Mr. Warren returned to New York the company disbanded. Mr. Warren, Little Justin and myself returned to Phil-

adelphia. We went down to Atlantic City—that is, Mr. Warren and Justin, mother, two sisters, a brother and myself. We remained there three weeks. While there Mr. Forrest made us a visit, engaged Justin to play the boy in William Tell at the Buffalo Theatre, State of New York. Justin got mother's permission that I might accompany them to Buffalo. After the engagement at the theatre we went to Niagara Falls, where mother and the rest of the family joined us. Our visit there was a pleasant one.

The manager of the Toronto Theatre heard that Mr. Warren and Justin were visiting at the Falls. He came on, engaged Justin to play Jack Shepherd at the Toronto Theatre and also at Montreal. His engagement was for six weeks. Mr. Forrest went back to Philadelphia. Our family accompanied Mr. Warren and Justin to Toronto.

After his engagement there we took the boat for Montreal, passed through the Thousand Islands, as they call them, which was a beautiful sail. We arrived at Montreal under a great downpouring of rain. After his engagement at Montreal we crossed over the river, took the cars for Troy. That bridge crossing the river I thought was a wonderful piece of mechanism and artistic work.

As we were passing through the state of Vermont, at one of the stations where we stopped two gentlemen came into our car. As they approached where we were sitting one of them said, "As I live, there is Little Puss lying fast asleep in that lady's arms." That lady was my mother. "I wonder where his father can be." Just then Mr. Warren entered the door at the other end of the car. There was a happy greeting. Those two gentlemen, I should say, were Mr. Warren's cousins. One of them said, "I see Little Puss asleep in that lady's arms." Mr. Warren said, "Allow me, consins, to introduce you to my friends." We were all introduced and the rest of the journey was a happy one.

We intended to take the boat that evening for New York. Mr. Warren's cousins would not listen to it, so the whole party went to a hotel. I think they called it the Troy House. Charles Foster, the medium, had a suite of rooms at the hotel and was giving sittings. As we entered the dining room that evening

Mr. Foster was sitting at a table with some friends. When he discovered Mr. Warren and Little Justin he spoke, saying, "Oh, there is Little Puss and his father." He got up from the table, shook hands with Mr. Warren and Justin. After that we were all introduced to each other. We were provided with seats at another table. As we were coming out of the dining room Mr. Foster said to Mr. Warren, "Come to my rooms and bring your friends. We will have a glorious time this evening."

The gentlemen went to smoke their cigars. We ladies entered the parlor to await their return. After we were in the parlor about ten minutes Justin commenced to get nervous and said, "Let us go out and see the town. Old Foster will have to wait till we come back." As we were descending the stairs two ladies were coming up. One of them said to mother, "Have you been to Mr. Foster's rooms and is he in?" Justin said, "No, mam, he is out gathering up the dead—he wants to give a good show tonight." We passed down the stairs for mother, my sisters and myself could hardly keep from laughing, the way those women looked at Justin. One said to the other, "That Little One must be one of those queer mediums." Mother couldn't wait to get outside of the door before she commenced to laugh.

When we got onto the main street we met our gentlemen friends returning to the hotel. We went back with them. Mr. Foster was waiting and led the way to his rooms. There we found the two ladies that we met on the stairs. After we had been comfortably seated Mr. Foster said, "I feel there is a great spirit power here this evening." The answer to his words was a shower of raps on the table. Justin said to one of the women that we met on the stairs, "Didn't I tell you that he was around gathering up the dead?" Mr. Foster laughed and said, "Now, Puss, you keep quiet and let the spirits come." Another shower of raps was heard. Justin said, "We're goners—there's old Beelzebub and his whole force after us. I can see the brimstone coming up through the floor." Just then an unseen force pushed him and his chair up to the table. Mr. Foster said, "Now, behave Puss, and we'll have a nice circle." He had no sooner said the words when an unseen force grabbed him by the hair of the head and shook it good. He said, "That hurts. I believe old Beelzebub is here." One of the women got down on her knees

and prayed to the good angels to drive old Beelzebub away and let the good spirits come in. In some way that I can't explain, the woman got her head through the rungs of the chair and Mr. Warren had to wrench one of the rungs out to let her get her head free. She became so frightened that she fainted. They lifted her up, carried her into the adjoining room and placed her on Mr. Foster's bed. While they were doing that a knock came on the door. Justin said, "Damn you, come in if your feet are clean." The door opened and in walked Mr. Edwin Forrest and another gentleman by the name of Moran. Up went a big shout of laughter. Mr. Forrest's company was to play at the theatre on the next evening. Mr. Moran was a citizen of Troy. After Mr. Forrest had taken a seat Justin went over and sat on his lap, saying, "Uncle Forrest, it's hell here tonight. There's one gal laid out already. She was trying to strangle herself between the rungs of the chair. Papa Warren couldn't stand it, so he wrenched out one of the rungs. She's laid out in the other room waiting for old Beelzebub to make repairs."

Mr. Foster came from the other room and gave Mr. Forrest and Mr. Moran a cordial greeting. He shut the door between the two rooms and once more we all became quiet. Mr. Foster handed us slips of paper to write names on and then roll them up into pellets. After all the pellets had been placed on the table he mixed them all up. He picked one up, held it between his fingers for a little while, then placed it on his forehead. After he had done so he said, "That is strange, the spirits do not respond this evening." He picked up several others; all were a failure; then he said, "I believe the spirits want to communicate through Little Justin this evening." There came three raps on the table. Mr. Warren said, "I'd rather they wouldn't, Mr. Foster." Just then a voice came from Little Justin, saying, "Well, they shall." Mr. Foster said, "Brother Warren, you can't stop them. They have the power and you might as well give in." All the while Justin was sitting on Mr. Forrest's lap. He got down, walked to the centre of the room, pushed the table to one side, and commenced to talk with a peculiar nasal twang to his speech. After he had talked some time he said, "I am John Odway, of Boston." Mr. Foster laughed and said, "John, I thought that I had recognized your voice." The spirit spoke a

little longer and said, "I have done my best; if you don't like it I don't give a damn." Justin went over, got up into Mr. Warren's lap and said, "Papa, I want to go to bed—I'm tired." Mr. Warren said, "After a little while." By some unseen force he was taken from Mr. Warren's arms, carried across the room and placed in mother's lap. Mr. Warren said, "I must take my Little One and put him to bed before they get him all worn out."

Mr. Moran said, "I want Mr. Forrest to have a sitting if the rest of the parties are willing." We all consented and bade them good night. Mr. Forrest said, "Brother Warren, I will see you in the morning."

Next evening we took the boat for New York. It was a moonlight evening and a more beautiful sail I do not think any mortal ever experienced going down the Hudson river that night. Mr. Warren and Justin stopped in New York. Our family returned to Philadelphia.

There are many other conditions that took place in his life during my acquaintance with him while living in a physical body. To describe these would make my communication too long.

I leave my love for Little Justin and thank you, kind friend, for taking down my communication. If you think it is worthy of being placed in your book you can do so. I once more thank you and bid you good day.

Lucy Carlton

Chapter II

Wednesday, October 26, 1904.

Good morning, brother and friend of Truth. I enter your home unheralded by any one. I am a quiet, plain woman, now called a spirit.

I come here to Searchlight Bower with my dear sister "Lovelight." When she lived in a physical body she was known as the wife of Ephriam Weed Morse, of San Diego, Southern California. She is a lovely spirit and we are spirit sisters, attached to each other through the power of love. Her earth husband is her true affinity; she is waiting for him to come to her and through her soul condition she is building a home to receive him in when his spirit leaves his physical body.

It was a great delight to her when he made you that visit this summer. Those were such happy hours when she could hold his hand and talk face to face with him. Her love knew no bounds then as Justin's guides permitted her to become the mistress of the situation on that occasion.

Now permit me to give you my name. It is Lucy Carlton. I was born in Virginia. My mother was a high spirited and lofty woman, as you term it, in the physical body. My father was of very little consequence, as she ruled him in everything. Her word was law and as the boys say, she was "boss" of the whole situation. She did not nurse me but placed me in the arms of a black namina named Sada.

I have had a great desire to communicate through your medium, especially when those other spirits were permitted to communicate in connection with the dedication of the Spiritual Temple in San Diego. My desire was strong to do so. The medium's guides said they could only permit a certain number to use his organ of speech. They said it would tax his strength

to the utmost then, as his physical body was weak. Brother of Truth, that was a glorious day for us spirits and I know it must have been for those living in a physical body; their bright countenances spoke volumes to those possessing an intellectual and cultured mind.

When I looked at Brother Peebles standing there with such a glorious expression on his face and his soul filled with love for the human race I said to myself; "This is heaven on earth." When he proclaimed to the world, "We dedicate this Temple to God," as he pronounced those words he lit a light in the minds of those present that never can be quenched or blown out by a man made religion. His soul gave forth volumes of intellect that was beautified by spiritual culture. The minds of his listeners had drank from the cup of Wisdom and are now bathing in its glory. I pray that God and the angels will bless and lengthen his life in that physical body. His written works will be a monument to his name greater than any marble shaft that they could erect for the occasion. He has lit up the souls of his readers with a light of Aspiration that will lead them to glory in the spirit realms. I hope that that great divine "Messenger" will hold possession of his soul and through that condition you will get other literature from his mind, as it is constantly at work thinking, "What can I do for my sisters and brothers living in physical forms?" Lovelight and I heard you the other evening reading his work on Obsession. It is a masterpiece of intellect. There are multitudes of spirits waiting to grasp the opportunity whereby they can obsess some sensitive creature living in a physical body. When you spiritualists and others that live on earth realm understand the true condition of that work and why it was given to the public you will be more careful of your future lives. When I say lives I mean the vast race of humanity. If individuals that are living in a constant hell would look deep down into that part called moral nature they could drive forth those demons that have obsessed them. It is only through pure, holy and moral lives that they can build a wall up between them and obsession.

I heard Brother Peebles lecture in Memphis, Tenn. I was introduced to him by Brother Watson of the Methodist church. My name then was Mrs. Hodges. I afterward heard him lec-

ture in New Orleans, but did not meet him. I saw his work was one that led souls to understand just where they were situated. God bless him. I hope his pen will never be permitted to become rusty.

There was another brother by the name of Dryden who spoke on that occasion. He was a beautiful speaker and gave grand thoughts to his listeners.

There was one by the name of Hodge who gave forth clarification notes of Truth to those assembled there.

Oh, how my soul went out to those dear, sweet sisters who worked so hard and also displayed such a grand fortitude of spirituality and truth life on that occasion. Oh, how I would like to dwell and speak at length of much of the work that was done there.

I have another question to deal with that will take up part of my communication. It is about the black race. I was given by my mother to a black woman to be nursed at her breast. That black woman's human milk gave my baby form nutrition, at the same time through the essence of her milk was planted into my little body African blood. In time it coursed through all my system. While living in the physical form I felt the effects of that African blood. Many of your high boasting Southern individuals have African blood in their systems. When babies they were given over by their mothers to black women to nurse at their breasts, the consequence of which is they have African blood coursing through every vein and muscle of their anatomy. Those same individuals are persecuting, killing and burning those black people today, forgetting that the negro blood is coursing through their system.

When I was a young girl of fifteen years of age, before the war between the North and South, one day my mother gave a command that Sada, my black mother, should be whipped for stealing some ribbons from that white woman who gave me birth. The man who was to whip her told her to take her sack off in order that she might feel the welts on her bare body. I came upon the scene just as he was about to raise his whip to lash her. I sprang upon him like a tiger and bit his face and hands, knocking three of his teeth out. I had become a human tiger then, no doubt obsessed by a spirit of the African race. I

commanded that they untie her hands. I then threw my arms around her neck and wept upon her breast like a child. My mother came out and demanded an explanation, that I dare prevent that nigger from being whipped. I spat at her with contempt and said, "You gave me birth—this woman gave me nutrition and strength. She is my mother, you are only an acquaintance who has power to give a command that she might be whipped by a low, degraded brute; give such a command again and I will kill you—I will kill you!" I threw my little shawl around my black mother's shoulders, took her hand and led her away, saying, "Come, mother Sada." As we passed that white woman I hissed at her like a snake and said, "You vampire, the curse of God will fall upon you and the South yet." I assisted mother Sada, her two daughters and a son to escape to the land of freedom—the North. My family, as they called themselves—the Carltons—hated me ever afterward. I went to Norfolk, Virginia, to live with an aunt who thought about the black race as I did. They were human beings and children of the great God of Nature, and the sin lies in the curse brought upon the Southern people for holding human beings in bondage.

Now I will take up part of your medium's life. During the war, while it was yet in action, I made a visit to some friends in Washington. One day Mrs. Murray and myself made a visit to Mrs. Landers' home. Several guests were present. One of them was a little boy—as I thought—with large dark blue eyes and when he smiled it seemed to me as if they were all lit up, which was the cause of a peculiar expression to come into them; they seemed to be a magnet and would draw me toward him, a condition I could not resist. I finally got up, walked across the room, sat down alongside of him on a sofa and entered into conversation with him. During our conversation he looked up at me and smiled, saying, "You are a Southern woman by birth, but a Union woman at heart. I feel that in the future you can help me in some way." He caught hold of my hand and held it in his for a little while. The whole time I felt as if I was under the shock of some electric battery. He said, "We are sister and brother now." Then I felt so happy. I said, "How old are you?" He said, "I am over thirty years of age." I said, "And yet so little." He laughed a laugh I shall never forget. He

said, "I am little in body, the world shall know some day I am not little in intellect." While we were conversing with each other General Garfield came forward and said, "Puss, your father wants you; he is in the adjoining room." After he left, Mr. Garfield and I entered into conversation. I said, "Who is that little person? He is dwarfed in stature. I do not think he is in intellect." Mr. Garfield said, "That is the little person they call 'The Dashing Blanchard.' He follows the stage for a profession." I said, "He is so small." Mr. Garfield said, "You should see him on the stage."

I never saw him again until one day on one of the streets in Richmond I saw a little old woman walking along with a basket on her arm. She stopped in front of me and said, "Lady, don't you want to buy some of my things?" I said, "Not just now." She held up some pins in front of me and said, "Just see how they shine, like daggers." She said "like daggers" so bitter it sent a cold feeling through my body. I said, "Old woman, let me pass." She laughed such a low, sweet, musical laugh then and said, "Not yet, Lucy." I said, "Who is this that speaks my name so familiarly—where did you ever know me?" She pushed back the old bonnet on her head and said, with those dark blue eyes looking into mine, "Have you forgotten so soon that we became sworn friends in Washington at the home of Mrs. Landers?" I trembled and said, "Oh, Puss, is this you? What brings you here in this disguise?" He said, "I have work to do, and Lucy, you must help me. Tonight I will meet you disguised as a boy. I will have a pair of pants on which will be buttoned onto a waist. Do not speak to me. When I say 'Well,' hand to me a written account of all the news about Richmond and the surrounding country. The voice told me I should meet you here."

That night I gave to him all I had learned about Richmond and the surrounding country. As soon as I had done so I met two officers who were walking toward Puss. I turned and looked. There was Puss down on his knees crying as if his heart would break. The officers spoke to him. He answered them, crying and talking just like a boy would do that was about ten years of age. He said his mother had given him a quarter to buy some mackerel and he had lost it. He said if they would

give him some money to help get the mackerel he would sing for them. He took a hand of each officer and sang a plaintive tune. They walked off, holding him by the hand. Next morning out in the suburbs of the city were found two officers in a dazed or stupefied condition. They had been drugged and robbed by some individual. When I heard this news it seemed as if my heart stood still. I said to myself, inwardly, "This is some of that Little Puss' work."

The next time I saw him I was visiting with an uncle at Raleigh, North Carolina. As I sat on the front porch of my uncle's residence I saw a small horse coming toward me with a small rider on the horse, holding a handkerchief or white piece of cloth up to his face. I went down to the gate to see what was the matter with the rider. When he got in front of the gate he jumped from the horse, hit it a lick and let it go. He removed the cloth from his mouth, which was all blood. He said in a well known voice, "Thank God, Lucy. I knew it was you. You must hide me in your cellar somewhere; they are pursuing me as fast as they can. You see a bullet has grazed my lip—that's why you see so much blood." I went to the back of the house and called a negro—a trusty servant of my uncle's. I gave directions to the negro to take him into the woods and hide him, then come and tell me where he was. My uncle Horace's heart was with the Union as well as my own.

When his pursuers had passed I got some court plaster, a needle and silk thread, a large pitcher of water and something to eat. My uncle and myself followed the negro to the hiding place. When there I sewed up the wound the best I knew how and placed some court plaster on his lip to hold it together. Today he bears the scar upon his lip. He has told different tales to individuals that have asked him how he came by that scar. This is the true statement of it. It was done by a rebel bullet. After I had performed my masterful operation on his lip he fainted from pain and the loss of so much blood. My uncle held him in his arms while I washed the blood from off his face and hands. The negro took the towel and cloth and some soap which he used with warm water in the kitchen to wash the towel and cloth.

He wanted to leave that night. My uncle said, "No, you

cannot go tonight. You are too weak. My servant will bring you food." He remained two nights and two days. He told the negro to go and tell his master to carry out of the house those things which he valued the most highly and bury them somewhere in the woods. "The voice tells me tomorrow night they will try to burn down your master's house. He must be on his guard or they will accomplish it." On the second night he left for the Union lines. On that same night someone set fire to my uncle's barn. The negro put the fire out. One of the negro women came running toward the house saying, "Oh, master, they have set fire to the barn—look out for the house or they will burn that." The next day toward dusk my uncle discovered two men crawling up toward the barn. He handed Ned—the negro—a gun, keeping one himself. Then he said in a quiet voice, "You pick out one man and I will pick out the other. You shoot the man crawling up on the left and I will shoot the one on the right." My uncle said, "Fire!"; they both shot and killed the two men. One of the men was my uncle's nephew, the other one was a low, drunken creature that hung around saloons and low brothel houses. Next day the Union army came into Raleigh and we were happy beings then.

I made an unfortunate marriage. I married a man who deceived me. I could not live with him, for he hated the Union flag, and that to me was next to death. I told him we must part.

I have now told you my story. I was a quiet Southern woman who loved the Union and finally became a Spiritualist. I could tell you many other things that took place in my life. This will answer the purpose now.

Please send a copy of my communication to Brother Peebles. With it will go a sister's love for Truth and the Union. I leave my love for your medium. His life has been a hard one. He has triumphed over it all and can sing like a skylark to the morning sun.

I thank you from my soul for your kindness in taking my communication. I also thank sweet sister Morse or Lovelight, as we call her in our spirit home.

A man by the name of Longstreet will follow me next. During the rebellion he was called General Longstreet. Thanking you once more I will bid you good day.

General Longstreet

Chapter III

Wednesday, November 2, 1904.

Come, get to work. I don't come here of my own free will, I want you to understand. I am forced here by a greater will power than my own.

I hate the North and everything that's in the North. During the last days of my life I wore a mask to a certain extent; under that mask I hid my hatred for the North. My name is Longstreet; I was known as a general in the Confederate army. Ours was the "Lost Cause."

I am compelled to come here today and admit that I was fooled by a little bastard passing himself off as an Irish boy. That same bastard today you call your medium. He does not look now as he did then. At that time he had small features, little hands and feet, stood about four feet tall, dark blue eyes and laughed with such a musical laugh. That laugh would win the heart of any man. He had the sauciest freckles on his face that I ever saw. The little witch came to my quarters and said he was looking for his father, who listed in a South Carolina regiment. He spoke with a strong Irish brogue. He had on a pair of jean pants buttoned to a blue waist, a little cap and an old red scarf around his neck—damn him, I wish it had choked him. When he entered my tent he came up to where I stood talking to one of my officers. He looked up at me and said with an Irish brogue, "Sure, Gineral, divil a bit of a lie did the ladies tell about ye, it's you're a fine lookin' man, mesilf that tells ye this." We laughed at the boy and asked him what he wanted. He said he was looking for his fayther who listed in one of the regiments and his mother sent him out to see if he could find him. "She and all the rest of them are crying as if

their hearts would break. Patsy has cried so much that he's lost the sight of an eye. Sure now, General, can't ye help me to find him?" He fell down at my feet, saying, "It's mesilf that's tired and hungry." I said, "That's too bad, little boy. I will see that you get something to eat." I sent for my servant, who came. I told him to take this little boy and get him something to eat, then bring him back to me. He said, "Arrah, General, I would rather stay here with you. When I git something to ate I will sing for yez." I told my servant to bring him some hot coffee and something to eat. I sat down. He got up and stood alongside of me and sang a pretty Irish ballad in which he said, "You're going to leave Kathleen and Erin go-Bragh." After he had sung the first verse I kissed him, he had such a beautiful voice; he sang the words so plaintive. At the finish of the second verse I had him sitting on my knee. At the end of the third verse I kissed him again, saying, "Boy, you have a sweet voice." He laid his head on my breast, looked up at me with those pleading eyes, then he placed his little hand inside of my shirt onto my bare skin and I became a bewitched man. The imp of hell had bewitched me; I had no desire to find his father.

When my servant returned with the food, he ate and drank. I told my servant to go and summon my brother officers. When they had entered my tent I said, "Here is a little Irish boy who sings beautifully; he will sing for us." He looked up at me with those eyes again and said, "Sure and what will it be, General, what would ye be after have me singing?" I said, "Do you know 'Kathleen Mavourneen'?" He said, "It's mesilf that knows every word of it." He sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and I must admit the brat sang it as I'd never heard it sung before. The officers applauded him. Then he sang about the lakes of Killarney, with their streams and rills. He enchanted us all singing that piece of music. The officers prevailed upon him to sing one more song. He sang "The Harp That Once Was Heard Through Tara's Hall." The applause was great.

His head commenced to nod a little and he said, "It's mesilf that's tired and slapy now. I've come a long way to find my ould fayther." The officers withdrew from my tent and I placed him on my bed, lying down alongside of him. He placed his little hand inside of my shirt and sang a little lullaby, "I'm

Dreaming of Thee." We both went to sleep. When I awoke it was commencing to get dark. I had him in my arms closely pressed to my breast, for now I was a bewitched man and thought I could not live without him. I did not think then that I had a snake to my breast that would betray me afterward. He promised to live with me and become my boy.

After supper that evening he sang for the Southern gentlemen again. We did not retire until a late hour. I made the discovery that his nature was that of a woman. I tell you this that the world may know there is such a sex living among them. I became one of the happiest men living and a great desire to be out into a vast forest where no living being but him and I should be. It just seemed to me as if he owned me soul and body. I went to sleep dreaming that we were sailing on a beautiful stream of water and that creature seemed to be my guardian angel. Our boat glided and glided along while my beautiful angel sang to me of the spirit world.

That night the greatest curse that ever befell me came through that wretched bastard. He robbed me of papers and other valuables and fled into the night.

When I awoke next day I gave orders that a captain and his men should follow him up and try to get possession of his body. He was nowhere to be found. They tracked him to one plantation. The negroes assisted him to escape. He was the slipperiest and slickest eel that ever entered the Southern lines. I do not think there was such a daring spy heard of before. He would enter the quarters of an officer, bewitch him and through his fascinating voice make a victim of him. That officer would remain his victim until he had gained his desire.

After I came to spirit life I learned why his little physical body was used for that purpose. I think he had the reddist lips and whitest teeth that any human body could possess. In those dark blue eyes laid a bewitchery and through their fascinating smile men became his victims. They speak of this great cause called "obsession" through some great will power he was obsessed and obeyed the commands of that will power. They did not release him until he had finished the work that was laid out for him, then he returned to his guardian, entered upon his professional career, winning hearts on the stage and off the stage.

He is what you call a born medium and has passed through many phases of life. As I look at him now, old and decrepit, I wonder how he ever could have done it. My name is Longstreet, and I am compelled to give you this knowledge, and don't care a damn what you do with it—that's all.

William Denton

Chapter IV

Monday, December 5, 1904.

Good afternoon, brother of Truth and Progress. I once more make Searchlight Bower a visit in the interest of all Spiritualists and also in the defense of an old, tried, true and trusted brother, James Martin Peebles, one whose discussions were as music to my ears. When I listened to his great expressions of Truth I found in them the Geology of Spiritualism, which consisted of love and soul adoration for the human race. All shades of skin were a testimonial that they belonged to God of Nature. In his soul there was no division of shade and color. All were blended together in the presence of that great teacher, the high and elevated spirit whom all human nature must admit is continually in their presence, no matter on what side of life they live.

His book called "Spiritual Obsession" is a great tablet of Truth placed before the human intellect whereby minds of all grades of intellect can devour and solve the problem for themselves. Is Obsession a fact? I for one say emphatically, yes. While living in a physical form I came constantly en rapport with individuals obsessed by demons of the worst kind. In spirit life it has been taught to me it is a reality, for I am in constant contact with spirits that are demoniacal, ever trying to obsess sensitive creatures.

I have made the discovery since coming to spirit life that a majority of the bigoted Christian fanatics are obsessed by demons that are trying to work out their condition taken through their mother's milk while under the power of priestcraft. A disordered mind that many of the priests hold in their physical cranium, that disordered mind has grown in a groove that held them under a tyrannical power of popish obsession. Brains con-

stantly moulded under the power of priestcraft cannot escape that ordeal.

Over forty years ago, while in Boston, I met this medium, Justin, at a seance held in Doctor Thomas' parlor. There were present Doctor Thomas, his lady, Charles Foster, the medium, Richard Bishop Buckley of the Buckley Serenaders, James Arnold of the Caroline Richards Opera Company, his wife, whose stage name was Miss Belle Reeves, Doctor Van Ame, a Doctor Tyler, a Mrs. Chambers, whose name I think was Sarah Chambers, Justin, myself and a fellow by the name of Colchester, who professed to be a medium. That man Colchester was obsessed by a low grade of spirits which communicated to the circle that evening; their conversation was low and degrading. After they had ceased to speak Justin was controlled by a spirit claiming to have been a minister of the gospel. He was very angry and denounced Colchester as a medium that attracted to his condition a low class of spirits.

I addressed Charles Foster and asked him if he would not allow his guides to give an explanation of the influence that had controlled the man Colchester, who I did not believe was a worthy medium to enter anyone's family circle. Charles Foster became angry and upbraided me for making such a request. I felt then there was a possibility of Charles Foster being obsessed.

To change the conversation and perhaps the influence also, Doctor Thomas asked Justin to walk into the back parlor. Justin did so and a large mahogany table followed him. As it slid along the carpet the pencils and paper commenced to dance up and down on the table. Doctor Thomas said, "I believe these physical demonstrations are performed by a low class of spirits that are not capable of giving an elevated lecture through an inspirational medium. Justin said, quicker than I can tell it, "Doctor Thomas, you are right, and I hope the spiritualists will become educated sufficiently to understand this is a low mode of communication performed by undeveloped spirits." Mr. Buckley said, "Justin, you believe then that mediums can become obsessed by low, degraded spirits?" Justin said, "I most emphatically do. If you people could only see the evil spirits that stand here in this room grinning and waiting for a chance

to obsess someone you would be surprised. That is why I always like to have some one say a prayer or sing a hymn at the opening of the seance. I think at the close of the seance each one should say a silent prayer to God that they might be protected from evil spirits who are constantly waiting to obsess some unguarded individual." At the close of the seance some influence delivered a beautiful prayer through Justin's organ of speech.

I did not see him again until I delivered a course of lectures in the fall of 1879 in Kansas City, Mo. There I met him and Doctor Meyer, who now lives in the mountains of Southern California. During the intervening time I met many mediums and private individuals who were obsessed by evil spirits.

One night while in Kansas City I delivered a lecture on Geology, showing printed maps with the impression of pre-historic birds whose feet were quite large at the time when they left their impression in the clay. At the finish of my lecture I motioned for Justin to remain in his seat, as I wished to speak with him and hold converse on a certain subject. When I had said good night to many of my friends who remained after the lecture to shake hands with me, Justin came forward and said, "There is an influence here who wishes to speak to you." The influence claimed to be Mr. Palmerston. He said, "Brother Denton, when you were describing the imprint of the bird's foot in the clay it was so forcible to me in connection with spirit obsession. As the bird leaves the strong impression of its foot in the clay, so does the spirit obsessing leave its evil imprint on the mind of the medium. Its influence is so degrading on all occasions it clouds the mind of the medium, impregnates the mind of the medium with immoral thoughts, develops the licentious condition, hence you have low, drunken and immoral mediums; the multitude of low, degraded spirits that were imbeciles while living in their physical bodies have not thrown off that condition as they enter into spirit life through the dark passage called death—a word that should be struck out of the English language."

Brother Peebles' book on "Obsession" is an educator to those who do not understand there is a law through which spirits obsess individuals. His book to many spirits and myself is

a soul's choice, whereby of our spiritual condition it has fulfilled the mission long wanted in the spiritual ranks. I will continue tomorrow.

Tuesday, December 6, 1904.

While sojourning in Kansas City I went to the home of Mrs. Margaret Jameson, one of the most truthful mediums I ever had the pleasure of meeting. There I met Emma Abbott, the prima donna of the opera company playing at the Coates Opera House. Mr. Jameson, the medium's husband, their son and daughter, were present. Our conversation was on mediums and mediumship. Mrs. Jameson went to a table, placing her hand on the planchette she said, "Come Emma, place your hand here alongside of mine." When they had done so the planchette commenced to write quite a communication. After it had finished writing Mr. Jameson read the communication.

The communication was addressed to Miss Emma Abbott. It said, "Dear Emma, that man that you think acts so strange is obsessed by an evil spirit. The only way that you can approach him to keep him in a good humor is through love and kindness; be careful how you converse with him. The evil influence has him so thoroughly in his power that the man imagines he is the great attraction of the company. If there is no release from that evil influence he will become an inmate of an insane asylum. Your loving friend, Caroline Richings." I said to Mrs. Jameson, "Do you believe in obsession?" She said, "I most certainly do." She gave me the names of three mediums in Kansas City who were obsessed by evil spirits. She said, "I called on one of them yesterday. She abused me dreadfully with her tongue. She said I was jealous of her mediumship. Her language became so profane and disgusting that I left the house. That evil influence has got her to drinking and I expect she will become a vile character. I feel sorry for the woman, as I always liked her. They say she is no longer reliable in her sittings. The other two unfortunately have taken up with low men. One is a gambler and the other is the man who keeps that side show on Fifth street, as you go down to the depot." I was about to leave when Miss Emma Abbott said, "Mr. Denton, we give a matinee tomorrow afternoon. There will be a box placed at the service of the Jameson family. I hope to see you and

your son in that box. Mrs. Jameson tells me she thinks Little Justin will be present on that occasion."

After I left the Jameson home I walked down Main street, stopping at F. D. C. Meyer's place of business. There I found a man who bore the name of Clary. I was introduced to him, when Mr. Meyer called him Captain Clary. During our conversation on Spiritualism, Mr. Clary said, "Brother Denton, I have known so many people that are obsessed by evil spirits. There is a medium out at Fort Scott who is under an influence that tries to make him believe he is the right heir to the throne of England. It is sad to hear him talk, and yet it is amusing to hear him describe his royal lineage. He is an Irishman who bears the name of Patrick Welsh. I know two others who are now in a lunatic asylum." He said, "Brother Denton, I wish some of your spiritual writers would take up the subject of Obsession and write a book on the question." Now in spirit life we shake hands and laugh with joy over the volume called "Spirit Obsession." Many spirits and myself rejoice over the book. We say all hail to the name of James Martin Peebles, the great Apostle of Truth.

While in Denver, Colorado, I called on a medium there who was recommended to me. I found him under the influence of liquor. His conversation was that which I should call degrading to manhood. He commenced to cry and said the spirits had forced him into the field. He said he did not want to work for them; they held him in bondage and he could not release himself. He offered me a drink of whiskey. I told him I never drank liquor and it would be better if he stopped it right off. He said he could not do so, as it was the only comfort he had. I felt very sorry for him and said I wished it was otherwise. Just then a demon took possession of him. He cursed and swore at me until the medium frothed at the mouth. I got up, placed my hands on his head and gave him a treatment. The medium came out from under that condition and cried like a child. He said, "Oh, Mr. Denton, if you only lived in Denver I believe you could break this up." I gave him, while in Denver, five treatments in all. He became a different man and gave me his word that he never would drink liquor again. His name was Fletcher.

I could tell of many other instances on the same line. It would make my communication too long.

In the future the cultivated and intellectual spiritualists will look upon Brother Peebles' book as an educator and a grand work on that line. Any man or woman that says there is no such thing as obsession, they do not know what they are talking about and should become spiritually educated.

I give this communication through the organ of speech that lies in an individual that never was a commercial medium and never received any compensation for the hundreds of sittings that he gave to the people.

I thank you for taking down my communication and oblige me by sending it to brother Francis, manager and editor of the most progressive and elevated publication in the spiritual field—the Progressive Thinker. Those two words mean a volume of rest and sympathy to poor minds trodden under the influence called the "Demon of Obsession." Remember me to Justin. Yours for Truth, William Denton.

Charlotte Cushman

Chapter V

December 13, 1904.

Good morning, kind friend. I call you so as you are kind to Little Justin. I loved him dearly when I lived in a physical body. I come here this morning to deliver a message for a band of spirits that Mr. Denton and myself are attached to. My speech shall be plain, also to the point. I come here in defense of brother Peebles, a noble man, who always stands up and defends that which is truthful. He has written a book called "Spirit Obsession, or Demonism of the Ages." We, as spirits, understand his book has been attacked. When I say attacked I mean there has been vile slander thrown upon it by a namby pamby class of Spiritualists. Courage and bravery are two great points in his nature. He says in his book that mediums and other sensitive individuals are obsessed and so we as a band of spirits say, it is a fact in life—individuals living in physical bodies are not only obsessed by spirits from the spirit side of life, they are obsessed through a power held by individuals living in physical bodies. When I trod the boards of my profession I met many individuals who were obsessed through an evil influence thrown upon them by degraded individuals; to all outside appearance they resembled gentlemen and ladies; their manner of speech was that of cultured people, at the same time their hearts were black with crime; within their condition laid an evil power; they could throw that evil influence upon other individuals and compel them to obey and serve their will. I have known many such when living in the physical body that were groveling under the will power of wicked men and women. That is a class of obsession whereby their victims go down to degradation, fill insane asylums and mad houses.

I knew one man who traveled as a musical medium. He claimed he was controlled by the great composers, such as Beethoven and others. In his dark circles where all light was excluded, he played compositions that he had played hundreds of times in the daylight. It was not difficult for him to play them in the dark. One of the selections that he played was called an Egyptian march. It was a conglomeration of everything in the musical line. He was a ventriloquist and sent out his voice among the sitters in the circle who thought they were wonderful, independent voices. He screamed in a high falsetto and called it singing. He claimed that the great Melobran sang through his vocal organ of speech. It was disgusting to a cultivated, musical ear and worse so to hear those weak-minded spiritualists claiming it was wonderful and "Did you ever hear such grand music in your life?" They paid their money to hear such a mountebank thumping on the piano and claiming it was great musical execution. When individuals living in physical bodies are controlled by the master musicians they give exhibitions of their talent in daylight. They do not have to resort to dark, shut up rooms, where the air becomes poisoned by the foul breath of the sitters. It was amusing to be present at one of those circles and listen to the expression that came from credulous minds. That man, when he made the discovery that some of his sitters were wealthy individuals, cast an evil power over them, using the law of psychologization, playing them for all it was worth. When he made the discovery there was no more wealth coming he dropped them—as some of their friends had stepped in and stopped the scoundrel from playing his cards. Many of those individuals that attend those dark seances will pay a dollar and two dollars for fraudulent exhibitions. They would not go to a hall and pay ten cents to hear an elevated lecture given by an inspirational medium. Oh no—that was not mysterious enough, and the cultured language is beyond their comprehension. We spirits are determined the reading public shall become acquainted with the fact that obsession takes place daily in all parts of the world. Emma Hardinge Brittan is one of the members of our band. She tells me in spirit life she felt it her duty while living in a physical body to expose that traveling musical mountebank (rap.) She did so and was

attacked by a lot of demented spiritualists who claimed she had injured an angel living in a physical body. If those people were not obsessed (3 raps for yes) I would like to know who is obsessed. They were held under an evil influence emanating from that man (rap.) Fraudulent mediums giving Punch and Judy shows called "materialization seances," they are obsessed and held under the control of low, degraded spirits from our side of life. Those low, degraded spirits hold them under such a powerful influence they imagine they are great beings living in a physical body. When they are caught and exposed that same influence advises them to change their name and seek new fields of pasture, and so they go on week after week, fleecing the demented spiritualists out of their dollars. There should be a stop put to such wicked work by sending those mediums to prison, as that will give them a chance to look over their past lives and perhaps they will pray to the higher angels who hold divine natures to come to their assistance and drive away those wicked demons from their condition. A demon is an evil spirit of the lowest order; when once it gets possession of a sensitive creature he controls their mental forces and compels them to fall into the same groove he is walking. That groove is a low, licentious one, where lives brutality of the worst kind; licentiousness is the order of the day (rap) under the demon's power they lie, steal, commit murder (rap) and debauch young, innocent females (rap.) People living in physical bodies should never sit in dark circles (raps.) Dark circles have a tendency to draw evil spirits.

I see from the spirit side of life that many of the fakers and frauds in your spiritual philosophy have created a new fad, called "trumpet circles," claiming that the spirit friends of the sitters speak through the trumpet when it is the medium's voice speaking in the trumpet, as she or he, as the case may be, is a ventriloquist. I am sorry to know that our grand spiritual philosophy has so many side shows hanging onto it.

At one time while playing an engagement in Washington, D. C., there was a medium living there by the name of Miss Kennedy. She was recommended to me very highly by a member of the Senate. One afternoon I called upon the lady and asked for a sitting, which she willingly gave me. She went

under control of a pleasing spirit; his manner of speech was pleasant to listen to; he gave me several fine tests. The influence controlling claimed to be a gentleman I had met in Italy. He spoke to me in his mother's tongue—Italian. After the lady came out from under the influence we held a sociable tete-a-tete. I was attracted to her and made the discovery she was a refined (rap) and intellectual woman. I wrote out a pass for her and the other inmates of the house, after which I made an appointment for the third day following. The rain was pouring down on that day. I kept my appointment. During the sitting her hand was controlled to write. The influence claimed to be a friend of mine. He said he was acquainted with me during my school days. He gave me a communication written on paper through the hand of the medium. It was a tissue of lies from the beginning to the end. It made me feel bad to think such a cultured woman could become obsessed by such a liar as he was. When she returned to her normal condition I read her the communication, telling her the whole thing was a falsehood. She commenced to cry and said, "Those evil influences would take possession of her sometimes." I said, "My dear, don't cry. All mediums are subject to evil influences at certain times; that is a species of obsession." I took her in my arms, laid her head upon my breast, soothing and calming her feelings by rubbing her forehead with my right hand. After awhile she became more cheerful and said, "Miss Cushman, let us hold each other's hands and see what influence will come." My mother's spirit controlled the medium and talked beautifully. She told me where she was born, where she died and where her body was laid to rest. She told me many things concerning our family and gave me a history of our ancestors. She said, "Charlotte, dear, this woman is a fine medium and has been ever since she gave sittings to the public. She is a born medium. Mediums are born, not made after they come into life in the physical body," (rap.) I was so delighted with my sitting I opened my purse and laid on the table a twenty dollar gold piece. The medium said, "Miss Cushman, I have not the change for such a large piece of money." I said, "My good woman, I do not expect any change." Just then the twenty dollar gold piece was elevated up into space. It came back and fell into my lap. I

laughed and said, "You can't have that piece now—it is worth to me a great deal in life. I shall keep it as a pocket piece and call it my talisman." I gave her forty dollars in gold, saying, "You have earned that. You are one of the most truthful mediums I have ever met. I have visited them in all lands; this manifestation today is the grandest manifestation I have ever seen in the presence of a medium."

While in Washington, D. C., President Buchanan sent me an invitation to attend a lunch given in my honor at the White House. There in the Blue Room I met some old friends and made the acquaintance of new ones. While the President was entertaining us with his agreeable conversation Little Justin came into the room and said, "Old man, I'm hungry." The President said, "Come and sit on my knee; we'll get something to eat after awhile." He sat on the President's knees, straddling them like a pony. I made the discovery he was at home with the President. A gentleman by the name of Mr. Warren said, "Get down off the President's lap, Puss, and behave yourself." The President said, "Let him sit where he is. I like to have him near me. He brings sunshine every time he comes to see his uncle." I laughed and said, "Possibly Puss will tell us some of his experiences since I saw him last." Little Puss said, "Charlotte, I've got the dandiest gold watch you ever saw." He took the chain from around his neck and with the watch threw it into my lap, saying, "It goes forty miles an hour," which brought a laugh from the guests. President Buchanan said, "Now, Little One, let us see what the spirits have got for us today." Puss said, "Well, you've all got to sing if you expect the spirits to come." Mr. Warren started a beautiful hymn and we all joined in. I noticed while we were singing the President drew Little Puss further onto his lap, laid his little head on his breast. Puss placed his little hand inside of the President's vest. When the guests had finished singing a deep rich voice came from his organ of speech. The voice said, "Friends, black Rachel is weeping for her children. The southern fields shall be fertilized through human gore. The blood of the fairest and bravest men from the North and South shall sprinkle the fields with their blood. A cry goes up from the children held in bondage and through the hot heads of the North and South

shall come the roar of cannons in your beautiful land. All here shall become witnesses to what I have said." A Southern woman present jumped to her feet and said, as she hissed it through her teeth, "I hate that creature, I hate him; he is an enemy to the Southern people; what he has just said means war and I would kill him if I could." She went toward the little medium and spat at him as he lay there on the President's breast. The President raised his arm to guard the Little One. She turned around to the guests and said, "I hate you all. You are nothing but a lot of low lived Yankees," gathered up her train, scraped her feet on the carpet and left the room. That woman was obsessed by an evil influence—there was nothing in her actions that showed a cultured lady. The influence addressed us, saying, "Friends, I know it will be hard for the Nation. It is only through war that the black race shall get their freedom. I, George Washington, say so." He said it so emphatically that a thrill went through my whole being. Little Puss came out from under the influence and the first thing he said was, "I want some lemonade, and I want it right now, too." The President took his hand and led the way to the dining room; when we had taken our seats at the table the President said, "Ladies and gentleman, I ask you on your honor not to repeat what you heard in that room today. I can see a black cloud hanging over our nation."

On one occasion while in New York I was playing "Lady Macbeth" (rap); Little Puss danced and sang in one of the prominent scenes. After one of my tragic scenes a queer feeling came over me and I felt a great wrong had been done me. As the curtain descended to the stage I saw Little Puss running toward me. He said, "Old Charlotte, they have just arrested a woman who got inside the theatre in some way. She had a big knife in her hand and said she was going to kill you, as you were a fiend in sheep's clothing. I kicked her on the elbow and she dropped the knife; this is it," showing me a large carving knife. When I arrived at the Green Room two officers had the woman in custody, going to take her to the station house. I said, "Let me speak to the unfortunate creature before you take her away." They placed her on a chair between them. She looked at me with glaring eyes and said, "You have killed my

whole family, now I am going to kill you to make up for it." She used many profane words that I do not wish to repeat. I said, "Who are you, that uses such abusive language to me?" She said, "I am Lizzie Dalton." The name seemed familiar. Then she said, "You know me well enough. I used to carry home your dresses from the dressmaker's. You have killed my whole family and I am going to kill you." I said, "Who was the dressmaker and what was her name?" She said, "They call her Madame Mordaunt. She lives in Haywood Place, Boston. Now get ready to die." That was the name of one of my dressmakers in Boston. This poor, unfortunate creature became obsessed by a demon of the worst kind. She had followed me to New York and thought it was her duty to kill me. I had her taken care of. Sent her back to her friends in Boston, where she died a raving maniac. I have met her in spirit life and she tells me that she felt that power of obsession coming on her for months before she became entirely crazy. It was an evil spirit once known by the name of Elizabeth Shelton who played at the old Chambers street theatre in the early days of the stock company. One morning at rehearsal we had a quarrel and she swore she would get even with me. It preyed upon her mind so that she became insane and died in a lunatic asylum. It seems her spirit after leaving her physical body had followed me around until she found this sensitive girl who carried home my dresses. It was one of the worst cases of obsession I ever met. That girl today is one of our spirit band and her whole nature goes out in love to the children of God. She hopes the reading public and others who do not read much will get to understand obsession is a fact. We will continue at another time.

Thursday, December 29, 1904.

On one occasion while playing in Baltimore a lady friend who bore the name of Mrs. Banks called at the hotel to see me. I was glad to meet her, as we had been old friends. She played in the stock company at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, Mass. When I had placed her in a chair after kissing and hugging her, I made the discovery that she was quite nervous and looked pale and wan. I said, "My dear Helen, what is the matter? You do not act like the cheerful Helen I used to know." She commenced to cry and said, "My dear Charlotte, I am not the Helen

you used to know. I am influenced by some evil power and cannot control my own wishes or desires. The evil influence compels me to curse and swear in a dreadful manner. My husband has abandoned me. He says he cannot live with a woman that will use such language. Oh, Charlotte, I am so unhappy and want to die. My husband was one of the kindest men I ever knew and I loved him so much." I said, "My dear Helen, you are obsessed and in the power of some evil spirit. We must break this up." She said, "Dear Charlotte, how can we? The evil influence has absorbed so much of my life that I have become a wreck." I said, "Dear Helen, we must pray, pray to that divine influence to assist us in forcing this evil influence to leave you and release your mental forces." She laughed and said, "Charlotte, do you believe in prayer?" I said, "Certainly. I pray morning and evening; they are quiet prayers going out from my soul to that divine power we call the 'Healing Balm.'" I called my maid from the adjoining room and requested her to lock the doors, come and sit with us and join in prayer. We held each other's hands and sang a hymn. I said, "Now, Helen dear, pray to your loved ones that have passed into the spirit world; do not pray in the orthodox fashion like a parrot repeating something it had been taught; let your prayer go from your soul to those you love; ask them to assist you to drive away that evil influence that has obsessed you (rap); call upon that great divine power to come to our aid and crush out this demon that would destroy your womanhood." We prayed in silence for over an hour; during that time, unfortunately, he got possession of her organ of speech. His language was so vile I cannot repeat it here. He said he would kill me if I did not stop praying. The maid and myself held her hands in a tight grasp. He could not release her hands and finally left, saying he'd get even with me, calling me a vile name. As soon as we made the discovery that she was quiet and placid we released her hands. I asked the maid to brew us a cup of tea. I said while the tea was brewing, "Dear Helen, I feel we are going to drive this demon away from you. When Charlotte Cushman brings her will power to bear, something comes to pass. This evil power that holds you under its control must be broken up. You are in a rational condition now and understand what I am saying.

The power of the Holy Spirit shall come upon you. Prayer is a great power in life. See to it when you feel his influence, pray to your loved ones to guard and protect you from such a monster in spirit life. When you leave here go direct to your husband's place of business, tell him it is my desire he shall meet you here at my rooms on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock." She said, "Dear Charlotte, I do not believe he will come." I said, He will do so—my will power goes with you; it is stronger than his will power, therefore he must obey. After you have consulted with him on the subject return here to me. You must become my guest until Sunday evening." She did as I commanded—my will power compelling her to become positive. Sunday afternoon her husband presented himself at my rooms. When he was seated comfortably I said, "Mr. Banks, it is your duty as a husband to help us in driving away that evil spirit that holds possession of your wife at certain times (rap.) He has obsessed her to such a degree she is a physical wreck and it must be broken up. You can assist us and you shall do so—there is no escape from it. We are going to hold a prayer meeting here this afternoon." He said, "I did not know that actors and actresses prayed." I said, "Yes they do; many of them are church members and bring their children up under religious tuition. Our prayer meeting here today is not on the orthodox line. We shall pray for a power to come into our midst to break up an evil influence that has separated you and your wife. You shall come together under the holy power of spirit love. Let us pray." We held each other's hands and I prayed aloud for fifteen minutes, perhaps. I prayed to that great Divine Power to encircle us with the spirit of Truth. I said, "Thou great and mighty Power whose soul is the Eternal Light of Love manifesting its Holy Spirit through the whole human race, drive forth and banish from this unhappy woman a liar of the worst kind. As thou hast guided erring steps in the past, we beseech you to guide hers in the future through the great path of Morality and Truth, for there is no religion greater than Truth. Make that power of Love that lies in her husband's soul blossom like the rose and when she smells its fragrance she will lay her head on his bosom like a young maid under the holy protection of Love." After that we prayed in silence. In about

half an hour I saw tears—those tears were of affection—coursing down the man's cheeks. He arose to his feet, took his wife in his arms, saying, "My duty lies here, darling. I will protect you from all harm. I was a weak man and did not understand the power of prayer that comes from the soul." He led her forward to where I sat and said, "Charlotte Cushman, you shall remarry us here today under the power of the Spirit." I pronounced a spiritual benediction of marriage, reuniting them in the holy bands of Love. They became Spiritualists. She was a wonderful medium and through her mediumship I received many beautiful communications; afterward they accompanied me to Washington. We had happy times in sight-seeing.

Two years afterward while in Pittsburg they made me a visit. We visited a family where one of the young daughters was quite a medium. On that occasion they invited in several of the neighbors and held a circle. About three quarters of an hour after the circle was in running process a man, who was Joseph Shepherd, was controlled by a vile spirit. He said to me, using many profane words, "You drove me away from that woman over there," pointing at Mrs. Banks, with another oath. "You can't drive me away from this man. That woman's father," with another oath, "injured me when I lived in an earthly body and I was bound to get even with him. I tried to influence the father. His will power was too strong for me. I discovered in her a sensitive and compelled her mental faculties to become my slave and obey my will. You she devil," pointing to me, "have a stronger will power than I have. I am going to hold onto this old chap and I want you to let me alone." I said, "Friends, let us pray in silence to the Divine Spirit and that great power will release this unfortunate man from the evil influence." We prayed while he cursed and swore. The daughter, who was the medium, went over and laid her hand on the man's head while we were praying. All of a sudden the man arose to his feet and said, "Amen, thank God I am free from that influence." We all joined in singing a hymn. Afterward I heard that that man was never troubled by an evil influence.

In your paper, friend, it says brother Peebles' book is on trial and it shall be judged by a jury that has no power in an evil line. The flames that shall surround the book shall be

flames of Truth wherein those flames shall destroy and banish superstition from your beautiful spiritual philosophy. A man or woman who cannot stand the test of truth should be educated to do so. He or she that will make vile remarks against such a book is obsessed. That book has become a beacon light and must pass down through the ages as a talisman of glory, wherein sensitive minds can find a foundation to build upon. It is to the world a declaration of freedom, whereby minds are enslaved by the power of obsession.

I might refer to many other instances but it would make the communication too long and I think what I have given will be sufficient.

Oblige me, friend, by sending this communication to the most progressive paper in the world. It is called the "Progressive Thinker," and holds in its power the flashlight of Truth. All connected with it are blessed by a spirit band that demands Justice and Truth, found on all occasions in the "Progressive Thinker."

I thank you for taking down my communication and leave a sister's love for Little Justin. When I lived in a physical body I was known as an actress with a will power; that will power made me the "Queen of Tragedy" on the stage in America and Europe. Yours for Truth, a representative of a noble band of spirits. Charlotte Cushman.

Thursday, February 9, 1905.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. How grand your live oak grove looks after the rain. The leaves on the trees glisten as if they were formed in wax. The sun shining on the hills and trees makes it a grand transformation scene. Mother Nature paints more beautifully than any artist in a physical form.

Do you know, brother, that we spirits like to make visits to Searchlight Bower. I think Helen Blavatsky gave your home a beautiful name when she called it "Searchlight Bower."

Do you get an impression of what brings me here today? I will solve the riddle. I now take the opportunity of expressing my thoughts in connection with your Spiritual Temple in San Diego. I gave way to permit others to give their communications for the same. I must flatter myself a little. I never was a selfish woman, though I held a strong will power. I have

visited the Temple on several occasions and admired the speakers, also the Temple.

I was one of the spirits present on the occasion of that grand dedication. How beautiful and manly brother Peebles looked as he proclaimed to the world, "We dedicate this Temple to God and the angels." A silent prayer, brother, came from my soul. I said, "Oh, thou divine power whose great message is Peace and Love to the children of men and women, bless these noble workers that have done so much to the glory of thy name. I behold in the men and women here today the servants of Truth. See to it that their homes are blessed with unified love of all that's dear and sweet to the human race, a happy home."

Over forty years back on your earth planet in Philadelphia I heard that noble brother James Martin Peebles speak to the people of that Christ Love that should live in each soul. On the occasion of the dedication in San Diego he was glorified and surrounded by a band of beautiful spirits that understood the quality of the metal that he held in his physical body. His whole form was surrounded by a shield of spirit power. They call him the octogenarian, a laugh passed from my lips and was taken up by other spirits present. I said, "He is only a rose in full bloom, whose fragrance tells of past conditions, those conditions are now communing with a garden of flowers that is constantly watered with the spiritual dews of Heaven. The time will come, brother, when men and women that live pure, spiritual lives will only be in their prime at eighty years of age. There is a power at work that will extend youth to the lovers of Truth.

My communication on obsession I hope was some benefit to the discussion carried on through the leaves of the Progressive Thinker. I could have made it longer; as I had no desire to be selfish, I cut it short. You must understand that space in a paper like the Progressive Thinker is valuable and if each individual would condense the matter contained in their manuscripts therein, there would be a chance for a great host of subscribers to give their views on obsession through publication. I wish that dear brother Francis could hear the kind words spoken of him in connection with his paper by the

spirits on our side of life. He is building a great monument to his name and also to the Progressive Thinker. The time will come to those holding copies of the Progressive Thinker when they can sell them at a good price. When I lived in the physical body the Banner of Light was my favorite paper. After becoming a dweller in spirit life I have made the discovery that the Progressive Thinker is the superior paper on all lines.

The discussion going on at present will bring out much thought from the dwellers on earth. Obsession, brother, is a fact. I wish it were not so, but I, Charlotte Cushman, can testify to its many conditions on both sides of life. Oh brother, it is dreadful to behold how some spirits are held under the power of others. Those doing missionary work on our side of life are constantly kept in a moving condition, they are searching out those that are held under the power of other spirits. They do not leave them until they are fully satisfied that spirit is released from a wicked influence and can go on its way rejoicing. Brother Peebles, one of the dearest missionaries living in a physical form, was chosen by our band of spirits to give that work called "Obsession" to the world.

We, as spirits, see from our side of life, how many individuals living in physical bodies hold a conceited nature, whereby they are obsessed and cannot understand or see the obsessing power that surrounds their egotistical condition. Their mind is so governed by that influence they proclaim to the world there is no such condition as obsession. Through the law of mental thought obsession creeps in and fulfills a destiny in the individual's mind that it has long sought to obtain. I wish it were not so. My desire has been for purity of thought. If it were so in life that no immoral condition could seize hold on the children of men and women, all liquor, all debauchery, no criminality whatever could play a part in human life.

I send this letter to dear brother Peebles hoping, with a strong desire, that he may live a number of years yet and give to the reading public several new books to peruse. With this letter goes a true love from a sister that loves a brother in the cause of Truth.

I thank you for taking down my communication and leave a sister's love for Little Justin, hoping that you, too, brother

Hulburd, will receive a part of it. Oblige me by sending this to brother Peebles. Yours as ever, Charlotte Cushman.

June 15, 1905, to J. R. Francis.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. Let's get to work. I visit Searchlight Bower this morning to give expression to the thoughts and the reality that those contain of a large band to spirits, including myself. You know, brother, individuals living in physical bodies like to air their opinions. We, as spirits, have the same faculty. It is our desire to acquaint the reading public with some facts known to them and I personally in connection with "peep shows" called materializing seances.

Now, I will address brother Francis, of the Progressive Thinker.

J. R. Francis: Dear brother and friend of Truth. It is the desire of a band of spirits that I should become their amanuensis or spokesman this morning. As you are clearing away the driftwood in order that the ship of Spiritualism may sail on a clear sea, I ask permission to be heard through the columns of your valuable paper once more. It is my desire, speaking for others, that you grant me that permission. Understand me, dear brother, I never flattered anyone. If they performed any work and that work invited praise I gave it to them from my soul, as I do on this present occasion give it to you. My soul desire is that the spirit world will assist you in clearing away the debris that lies in the path of honest investigation in your grand philosophy of spiritualism or spirit return. You are the man at the wheel—or general, if you would allow me to call you such—bearing the grand triumph on your noble banner, the Progressive Thinker. I am glad the cultured and elevated spiritualists have found a brave leader in you, dear brother. On several occasions when living in the physical body I visited a number of those peep shows. I think seven in all, hoping there might be the possibility of finding genuine materialization. I never witnessed a demonstration that was genuine. All were frauds of the worst kind. Maud Melville, a concert singer of high reputation, and myself, visited a freak show called a materialization seance. The brazen star actor on that occasion looked like an individual about to enter a convict's cell. He stood there with all the brazen audacity of a low bred cur. He

offered up through the form of speech an invocation to the God of Truth to witness his manifestations, that they were genuine. He claimed to have three phases of mediumship—materialization, impersonation and transfiguration. The last I have no doubt was genuine, as the whole show given by that cur consisted of transformation that he misnamed transfiguration. Dear reader, imagine the God of Truth would enter such a den of infamy, where unmitigated fraud was performed before a class of sitters that were bordering on lunacy. It was cheap at a dollar a head to gain a little wisdom. That individual, the star actor of the freak show—for he was a freak—as there are many in the world like him, embalmed in pork grease, tobacco juice, whiskey and other physical destroying drugs, created through the process of alcohol—with unblushing effrontery asked the sitters present, or guests if you choose to call them so, to sing a religious hymn. That gave him a chance to arrange his properties and filthy toggery for the coming exhibition of degraded manhood, whereby he played upon the feelings and sympathies of those present. His representation of their loved ones in that low den was a disgrace to all manhood and womanhood and should be punished accordingly.

Dear readers, there comes a penalty for all such deception. Permit me to inform you before I proceed any further that the star actor of the peep show is a judge of the human voice, through constant practice he learns to understand the articulation and pronunciation of a gullable individual by the sound of their voice. When he finds such an individual he preys upon their sensitive condition through a disease called credulity. The weak, credulous mind becomes his victim on all occasions. On our visit to one of these vampires it shocked our sensibilities to witness such a degraded exhibition. The curtains of the Punch and Judy box parted and there stood a ghostlike individual. It was that barefaced male liar and hypocrite dressed up in the garb of a female; her face looked pale from common chalk used on that occasion to represent a—how shall I call it—a visitor from the other side of life, a seeming shadow to the credulous visitors. As he stepped out of the Punch and Judy box a hushed awe of reverence passed over the sitters, a glorious shade came into their presence from the other side of life, the spirit world,

as they thought. The manager of the show requested that the sitters, each one in turn, should ask if it was for them. They did so. A woman present asked the monstrosity in disguise, "Are you for me?" The shade or spirit bowed and beckoned for that woman to come to the entrance of the Punch and Judy box. She did so, then she commenced to cry. While sobbing she made several interludes in which she said, "You are my darling sister that left your little body when only three months old; darling, I recognize you; you still have the features of that baby face." Imagine, dear readers, an individual that was at least forty years of age still holding the features of a baby face at three months old. My friend and myself were assigned to seats in the front row and, as this woman led the would be spirit in front of us I smelled that filthy whiskey breath of the star on that occasion. She led the degraded impersonation back to the entrance of the Punch and Judy box; there they kissed and hugged each other, the woman saying to that low, beastly cur, "Do not forget me, sister dear, when you return to your heavenly home." I became so disgusted that I wanted to break the show up. My friend squeezed my hand and whispered, "Keep quiet; let's see more of it."

There was a request given by the manager of the show that the sitters should sing. That gave the star a chance to change his wardrobe. He reappeared at the entrance of the Punch and Judy box as an old man with white hair and a long white beard. A rather fierce looking ghost, I thought, possibly he'd had a quarrel with the manager about the non-payment of his salary. As he posed there a man in one of the back seats made the discovery it—the thing—was his grandfather. He was called up to have an interview with the denizen of the spirit world. Their conversation did not blend in harmony and he that belonged to the mundane sphere was ordered back to his seat. An old woman thought there was a probability and perhaps a possibility of it being her father. She was permitted by the manager of the peep show to hold an interview with her supposed father. Their conversation did not blend and she returned to her seat. At last a glorious light shone upon a young damsel present. Her discovery was a most valuable one; her feelings told her that was her uncle George. She took a promenade up to the Punch

and Judy box and there found her uncle in the person of that low-lived cur. They hugged and kissed and he led her into the Punch and Judy box where a so-called spiritual converse took place. She came out of the Punch and Judy box with a radiant countenance. One would have thought she had found a valuable gold mine if a happy expression was any indication. The searchers after their loved ones once more entertained us by singing a hymn. It was sung in a variety of keys—such was the fact, as it sounded so discordant to my musical ear. Once more the curtains parted and one of the curiosities from Pandora's box stepped out into the room as a blushing female. "Are you for me?" When it came to my friend she was the honored guest of that assembly. She stepped up toward the blushing female as if she was afraid to approach her ghostship. There stood the ghost dressed in a dirty white garb with some pink material that hung down from the shoulders. She said, "Dear spirit, you won't hurt me, will you?" The angel said, "No, dear, come and see me." She stepped up to look at the spirit when, lo, and behold, she made the discovery it was her mother. She laid her head on the spirit's breast and sobbed as if her heart would break; she patted the spirit on both cheeks and called it loved names. All of a sudden she snatched the blonde wig from its head, threw it into my lap and struck the scoundrel in the face. On her fingers she had four diamond rings. When she struck him in the face the diamonds cut the skin, the blood came forth, marring the beauty of her angel mother. We left the room in disgust, I carrying with me her mother's hair. The star's name on that occasion commenced with an S, it was either Sear or Sour, I don't remember just which. We made the discovery that all the fools were not dead and we were two of them. We had the value of our money in the wig. P. T. Barnum spoke the truth when he said "The American people like to be humbugged."

On one occasion in New York Laura Keane, Blanche Harrison, Robert Meldrum, the leading man for Lucille Western, Sothern, the great Lord Dundreary in the American Cousin, and myself, one Sunday evening attended a peep show, mis-named a materializing seance, given by a man by the name of King. I was called up to the Punch and Judy box to look at the spirit

of the beautiful Lizzie Weston Davenport, who at that time was living in the physical body in London, England. I said, "Lizzie dear, when did you take to drinking whiskey? I was not aware that you were fond of stimulants when living in the physical body. I suppose to give this manifestation you require a wee drop to brace you up." Just then Robert Meldrum stepped to the curtain, caught hold of it, dragged it down, and there stood Lizzie, an amalgamation of both sexes. She had a dirty old silk waist on, a light brown wig—that is all you could see at the aperture. The lower part of her body was dressed in black pants, low slippers and white sox. Robert Meldrum demanded his money back, as he had purchased the tickets. The manager refused to return the money and tried to escape. Robert grabbed him and pounded him good. The manager returned the money, then Robert threw him into a corner, after which he spit in poor Lizzie's face. He was in the habit of chewing tobacco. We left the room in disgust thinking, "What fools ye mortals be." A fool and his money easily takes leave of each other.

I visited another peep show in Philadelphia. I was prevailed upon by some guests stopping at the hotel to attend a so-called materializing seance given by an individual called Bliss. During the evening I was called up to the Punch and Judy box—that went by the name of cabinet—to look upon the spirit of John Drew, the father of the present John Drew, who lives in the physical body. I said to the individual, "Are you John Drew the actor, the husband of Mrs. John Drew, the actress?" The fat shade acknowledged to me he was the identical John Drew. I said, "John Drew, you surprise me—how you have shrunk in spirit life; the John Drew that I knew was a fine, manly looking fellow; here you are a repulsive looking creature; there is some mistake. Can't you walk out of this box and allow the people to look upon your form? No doubt you have several friends here that admired your acting." Just then a man stepped up and said, "Why, John, I'm glad to meet you," grasping the spirit's hand. The manager of the show was suspicious and jumped toward this man. It was too late. The man had dragged that low, degraded creature out into the room; there stood a low sized woman with a man's coat and vest on,

a curly wig and black satin necktie. The man that dragged her out of the cabinet said his name was Willis C. Daniels. He had been suspicious of her for some time that she had been committing fraud.

All of the seven seances—so called—that I attended were frauds of the worst kind; villains making money out of the credulity of weak minded people.

Now, dear brother Francis, I have described to you and the public three rank impositions forced upon the people through the stench of a degraded influence called materialization. So many individuals in the spiritual ranks have been attracted to that stench the odor seems to agree with their olfactories. I, for one, must say as a spirit I am ashamed to admit that I entered such dens of degradation to witness some of the most degraded performances ever given.

The power lies in your hands and with your brain faculties you can clean the ranks of spiritualism, make it wholesome and sweet to truthful investigators. When you get through with those vagabonds calling themselves materializing mediums, you can sweep up what is left, throw it on a compost heap to fertilize imbecile minds that would really believe the moon is made of green cheese. I hope those that use the power of reason will assist you, dear brother, in breaking up those shameful conditions. All work requires a leader, at the same time they must be assisted by others to carry on that work. I hope all truth loving spiritualists and free thinkers will give you that support. No general can fight a battle without soldiers in the ranks. You are the general for this work—let other advanced thinkers take their positions as colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants, as their ability can adapt them for those positions. See to it, readers, that you rally to brother Francis' support.

Your friend and well wisher in all works of progressive thought and spiritual understanding, Charlotte Cushman.

I thank you, brother Hulburd, for taking down my communication and hope brother Francis will allow it a space in his valuable paper. Good day, friend.

Edgar Allen Poe

Chapter VI

Monday, February 27, 1905.

Good morning, friend, spirit of Truth and eternal friendship. I enter Searchlight Bower today at the urgent invitation of Charlotte Cushman, my friend and benefactress while living in a physical body.

The morning is dreary; so much the better for my dreary communication. No doubt why the medium was not permitted to eat any breakfast this morning. That was my desire; the less he had on his stomach the clearer would be my comprehension of that which I had the power to convey to the reading public; minds must be clear to give a proper understanding of their theme. The theme I shall present this morning is Obsession, or demons revelling in the homes of unguarded and unprotected people.

When I lived in the physical body, I was known to the reading public as Edgar Allan Poe, an individual who held a dreary nature, yet, at the same time, I was constituted with a vivacious streak in life; that condition made me a favorite in fashionable society.

I do not always wish through my communication to give everything in plurality; much of it will be reduced to singularity. My temperament was such that the singular will answer the purpose more frequently than the plural.

Permit me to pay that proper adoration that belongs to my adopted parents; two grander souls were never encased in human habitation. Their souls were that of purity, love and generosity on all occasions. They committed one great error and that was allowing me too much pocket money; they gave it to me from the freedom of their hearts; it was a generous love

that welled up for the boy they tried to make their son; it was their desire that I should become a manly man, whose every thought should have been that of honor. In my sane thoughts I always blessed them, as I now bless James Martin Peebles, the author of a book bearing the title, "Obsession, or the Demons of the Ages." The blessings that come from the souls of spirits surely some day must make him a saint. One of the first marks of sainthood is courage, the second is nobility of mind, the third is the freedom of the soul to work out an issue whereby grovelling minds can receive the light of Truth and when once in their possession it will glorify into a voluminous light as his voluminous writings have glorified the minds of the reading public.

After I had married a beautiful angel living in a physical body, I made the discovery I was obsessed by an evil influence, one that had been dogging my footsteps through life and finally accomplished my ruin in a physical body.

By many I was called the dreary poet, and broke my wife's heart. I became a frightful wreck of my past grandeur. Many of my poems were composed and written while under the influence of liquor, the worst demon of all ages. The first being that distilled liquor brought a great curse upon the human race. It will take ages to wipe out and abolish the sin. I doubt whether it ever can be accomplished until the human race shall become thoroughly spiritualized.

The glorious philosophy of spiritualism is the greatest college and holds the most perfect minds of men and women generated through the laws of nature. Nature has created one great law, and that is the expansion of the human mind, a vital truth that never can be blotted out.

On many occasions while living in a physical form I was invited to read some of my dreary poems, as I was looked upon as a good reader.

On one occasion while reading *The Raven* at a banker's home in New York, I noticed the eyes of his lovely daughter Lucille; they would glisten and shine like fire and in them they seemed to hold a fascination for me. When I had finished reciting the poem—for it was more of a recitation than reading—she came forward to where I stood and said, in a rich, musical

voice, with a great deal of fascination behind it, "I love you, Edgar." It was such a surprise it frightened me. I would have left the room abruptly, had it not been for her father catching hold of my arm, at the same time saying, "Come with me, Mr. Poe, and I will explain all." When we had entered another room across the hall, pointing to a sofa he said, "Be seated," sitting down alongside of me. I discovered there were tears in his eyes. He said, "Mr. Poe, my daughter is obsessed by some evil influence and is not accountable for what she does or says while under that influence. I see tonight she is possessed by that wicked woman, whomever she may be. Do you believe, Mr. Poe, that beings living in a human body can curse other individuals by throwing a wicked spell upon them? My daughter visited the home of a classmate. When she returned to our arms we made the discovery our daughter was a physical wreck; there came with her an evil influence that swears in a dreadful manner. She abuses her mother in such a shameful way that I have to keep them apart. That strong, raw-boned looking woman that you saw sitting alongside of her is her nurse and keeper. The language that she will use sometimes to men is shocking to listen to. She never attacks me. She does her mother on every occasion there is an opportunity for her to do so." In listening to his conversation it unmanned me. I said, "I too, dear friend, at certain times am obsessed. I love my angel wife, but I broke her heart; that influence that obsesses me at times compelled me to treat her so shamefully that in my sane moments I thought I was only fit for hell or the gallows. Oh, dear friend, I loved her so I would have given up my life for her sake, did she but command it." While we were conversing with each other his daughter entered the room, followed by her nurse. She came and sat on my lap, and the language she used was too degrading to repeat here. Her father said to the influence, "You promised me that your behavior would be good tonight if I would permit my daughter to be present on this occasion." Her nurse came forward, lifted her from off my lap and said, "Come, Lucille, it is time for you to retire now." She turned on her keeper, using the most abusive language I think I ever heard come from the lips of a woman.

There came a time when I was obsessed by a cursed power

—aye, a damnable power that compelled me to accomplish that girl's ruin. I robbed her of the dearest crown a woman wears—her virtue—I became her paramour until her father discovered it, then he placed her in an institution where she died insane.

The spirit of my wife and that beautiful Lucille received me after I had taken on the new birth in spirit life. I passed through that condition that you call death, with all my infirmities and crimes to be worked out and thrown off through my spiritual condition.

After I had entered into spirit life I made the discovery the wretch that had obsessed me and held that power of infamy over my physical condition was a minister of the gospel—so called—the one that betrayed the confidence placed in him by Stephen Girard of Philadelphia, a saintly man living in a physical body at that time: his work since speaks for itself. From the spirit side of life he loves and blesses children. After I had made the discovery who the unfortunate wretch was, all the spiritual beauty of nature held by my wife, Lucille and myself came to the front of our souls' desires to reform that unfortunate creature, also held under an obsessing power of spirits stronger than himself. Those spirits we call the "Demons of Spirit Life." His reformation was accomplished, and he became a repentant spirit. There laid dormant in his soul a flame of beauty that had not been kindled yet. When once found it was touched by the light of Truth, the flame spread and was fed by harmony from other souls. That spirit became one of Little Justin's guides, the one you call Dick, who came as a newsboy to work out his condition through that process. In time he received the new baptism called divinity in Nature.

One day while walking up Broadway I met Edwin Forrest, the great tragic actor. I discovered as he came toward me he held a little boy by the hand. He was pleased to meet me. He said, "Edgar, come and take dinner with me." I told him I would do so with pleasure. He did not introduce me to the little boy whose hand he held. As we stepped off to go toward the hotel the little boy kicked him on the leg, saying, "You old ga-loot, introduce me before I kick you on the other leg." Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "Pardon me, Edgar, for not introducing my little friend Puss; Puss, this is Edgar Allan Poe, the

poet." Little Puss shook hands with me and said, "Are you the chap that was trying to read poetry the other day on the City Hall steps and got knocked down because it was so bad?" Mr. Forrest laughed so hilarious that I thought he would get a pain in his side. When we reached the hotel and were ascending the stairs toward Mr. Forrest's room I noticed a man that had a peculiar look in his eyes. As he passed us he said, "Hello, Forrest." Mr. Forrest said, "I am glad to see you today, Mr. Winchester," and passed on, not introducing me to the man. When we were comfortably seated in Mr. Forrest's sitting room and cigars and wine were placed upon the table Mr. Forrest said to me, "Did you observe that man who passed us on the stairs? What a peculiar look he has in his eyes—it gives the contour of his face an evil expression. I believe that he is obsessed by a devil. I wish there was some way of breaking it up. At times his conversation is elevating to any one that is present as a listener; he charms people with his cultured conversation. At other times there is a morose condition that seems to hold him in a spell and his gross utterances are too vile to listen to."

After we had dined in Mr. Forrest's private apartment and the dishes were taken away by a waiter, Little Puss said, while sitting on Mr. Forrest's lap, "I wish old Beelzebub would come in now and talk to the poet. Oh, he's a daisy." Mr. Forrest said, "Why do you wish that, Puss?" Puss said, "Uncle Forrest, can't you see his under lip is hanging down; he needs cheering up." Mr. Forrest said, "Can't you cheer him up with one of your songs?" I said, "Do, Puss, sing me one of your pretty songs." He said to Mr. Forrest, "Uncle, it won't do to sing him one with love in it; they say poets are chuck full of that kind of stuff," which made us laugh. He sang us a pretty Scotch ballad. He had hardly finished singing when the door opened and in walked that man that had passed us on the stairs. He said, "Forrest, I heard your boy singing and I came to listen. Are you angry? I don't care a d— if you are; when he sings I want to hear him." Mr. Forrest said, "That's all right, friend Winchester; he will sing for you," then he said in a low voice, "Puss, sing something soothing." Little Puss started in and sang that beautiful piece of music called, "Jesus, Let Me to

Thy Bosom Fly," and oh, he sang it in such a plaintive voice that I commenced to cry. I also beheld the last man that had entered the room had tears coursing down his cheeks. When Little Puss had finished singing he jumped to his feet, crying out in a loud voice, "You angels in heaven and devils in hell, I want to block you out from my sight. You have been the ruin of my life and cursed her that I loved with my whole soul; give her back to me, damn you, or I will tear you out of heaven and drag the devils out of hell and pitch you all into the sea, curse you. You have taken her from me, but I will find her, no matter if you lock the gates of heaven against me or bar the doors of hell. She is mine." I looked at him in pity and discovered the froth was coming from his mouth. He fell onto the floor in a fit; it was then I saw he was under the power of some demon. I said, "Mr. Forrest, what do you do for him when he gets into this condition?" "We let him lie there," Mr. Forrest said, "until some influence contrrolls Justin; as a general thing they sing and rub his head at the same time; after that they use little Puss' hands in making passes down over his body. Oh, I am so sorry, Edgar, for this man; his friends should place him where he would be properly taken care of. When in a sane condition he has such a generous heart and is lavish with his wealth. This is the third hotel that I have found him in. He seems to have a fascination for Little Puss. The other night at the theatre when Puss had finished speaking his lines this unfortunate man cried out, 'He is mine; they have robbed me of him.' He was taken from the theatre by his friends and conveyed to the hotel. The Little One's singing has an attraction for him and on many occasions has a soothing effect. When my engagement here in New York is finished I am going to take the Little One and go to some place in the country. I want to see if I can't stop that man from following us around. I am afraid while he is under that influence he will do some one harm." The power had come upon Justin; he sat down by the man and sang a soothing lullaby in some language that I did not understand, after which he made passes over the man's body; then he said to Mr. Forrest and me, "Come and hold my hands." We did so. In about ten minutes a male voice sang through his vocal organ of speech, followed by a female voice.

Mr. Forrest and myself took up the refrain. The man came out from under the condition, looked wild for a few moments, then commenced to cry. He said, "Oh, Mr. Forrest, I have been under that cursed spell again. I am so happy now; so happy I cannot express it to you in language. God bless you all; your kindness can never go unrewarded." He took Little Puss into his arms, hugged and kissed him, saying, "You belong to another world better than this one that you live in now."

During the time that he was under that unhappy condition Mr. Forrest put the wine out of sight. He said, "Gentlemen, will you ride with me in a carriage? I want to be so much in the open air, for I am a happy man." Mr. Forrest said, "We will go with you, Mr. Winchester, if you think you can receive any benefit from our presence being in the carriage." He said, "Oh, it will make me most happy." Mr. Forrest said, "I can only give you one hour, as I must return with the Little One to indulge in an afternoon nap." We went with him in the carriage. As we reached Union Square up Broadway, an influence took possession of Little Puss and said, "Drive up Lexington Avenue." When we had entered the avenue the control claimed to be the mother of Mr. Winchester and talked beautifully to her son. Her language I never forgot, it had so much of the spirit of truth in it, the cultured and expressive thoughts that she conveyed to her son through the lips of Justin was something never to be forgotten. He said, "Oh, mother, mother, why did you not come to me before and tell me all this. I have been such a wretched man." She said, "My dear son, I have tried so hard and was not successful in finding an instrument to convey my thoughts to you until today; it was I, dear boy, that brought that happy feeling to your condition; they would not permit me on any occasion to talk to you only on the present one. His hand claims it takes too much of his strength and shows in his acting at night, the consequence of which is debilitating to his physical organization. Now I am going to reveal a secret to you the surprise of such, no doubt, will mystify you for a time.

"You have been obsessed, dear son, by the spirit of your grandfather, who was a wicked man when he lived in a physical body and still retains part of that wicked influence at the present time. Your father and myself, with the assistance of other

loved ones, have broken it up today. Now, now, my son, pray for the power of Wisdom to enter your soul and build up a strong wall between you and that influence, that must consist of Truth inspired by a life of Morality, its foundation must be chastity in its highest element and the great stone that fills the niche placed over your your mental ability must have in it the love of God working out through every lineament and aspiration of your life. One of the parties present knows the pang of hunger sometimes brought on by a sensibility and pain of pride when otherwise he might ask and it would be given unto him. On this, dear son, it is my desire that you assist him by a present of money. When you present him with money, also permit your blessing to go with it. Now, Mr. Forrest, I ask you to perform a kind act for me—it will not go unrewarded. Today in your room I heard you say to Mr. Poe you were going into the country with the little boy to try and break up the condition of my son following you around to the different hotels. That condition is broken up. The favor I ask is to take my son with you, also the powerful influence which you possess with the soothing influence of the little boy. My son can and will become a different man; do not refuse me this request. We have broken up the influence of his grandfather, Abraham Winchester." Mr. Forrest granted her that request, saying, "Madam, with the power of God and the holy angels I will exert myself to my utmost ability to save your son through the love I bear the children of God."

We returned to the hotel; I was presented with a check drawn to my order for \$300. I bade them all good afternoon and learned afterward the three took a nap on Mr. Forrest's bed. After Mr. Forrest's engagement was finished Mr. Winchester accompanied Mr. Forrest and Little Puss to a hotel near the Delaware. He became a respectable citizen, loved his wife and children with the love of a moral man released from that accursed bondage called Obsession. He became known to many of the reading public as a temperance man and also in other lines.

Wednesday, March 1, 1905.

One day while standing on the deck of a ferry boat crossing the East River from New York to Brooklyn, William Cul-

len Bryant approached me and said, "Poe, you are just the man I want to see. I am on my way to visit a family by the name of Watson. They have a daughter who is quite a freak. I want you to go with me to see that young woman. She is either a freak of nature or under a powerful influence that perhaps you would designate as obsession. Mr. Lawton says it is a case of obsession; he thinks she is influenced by an evil spirit to speak in the manner she does." I said, "Perhaps her parents would not like to have me call." He said, "I most assuredly think they would; when I introduce you you will find they are glad to have the pleasure of meeting Edgar Allan Poe." I said, "If you think so, I will accompany you." He said, "By all means, do." When we had reached Mr. Watson's home we were ushered into the back parlor by a black maid. I discovered after being introduced to the family, an old lady with white hair, a person that I would call a handsome grandmother. There were several others present on that occasion. I was personally attracted to that old lady; her voice to me was music in a high degree. She said, "Mr. Poe, I am glad you came to see my unfortunate grand-daughter. Allow me to inform you that at certain times she is rational and reads beautifully; it makes me so happy to have her read to me. There is a great love existing between her and I." While the grandmother and other members of the family spoke at different times I noticed the said young lady, whose name was Elizabeth, did not take any part in the conversation. While we were conversing her eyes seemed to roll in her head and at times looked very fierce. The grandmother made a request, saying, "Mr. Bryant, will you please recite one of your compositions for us?" He did so; after he had finished and resumed his seat the girl laughed in an idiotic manner and said, "I am sorry for you, poor fool; why did you not stay out on the sidewalk and speak your part—you would collect more pennies there than you will here; we are so poor and can't pay the rent. There is a man that calls himself Watson comes around every day to collect his rent. I am afraid Grandma and I will have to go to the poor house. You know I can sing, and you will be the monkey, Grandma can turn the crank of the organ, and I think we'll get rich—don't you think so, Grandma? That will keep us out of the poor

house." Just then Mr. Watson entered the room. I was introduced by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Watson gave us a cordial greeting. After that he placed a chair close to his daughter; when seated he held both of his daughter's hands in his, saying at the same time, "How is my pet today?" She said, "I am happy, Mr. Watson; my husband, Jesus, will pay you the rent." Just then the beautiful grandmother said, "Mr. Poe, will you do us a favor by reciting one of your poems? If you do we will look upon it as a great kindness." I arose and recited a poem, after which the girl laid her head on her father's shoulder and laughed in a hysterical manner. She said, "John, I knew you would leave the wilderness and come here today. Tell these people I am God's sister and the bride of Jesus Christ. I am only here for awhile; Grandma and I are going to make our ascension tomorrow morning. They will all be there to witness our grand triumph. The chariot will descend to earth accompanied by a host of angels," and then she commenced to laugh again in a hysterical manner. I made the discovery I was looking on a strange personality; that personality was a beautiful young lady obsessed by a religious fanatic. Her father said, "When she laughs in that hysterical way she generally returns to her normal condition." He said, "Let us pray, friends." We all knelt and prayed, repeating the Lord's prayer after Mr. Watson. When seated again we sang a hymn. The grandmother said, "See, my son; my grand-daughter is returning to her normal condition; let no one question her on what they have seen and heard." She looked at us all with a beautiful smile and said, "Isn't this a happy gathering. I am so glad I got here in time to meet you all." The grandmother said, "Sweetheart, Mr. Cullen Bryant, who is always so kind, had Mr. Poe accompany him here today to meet you, dear. Won't you read for us?" She went to a table, taking up a volume of Shakespeare, handed it to her grand-daughter; the young lady arose, opened the book and read several passages in a beautiful manner, showing the power of elocution.

The black maid came to the door and said, "Lunch is waiting, Mr. Watson." Through the invitation of Mr. Watson we all adjourned to the dining room. When seated at the table I was surprised to find such high cultivation in that young lady's

conversation. The sociability there that day was one of beauty and refinement. The love of each individual of the family was apparent on all occasions. During that afternoon that evil influence had full control and talked in a ridiculous manner; its conversation was so silly and I felt it must have been disgusting to the family. During this vile condition the door bell rang; a Quaker lady and gentleman were ushered in. They were introduced to us—that is, Mr. Bryant and myself—as Mr. and Mrs. Peck. I saw they were both lovely characters—their conversation was elevating to all who heard it. Mr. Peck addressed me, saying, "Brother Poe, does thee not think it would be good for the young lady to make a change, go away from here to some other part of the country? I can see thou affirmest what I say, thy confirmation speaks out of thine eyes; thou feelest as well as I, friend, the change will be beneficial." Mr. Bryant and myself on that question acquiesced with the Quaker gentleman. Mr. Watson finally consented that his daughter should accompany Mr. and Mrs. Peck back to their home at Newark, N. J., where they had a beautiful place at the suburbs of the town. I heard afterward the changing of circumstances and surroundings was of great benefit to Elizabeth Watson.

They held in their home prayer meetings and when the spirit moved any individual they went direct to Miss Watson and gave her a magnetic treatment. In time she was restored to her normal condition and perfect health reigned supreme throughout her physical anatomy. Her mental condition was restored to a sane equilibrium whereby she became a beautiful character, not only to her family and friends, but also to the reading public. The discovery was made she was obsessed by a female cousin who was a religious fanatic; her spirit passed from her body in that condition. She found her cousin Elizabeth was a sensitive, threw that obsessing power upon her thinking she would get relief from her unbalanced condition. When finally she was restored to a proper spiritual condition she saw the crime she had committed through the error in compelling her cousin to suffer as well as she. When realizing what she had done she made a confession to a spirit who assisted her to throw off that condition whereby she was released and once more became a sane spirit. In Mr. Peck's home there was a

strong spiritual power that brought around that condition. The relief was a joyful one to all present and prayers went up from all the guests.

On one occasion while riding in a Broadway stage I noticed one of the inmates was a very fine looking man and acted in a peculiar manner. He seemed to know me, and addressed me, saying, "Edgar Poe, I always thought you lacked reasoning power and I am glad the moment has come for me to tell you so." I noticed the other passengers commenced to smile and that smile broadened out into a laugh. I left the stage at the corner of Bleecker street and Broadway. I had proceeded a little ways when I heard footsteps walking behind me. My new found friend that I had met in the stage came up and took my arm, saying, "Poe, your last poem was a diabolical publication and now I want you to reform and become a decent man. I will assist you in giving beautiful stanzas to the world." I said, "What is your name, friend? I have no place in my memory of your acquaintance before." He said, "My name is Robert Litchfield. I am a good fellow to become acquainted with; don't you remember I sang at the Apollo Club and you admired my singing? When you saw me in that stage I was on my way to visit my wife and children. I have been boarding at Trenton, N. J. I did not like my boarding house, so I came to New York to make my family a visit. I say, old chap, I was attracted to you and thought I would help make the day pleasant for you." I told him I was going to visit a friend and it was utterly impossible to take a stranger there. I told him that we had some private business to transact—that is, the friend and myself—and must be alone, thinking I'd get rid of him in that manner; found I'd made a mistake. He said, "That's all right. I can sit on the steps and wait for you." It looked to me as if I was in a dilemma and did not know how to get out of it. Then he said, "Poe, let's go and get something to eat and something to drink. I am chillier than all hell." It struck me that would be a good way to get rid of my friend, as he called himself. When we reached the Bowery he discovered a German beer saloon. - It was then the noon hour and they were serving up hot lunch. We gave our order; after doing so I said to my friend, "I will step out for a few moments and then return." I did not return.

I went my way in order to attend to the business I had in my mind. I dined with the family and left their home about eight o'clock in the evening.

As I was walking down Broadway I discovered my new friend walking between two men. As soon as I had made the discovery I crossed over to the west side of the street and was not recognized by the friend. In the morning while sipping my coffee at a restaurant on Broadway the waiter handed me the morning paper. I saw in strong headlines that a lunatic had escaped the vigilance of his keepers; he was discovered on Broadway and taken back by a late train to the insane asylum, Trenton, N. J. Two years afterward I was invited to be one of a party to dine at a club on West 14th street, New York City. There I discovered my friend of two years ago. He did not seem to recognize me, which pleased me much. About eleven o'clock a gentleman present said to me, "Do you see that man over there," pointing to my friend. "Well, Poe, his name is Litchfield. He was an inmate of a lunatic asylum over in New Jersey somewhere; they say he was obsessed by an evil spirit; they claim he is now cured of that evil influence and is all right again." He said, "Edgar Allan Poe, do you believe that one person can become obsessed by another person that has died and left his body and gone to spirit life?" I said, "Mr. Chambers, I most emphatically do; at certain times I feel a queer influence coming over me. I seek the home of a friend, where I am taken care of until I come out from under that condition. At one time, friend, I was obsessed by that influence and was found wandering almost in a nude condition on Long Island. I was taken to an inebriate asylum, as they thought I was drunk. I remained there two weeks and was kindly taken care of. God bless those charitable institutions, they are like a welling spring in the desert of calamity, where every poor Arab seems to be a civilized devil looking on the ruin of another individual in that desert of perishable hopes." He said, "Then you, too, Edgar, have had that sad experience." I said, "All except being incarcerated in an insane asylum." Mr. Chambers invited me to tarry at his home that night. I did so. About four o'clock in the morning that cursed influence took possession of my mental abilities and wanted Mr. Chambers to accompany

me to a house of ill fame that he might indulge in his perverted ministerial passions there. Mr. Chambers told me he locked the door of the room and upbraided that influence in such a manner that he commenced to cry; the influence quieted down, begged Mr. Chambers' pardon and commenced to feel his shameful condition. He told Mr. Chambers while in his mother's womb he was marked to become a villain. She—his mother—was a licentious character, deceived his father on all occasions and pretended to be a devout, religious woman, when she was only a harlot that bore a respectable man's name. She was covered with a cloak of seeming religious respectability. Mr. Chambers said, "I am sorry for you, whomever you are. I did not believe this, that one individual could obsess another. I have realized it to my satisfaction tonight. Now I want you to leave my friend Poe, never to return to obsess him again. You see and understand. I have a strong will power and with the assistance of others that will give their will power with mine, I am going to break this up. You understand what I am saying. See to it that you obey my command, and if spirits from your side of life can lend their aid I will thank them for it. From this moment henceforth I will bring my will power to bear. Go and never return."

The spirit thanked him and said, "You are my friend. I have been wicked and through your will power I can become a better man. Assist me and I will reform. When I leave Edgar Allan Poe I return to a better condition in spirit existence. With the prayers of your friends and yourself in the future, backed up by your will power, will bring me to a realization that I can become a better spirit. Behold, I see a light—let us pray." He said the influence compelled him to kneel; he offered up a prayer asking to be guided by the higher angels in spirit life, as it was his desire to become a different individual. He knew if he was once released from that bondage and curse that he came into the world with from his mother's womb, a true spiritual life awaited him. Dear friend, I was released that night from the power of that vile spirit, once more a happy man, until a fate awaited me from which I passed from my body in the city of Baltimore.

Mr. Litchfield I met once more in Trinity Church; he in-

vited me to go to his home on that day and dine with his family. I found there a beautiful wife and three children. After dinner, as we sat in his private apartment holding conversation with each other, at the same time smoking a cigar, he made me acquainted with the fact that he had been an obsessed man, obsessed by a spirit that, while living in a physical body he had shamefully wronged—so much so that spirit while living in a physical body became insane. "His first desire in spirit life after recognizing where I was, was to reach and obsess me; he accomplished it and I became his victim. Now I am making restitution to the family I had so cruelly wronged. I endeavor in all my walks in life to pay the tribute of a protector to that family. I support them from out of my ample means. My whole desire is to beautify the life that I had ruined and make her once more a happy being. Oh, Mr. Poe, my sin was a dreadful one and I have paid the penalty through a severe influence. The spirit commanded me to right the wrong as far as possible. I promised and was released. I have fulfilled that promise to the letter. That beautiful young lady that sang and played for us before dinner was my victim. My wife and she are loving sisters; her child bears my name—that beautiful little boy you saw was the result of my crime. God bless him, he is a joy to my soul." I repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which he said, "It has made me happy to unburden my mind to you today, Edgar Allan Poe. You and I must become the dearest of friends. I feel you, too, have suffered. May we constantly live in the angels' keeping." I said, "Amen."

Thursday, March 2, 1905.

One day while looking out of the window at the leafless shade trees a note was handed to me. I opened it and read the contents, thus: "Edgar Allan Poe—Dear friend: Come to me right away; do not stop to lunch, you can lunch with us today. I have just received a note from our friend, Mr. Ashburn, in which he says, 'My wife has been acting very strange for several months past. Yesterday her actions were that of an insane person. Dear Miss Cushman, I fear she will lose her rational senses. She constantly calls for you. You will do me a great kindness if you will call and see her; it looks to me as if her sanity had left.' Little Justin has promised to go with me and,

as you and he are clairvoyant, I think we can get at the root of the matter. Your friend, as ever, Charlotte Cushman."

I immediately put on my coat and hat and went to the hotel. When I arrived at her room her maid informed me she had not returned from the theatre yet. I walked toward the theatre. I had not gone far when I discovered Miss Cushman and Little Justin coming toward me. In front of the hotel she made an arrangement with one of the hack drivers to convey us to Mr. Ashburn's residence after lunch. After we had lunch she requested her maid to accompany us to Mr. Ashburn's home. We entered the carriage, the driver whipped up his horses. In less than an hour we alighted in front of Mr. Ashburn's residence. Coming down the steps we met a Miss Sarah Denvil. After I was introduced to her she said, "Dear Miss Cushman, Mrs. Ashburn is laboring under the power of some dreadful influence. I think in time it will kill her." Miss Cushman said, "Dear Sarah, return with us and let us see what we can do." This young lady was an actress, the beautiful Sarah Denvil that the people of New York admired so much. We ascended the steps. I rang the door bell. Mr. Ashburn answered in person. He ushered us into the parlor and gave an explanation to Miss Cushman of his wife's condition. Miss Cushman said, "Lead us to her." When we entered the hall Little Justin said, "Uncle Poe, look at that spirit on the stairs; he's a vicious looking old coon." I looked and there I beheld a shadow preceding us upstairs. When we entered the room where Mrs. Ashburn lay on a couch, attended by two maids, they were holding her hands in order to prevent her from tearing her hair. I noticed much of her outer garment was torn. When we were seated Justin hollered out, "You old brute, how I'd like to kick you." Miss Cushman said, "Justin, then you see an evil spirit?" Justin said, "He's worse than that—he's come out of hell, I think; he laughs and dances when he looks upon what he has done. Oh, Charlotte, he is one of the worst old fiends I have ever seen. I wish I could cut off his leg, then he couldn't dance and I'd get a good chance to kick him." Miss Cushman said, "Whoever you are, I want you to leave this woman. What has she done that you should persecute her and rob her of her reasoning power?" Just then we heard a fiendish laugh and the spirit glided over to where Justin

and I sat. He said to us, "Do you see that woman lying there on that couch? At one time she was my wife. A more villainous woman never lived. After we were married she became a she devil of the worst kind. Extravagance is no name for the manner in which she lived. Her crimes were many. She wrecked my life. I took to drinking and became a drunkard. One day in a fit of passion she pushed me; I fell down stairs and broke my neck. After I had made the realization that I was in another condition of life my first thought was to reach her and compel her to pay the penalty for the crime she had committed. Her whole desire was to marry Mr. Ashburn for his wealth. She got him for a husband and now I have got her under my power, I will not release her until she dies a raving maniac. When her spirit has left that body then I will release her. Behold the once beautiful Kathleen Smith, whose beauty was the envy of American and European society." I related all he said to Miss Cushman, after which I held Mr. Ashburn's hands, saying, "Dear brother Ashburn, my heart aches for you. Oh, God, I would change it if it were possible. You have married a vampire for her beauty. My benefactor, I would lay down my life for you, could I but change this condition." Miss Cushman said, "Friends, let us pray. Pray from the soul to that divine power that heals and comforts all aching hearts." We prayed in silence for over an hour. The unfortunate Kathleen Ashburn was swearing all the time. She called us some of the vilest names I ever listened to. She would spit at her husband and try to reach him that she might tear his hair. Her two maids would place her back on the couch when she became exhausted from swearing. After praying in silence we sang a hymn; that seemed to bring on the madness worse than ever; the blood gushed from her mouth, then weakness set in and she remained motionless for some time. Her eyes commenced to roll; they had a look in them, I thought, of death. After awhile she seemed to recover her reason. She sat up and looked at us in a peculiar manner and said, "I am dying; my sins have found me out. Do not any one of you touch me—I am too low a creature for honest hands to be laid upon my body. He has accomplished his purpose and I hope I have almost paid the debt; when my spirit——" that was all she could say. The blood

gushed from her mouth again and the spirit took its flight. Little Justin, Miss Cushman and her maid returned to the hotel in the carriage that brought us to this afflicted home. I remained with brother Ashburn to try and comfort him in his sorrow. Three days afterward they held a funeral in Trinity Church over the body of the once beautiful Kathleen Smith. In spirit life she tells me she was educated by her mother to become a fascinating girl. "My mother's education in time made me a criminal of the worst kind. I would do anything to get possession of beautiful jewels and handsome gowns. My beauty was my ruin and men knelt at my feet to gain a favorite smile from a criminal. I hope," she said, "what you tell of me in that newspaper will be a warning to women; it is a jewel in life to be homely and have the peace of God in your soul." Mr. Ashburn's home was on 4th Avenue, between 13th and 14th streets. His name was Wm. Harry Ashburn, one of the best friends I ever met in life, outside of my foster parents.

On one occasion while sailing up the Hudson river on one of those beautiful steamers I noticed a woman acting rather strange. The peculiarity of her condition was that she would sing and make faces at the passengers. Many of them passed by to look at her strange actions. I noticed on one side of her sat a young girl about 18 or 19 years of age. On the other side sat a boy of about 15 years of age. I said to myself, "This must be a case of obsession." All of a sudden she struck the young girl a blow in the face with her shut up hand; the boy grabbed that hand, saying, "Oh, mother dear, don't do that; you have hurt dear sister; see, the blood runs down her face." The young girl cried and held her handkerchief over the wound made by that vile mother, to hide it. I stepped up to the young girl and said, "Pardon me for taking the liberty of addressing you. I think you had better change places with me. I am stronger than you are and can assist your brother to look after your mother until you arrive at your destination, wherever that may be." She thanked me and allowed me to take her seat. Her mother struck at me. I grabbed her hand before she struck the spot that she had in her eye. The young girl acquainted me with the fact that for over six months her mother would get crazy spells and sometimes at night they heard devilish voices yelling like fiends; then

she got her worst spells. "We are trying—that is, brother and I—to take her to grandpa's home; he lives on a farm and she will be quiet there, I think, away from the noise of the city and those devilish voices that make so much noise at night." I said, "Where does your grandfather live?" The brother spoke up and said, "Back of Hudson City; he is strong, and so is uncle William; they can hold her when she gets her crazy spells." When the boat went up alongside of the wharf there was a man with a wagon and one horse. The girl said, "There is grandpa," and waved her handkerchief to the man sitting on the front seat of the wagon. He got down, handed the reins to a black boy, came on board of the steamer to where we were sitting. His grandchildren were so glad to see him they both commenced to cry. The daughter did not recognize him. He said to his daughter, "Come, Mary, father wants to take you home to mother; she longs to see you." The unfortunate creature spit in his face and kicked him; she did not want to leave the boat. He asked me to assist him and we forced her to leave the boat. On the wharf near where the wagon stood she got one of her hands loose and commenced to tear her bonnet and yell like an Indian. We caught hold of her hands and with the assistance of her son placed her on the back seat of the wagon. I said to the father, "I will hold her hands while you tie them with her handkerchief, then it will be much easier for your grand-daughter and son to hold her in the seat." He did so. I got out of the wagon and was about to return to the boat when, to my surprise, I saw the boat out in the stream. I said, "Now I'm in a fix; the boat has gone and left me here in all my glory." The grandfather laughed and said, "What is your name, sir?" My grandchildren forgot to introduce me." I told him my name was Poe. He said, "My name is Mr. Reynolds. I have a son in New York who practices law; possibly you may know him; his name is William Reynolds." I told him I was acquainted with a lawyer who bore the name of Wm. Reynolds—he occupied an office at the corner of Courtland street and Broadway. He said, "That is him." He laughed and shook hands, saying, "Get into the wagon and go home with us. Mother will make it comfortable for you. Tomorrow I will bring you back in time for the boat going up the river."

I accompanied him to his home. It was a beautiful farm; a stone house surrounded by grand trees. Mrs. Reynolds, a lovely old lady, gave us a cordial welcome, especially myself. When she looked at her daughter the tears commenced to show themselves. She said, "Oh, my darling grandchildren, I am so glad to see you." After kissing them she said, "It has been so hard for both of you. I know what you have suffered; it is only your grandfather and grandmother can understand." She looked up at the vacant stare of her daughter—who did not recognize her—saying, "Oh, my poor, poor child; your mother's heart aches for you, did you but only understand it. Now you are at home with father and mother where you were born and passed so many happy days of your girlhood; it is here where you lived a beautiful Christian life until you went to New York." The poor creature sat there and made faces and spit at her mother. Mr. Reynolds returned from the barn where he had placed his horse, and assisted us in carrying his unfortunate daughter into the house. We laid her on a sofa in the parlor. Her mother went to the organ and played one of her daughter's favorite pieces of music, after that we sang, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," to the organ accompaniment. The unfortunate daughter commenced to laugh and said, "Oh, how beautifully he used to sing that—sing it again, you people, whoever you are." We sang the same piece of music over. Just then a strong, handsome looking man entered the room; he went over and knelt in front of the sofa and said to the unfortunate woman, "Oh, dear sister, this is unfortunate; you are home again and we will try and make it happy for you." She looked at him and said, "I heard you sing it, don't deny it, for I heard you." He arose from his kneeling position, took his niece and nephew in his arms, saying, "Dear children, why did you not tell us before? You know it was your duty to acquaint us of her condition." The girl said, "When she was in her normal condition she begged and pleaded with us not to acquaint you with the facts. She grew worse every day and finally commenced to bite her own flesh. I could not stand that, it was dreadful to look upon. I wrote to grandpa we would bring her up on the boat and for him to meet us at the landing. This gentleman here kindly gave his services to help take care of her; his name,

uncle, is Mr. Poe. He missed the boat and grandpa got him to come home with us." He looked at his mother and said, "Dear mamma, have you played any of her favorite pieces?" The grand old lady said, "Yes, my son. Suppose you sit here at the organ and play some while I hold my hands on her head. Oh, if God would only give her back her reason, that she might tell us all that has happened. My poor, dear girl." She took her unfortunate daughter in her arms and kissed and hugged her, saying at the same time, "If only Jesus would come and help us." The woman looked at her mother and said, "Do you know Jesus?" The mother said with great emotion, "My son, play, play." He played several selections with grand effect. It seemed to me he was inspired to play. When he ceased playing Mr. Reynolds said, "Let us sing, 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.' That was a favorite of hers." We sang and her brother at the organ sang with so much power I felt the angels were there. After we had sung the piece through the father said, "Sing it again. I see a natural look coming into her eyes." We sang with all the power that was in our souls. After we had finished singing the brother kept on playing such soothing music. The unfortunate woman looked around and said, "Why, I am home, and this is my dear mamma that holds me in her arms and there's dear papa and brother, and oh, my babies, too." I noticed while she was talking her mother unloosened the knot that held her hands fast. She said, "Mamma dear, I don't remember coming home. I don't want to go back to that dreadful city again. I was so unhappy." Her father came over to the sofa and taking her in his arms said, "Darling, you shall never return to that city again. Your mother and all the rest of us need you here." She said, "Papa, was I long sick, and did I tire mamma out waiting on me?" He said, "No, darling, we were only too glad to have you with us. Now papa's girl must go to sleep and rest her weary head." He laid her gently on the sofa; the mother went to the organ, played and sang a low, sweet lullaby; their child went to sleep. The mother motioned for all to leave the room quietly, saying in a whisper she would remain alone with her darling. We left the room, the father shutting the door quietly. We passed out under the trees and there held a conversation about her condition. The father went

to see if dinner was ready. Her brother said, "Mr. Poe, I believe we can restore her to health and reason again. She has been abused in a shameful manner by that brute of a husband, George Maxwell. The last time I saw her in New York, when I called at her home, I thought she was under the influence of liquor." Her daughter said, "Yes, uncle, at certain times she drinks so much liquor that when father came home he would beat her and kick her. I had him arrested; he is now in prison awaiting his trial. You see that scar upon her forehead. He did that. He kicked her with his winter boot. I struck him on the leg with the poker and broke his ankle. He was two months in the hospital until he was cured. I wanted to write to grandpa about it. Mamma would not allow me; she said if I did she would run away from us children and drown herself in the river."

Mr. Reynolds called us to dinner. It was a fine home country dinner and tasted so good. While we were eating a pumpkin pie and drinking our coffee there came a piercing scream from the parlor. We left the table and reached the parlor in time to prevent that unfortunate woman from choking her mother to death. Mr. Reynolds and his son caught hold of her while I released her fingers from off her mother's throat. The granddaughter caught her grandmother in her arms and with the assistance of the grandson laid the old lady on the sofa. Young Mr. Reynolds said with an oath, "This must be broken up or I'll know the reason why. You devil, whoever you are that has obsessed my sister must leave her. My will power is aroused and I will break your influence if I die for it." He said, "Father, you see to mamma. Mr. Poe and I can hold her. I'll have no more of this nonsense. I will break this evil power up if she has to leave her body." Just then I saw a wicked looking man standing alongside of his victim. I said to him, "We are going to break your power up that you have held over this unfortunate woman, if it takes all summer to do it." He said, "Edgar Allan Poe, you are not as smart as you think you are. I got her through the power of liquor and I'm going to hold on to her until I am satisfied. Damn you, Charlotte Cushman drove me away from that woman in Baltimore. You haven't got will power enough to drive me away from this woman. Now do your best." I said, "We shall see," in a very emphatic manner.

I acquainted the friends with the conversation that I held with that vile spirit.

Friday, March 3, 1905.

I said to the family, "Let us concentrate our will power, force it on your unhappy daughter and pray in silence; pray to God to send his angels to help us in this matter." I believed then in a personal God and all the angels that dwelt in heaven had wings; the only ones that were minus the wings were those evil spirits that obsessed people living in the human body. Her brother held her down in a rocking chair while I was forming a circle with the other chairs handed to me by her son and two of the hired men. As we were about to take our seats a neighbor called to see Mr. Reynolds. I think his name was Whitson, at least it sounded so to me. Mr. Reynolds informed him of the trouble they were having with their daughter. Mr. Reynolds said, "Can't you join us? Perhaps your will power will be a great help on this occasion." He said, "I am willing to help you. It is a dreadful condition your daughter is living under. I will run over home and get mother and my two daughters to help us. You know they are good Christian women." In about fifteen minutes he returned with his wife and two daughters. I had the chairs all arranged. We locked the door and took our seats, while Mrs. Reynolds played the organ. I saw she was weak from the ordeal she had passed through and made the request that she lie down on the sofa and rest. One of the young ladies filled her place at the organ and produced some beautiful music, after which we sang. When we had finished the hymn I said, "Now let us concentrate our will power on this unhappy woman and pray in silence for help." We were silent over two hours, when I discovered reason coming back into her eyes with a passive look; her expression became natural; she spoke and said, "Oh, I feel as if a heavy load had been lifted off my head. How strange it all seems to be; and why are you all sitting around in a circle; is it Sunday, and papa, are you going to read the bible? Please let us sing first." We sang her favorite hymn, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth"; after that we sang "Rock of Ages." When we had finished she said, "Oh, I want a drink so much; I am burning up with fever." The housemaid went and got a pitcher of milk; she re-entered the parlor

holding the pitcher in one hand and a glass of milk in the other. She filled the glass with milk and the unhappy woman drank it with such a relish that the maid filled up the glass again. She drank that and asked for more. The maid filled the glass the third time. That she drank slow, handing the glass back to the maid she said, "Bessie, that was so good. Oh, I am so happy. Where is darling mamma?" Her mother sat up on the sofa and said, "I am here, dear." Her daughter laughed and said, "Oh, darling mamma, it is so good to be home again." She went over to the sofa, held her mother in her arms, and kissed and hugged her. When she discovered the marks on her mother's throat she said, "Oh, mamma, what has happened to you. How came those dark spots on your neck?" The mother said, "It is nothing, dear," treating the matter lightly. She recognized the neighbors and spoke to them in a gentle manner. She looked at me and said, "Who is this gentleman, and what is his name? I do not seem to remember him." Her father said, "Dear, this gentleman's name is Mr. Poe." She bowed and said, "Where did I hear that name before? Oh," she said, "I remember now—there is an Edgar Allan Poe, a poet who writes for one of the magazines. Are you any relation to him?" I said, "I am that individual; my name is Edgar Allan Poe." She laughed and clapped her hands. The family and guests looked at me in a surprised manner when young Mr. Reynolds said, "Is it possible that we have the pleasure of entertaining Edgar Allan Poe under our humble roof?" I said with a laugh, "It is anything but an humble home. It must be beautiful and interesting to live here the whole year through and watch the seasons come and go." Mrs. Reynolds said, "Will you oblige us by reading one of your poems? We have your 'Raven' and a few others." I said, "Possibly you would like to have me recite it." The daughter said, "Oh, that will be joyful, Mr. Poe." I recited the "Raven." The old lady, Mrs. Reynolds, said, "Papa, with your permission I would like to kiss Mr. Edgar Allan Poe; his kindness to our family shall never go unrewarded. Dear Mr. Poe, look upon our home as your home in the future." Her husband said, "See that you kiss him good, just as you used to kiss me when I'd climb father's apple trees and get you the best looking apples." All present laughed then and the granddaughter said, "Mr. Poe,

kiss grandma good, for grandpa's sake." That also produced another laugh. I went over to where grandma sat, raised her up, held her in my arms and kissed her good, which was the cause of another laugh. The neighbor's wife said, "I think you might pass that around, Mr. Poe." I kissed her and all the females present. The old gentleman said, "I never kissed any males only my own sons. I will kiss you if you will permit me." I took the old grandfather in my arms, kissed and hugged him. It was growing late then and the neighbors said, "We must return to our home." The old lady Reynolds went to the organ, played the introduction to "Home, Sweet Home." We all joined in singing that beautiful song that will never grow old. We parted with each other in a beautiful frame of mind, that frame held the sacred love and union formed between the friends and myself. Young Mr. Reynolds and I walked under the trees smoking a cigar. He said, "Poe, I do not think it will be wise for you and I to disrobe tonight. We will lie down just as we are in case that villain might return to sister. If he does he will find us on guard." All was quiet that night. In the morning she presented herself at breakfast with the rest of the family; her manner was that of cheerfulness; her mother and father and myself held converse out under the trees until young Mr. Reynolds drove up with a buggy to take me to the steamboat landing that I might go on my way to Albany. They got me to promise on my return down the river that I would stop off and make them a visit. I did so. I remained with them one week and oh, what a happy week that was. I felt that heaven was in that home. It was held in the care of the divine angels. That wicked influence had shown no symptoms of returning. I reluctantly parted with the family. When I stepped into the buggy it seemed as if something had gone out of my life. I never saw them again in the physical body. Her brother acquainted me with the fact that she had become a good Christian woman and had no desire to drink liquor again. That made me happy.

One Sunday morning I got an impression to call on a Baltimore family that had moved to Jersey City. I enjoyed my sail across the Hudson River, as it was a beautiful, warm morning. The sun seemed to warm up the blood through my whole anatomy. The family that I was going to call on bore the name

of Rogers. The head of the house was called James Clark Rogers. He was in the dry goods business and also had a notion department in his store. I arrived at their home early enough to attend church with the family. Their preacher, I discovered, was a Scotchman—his pronunciation proclaimed for him that distinction. While preaching he acted in a singular manner—so it seemed to me—and much of his preaching was presented to his listeners in a strange way. As he finished he said to the congregation, "Go home, I am tired of it all," and sat down. One of the deacons said, "We will sing now," giving out a hymn to the congregation, reading several lines of the same. The congregation sang the hymn. The deacon pronounced a short benediction, or prayer if you choose to call it, over the congregation, then they were dismissed. Mr. Rogers invited the preacher to dine with him that day. He accepted the kind invitation and accompanied us back to Mr. Rogers' home. I noticed his conversation was quite rambling. He introduced many subjects and did not give a full explanation of either. At the dinner table he handled the wine bottle quite frequently. After dinner he acquainted me with the fact that he was the owner of a rich gold mine in Australia. He said he came from there about four months ago. The church had no preacher and he accepted the position to preach for them. He said they were a hard-headed lot and were on the road to ruin. "I'll bring them back," he said, "onto the narrow road if I have to choke every one of them to do it. Brother Rogers is the only one that's got any sense, and he ain't as bright as he ought to be." He said, "What's your name, and who are you?" I told him my name was Edgar Allan Poe. He scratched his head and said, "Poe, Poe, oh yes, I've got it now; there was a fool by the name of Poe that thought he could write verses. They have got him shut up in a lunatic asylum and I am glad of it. His poetry was making people crazy. All those poets ought to be placed on an island and kept there, for they're a crazy lot. By George, I must get another drink of that wine; it was good." As he was walking out of the room Mrs. Rogers entered. When she saw the peculiar look upon his face she said, "Brother Fox, return and converse with us about your sermon." He said, "I will, madam," bowing as he left the room. His name was Alexander Fox. Mrs.

Rogers said, when seated, "Mr. Poe, our minister is a strange being. I cannot comprehend his actions and sayings—they are more those of a lunatic than a sane person. He has preached for the church four sermons; those sermons seem to me as if they came from a weak mind. I told Mr. Rogers I did not believe he was a sane person. Mr. Rogers says the church will have to get rid of him. He thinks Mr. Fox, in time, will become insane." Mr. Rogers and his children entered the parlor. When he discovered the preacher was not there he said, "Where is brother Fox?" Just then brother Fox entered the door and backed out again; finally he attempted it once more, fell headlong onto the floor, saying, "By God, your water has weakened my knees; I won't drink another damn drop until you mix it with wine." He looked at Mr. Rogers in a foolish way and said, "Old chap, I want my salary—in Scotland we call it wages. I'm going back. I've got two wives there. I want to see them and the bairns." Then he laid over and went to sleep. That afternoon when taking leave of the Rogers family he was still asleep on the carpet. Five days afterward I received a note from Mr. Rogers in which he said, "We secured a passage on a sailing ship for our minister, placed him in his cabin and now he is on his way; by this time I think the ship must have passed Sandy Hook. I will be over tomorrow and give you full particulars. Those particulars I cannot mention here." The information that I received concerning that minister was too degrading for publication. The captain of the sailing vessel wrote Mr. Rogers from Glasgow that the minister died on the way back to Scotland in a fit of passion. His actions on board of ship were those of a low beast and they had to lock him up in a stateroom to keep him from making insulting overtures to the women passengers on the ship. Dear friends, that minister was obsessed by a low, degrading influence. Anyone that says obsession is not a fact in everyday life I feel sorry for; they do not understand that condition, and I am also happy to know that a large majority of the human race has not been inflicted with any such condition. I say and I speak for a band of spirits, "May the higher angels bless and protect brother Peebles, who has given to the world a publication called 'Obsession, or Demons of the Ages.' We spirits call it the 'Herald of Truth,' and

hope that all readers will understand its purpose and that is to educate those that do not believe in Obsession. Brother Peebles is the author and publisher of the book. It is a creation of ours, hoping that many will receive benefit from its scholarly presentation to the public."

Dear readers, those cases of obsession that I have just described took place to my knowledge; they happened to be in the event of human life before the days of spirit rapping. The world is filled with many cases of obsession similar to the ones I have just described.

Thank you, brother, for the kind office you have in taking down my communication. Will you oblige me by sending it to that glorious sheet, "The Progressive Thinker," whose "Open Court" is a school of education to spiritualists and free thinkers? Bless brother Francis, a long felt want in the spiritual ranks. Now that they have him, let them see to it that he is supported in his grand work, swell the list of subscribers by sending in new ones every day. Money pays bills better than words. There are many of the spiritualists who could afford to send him ten dollars a year out of their ample wealth in order that he might send the Progressive Thinker to poor sisters and brothers who have no means to subscribe for the paper. I think it is about time that such a fund was placed in his hands for the distribution of the Progressive Thinker, a talisman to all enlightened minds. Your brother in all progressive thought, Edgar Allan Poe.

I give this communication through the organ of speech held by my little friend of many years' standing.

On that verdant shore of grass
Where spirits come and go and pass,
There is a land so fair and green
Where angels surpass ministers and are seen.

And by that river a maiden fair.
It was my Leonore I saw there.
I bent my ear with a fervent grace,
Oh, such tales of love she did therein relate.

This is a place of holy ground
Where spirit doth give utterances round,
What means this grand array?
It is my bridal trousseau as thou wilt see today.

How fair and beautiful thy contour looks.
There are tales more wonderful in thy eye than in books.
Oh, Edgar, what makes thee look so sad,
I claim you as my youthful poet, my merry lad.

See, it is my youthful Leonore I do behold,
The last time I knew her the bells for her burial tolled.
But now behold her, the fair bride you do see
Even more great than the black raven or the poet like me.

Oh, thy love doth dazzle me with an enchanted light,
Thou must become Leonore my wedded bride tonight.
I must not let thee from me henceforth pass,
Thou must know my love, my Baltimore lass.

For now we understand each other here.
When on earth thy father's pride was to me a funeral bier;
But see the flame of love that kindled in mine eye,
Oh, I firmly understand you are my angel from on high.

This is now our hour of wedded bliss,
Betrothed of my heart, I snatch the nuptial kiss.
We live in no dreamland here,
It is a living, natural sphere.

Oh, guide me by thy honored name
To that land of beauty, that golden plane,
Where we will revel in each other's love
And sing the songs with the angels above.

For thou wert my love when on earth,
To the new born life you have given me birth.
For strangers we will no longer be,
For now, Leonore, you are wedded to me.

Behold in this a sample of life,
Such as Edgar A. Poe and wife.

Spiritual answer to his Leonore by Edgar Allan Poe through
the mediumship of Justin Hulburd.

Kansas City, Mo., February 17, 1882.

E. W. Hulburd, Amanuensis.

Edgar A. Poe in answer to the "Raven," February 2, 1882.

Lonely and silent I sat in a room
I was startled by a raven from an earthly tomb,
Perched on my bedpost so great and so grand,
Look here Edgar, how the raven takes his stand.

Dark and dismal like a fiend in the night,
Behold from the raven will come a wonderful light;
Poetic prose may seem wonderful to thee,
What is that to an intelligent mermaid in the sea.

In my dark cavern so dark and drear,
The geologist will find a great world of research here.
Behold the talisman I place in your hand,
By your poetical brain will transport you to a foreign land.

Thou canst pass from this land so fair
And by thy talisman will bring you to a world made of air
For thou art now a shining light,
Borne by angels to planets by night.

In those celestial spheres you see
Ravens as black, Edgar, as you and me,
And through your poetical brain shall we lay
A foundation for a Webster and Clay.

And as orators in front of a bar they shall stand
When the laws of justice shall be given by their command.
Thou has found by the talisman here below
You can be transported through fields of fire and snow.

And many obstacles can be overcome
When allowed to pass through spheres of tobacco and rum.
You will be allowed to pass to that shining shore,
Where women and men their true loves doth adore.

And from that to a moral plane
Where angels are equal and look upon each other as the same,
Now it will take you to golden lands,
Where angels play stringed harps and from these larger bands.

It would lead you to spheres to which I could give no name,
To the world it would be mockery all the same.
Now you see this doleful raven that was pictured by you
Has stood by as a guardian angel true.

Given at Kansas City, Mo., through the mediumship of
Justin Hulburd.

November 9, 1889.

Now listen to my sorrowful tale tale,
I once was a poet frail frail.
In my dreary life there is a wail wail,
To tell you this I must not fail fail.
I loved a maiden that was fair fair,
She had glossy curly hair hair.
Her name was Leonora fair fair,
For me she had a marked care care,
As she told me of the rum to beware beware.
I loved her with a man's care care,
For many were our trials there there,
But her feelings I will spare spare
Since she lives no more on earth there there,
And I this tale to the world dare dare,
As now my soul is laid bare bare
In this clime so beautiful and fair fair.

One night to her home I came, came,
 When she hid her face for shame, shame,
 In all my faculties I was lame, lame,
 I had none but myself to blame, blame.
 It was then I saw her love was on the wane, wane.
 I was cruel to her and bane, bane.
 I would not have done it had I been sane, sane.
 Next day my mind was in a melancholy frame, frame,
 To look upon her I did not deign, deign,
 For my very soul sunk with shame, shame,
 To approach her I did feign, feign,
 When she says, leave me and never come again, again.
 You have disgraced me it is plain, plain.
 I would speak to her but it was in vain, vain,
 When I left never to go there again, again.
 Then back to my haunts of shame, shame,
 For the world had a clutch on me again, again.

What was this poor poet's life, life,
 When she would not become his wife, wife,
 It was nothing but degradation and strife, strife,
 Since I went back to that cursed life, life,
 For I had brought upon her name a blight, blight;
 As I tried to keep myself out of sight, sight,
 But the demon would not let me keep right, right,
 Then back to whiskey I went in the daylight, daylight,
 For I even could not wait till it come night, night,
 Such was this poor miserable poet's life, life.
 Why did not my mother smother me that night, night,
 And lay me away in flowers white, white.
 Then I would have been saved from that cursed life, life,
 But I suppose mother knew it would not be right, right
 As my parents gave it to me as my birth blight, blight,
 And I found nothing on earth to it outwipe, wipe,
 Then let my parents in Heaven expiate for my life, life,
 As I took no part in that birth right, right,
 As they had to answer for it being man and wife, wife,
 As we are united in this soul's life, life,
 Now the world can look upon us a husband and wife, wife.

I send this from our spirit sphere, sphere,
To let you know we are happy here, here,
For Leonora is now my own dear, dear,
And I intend her whole life to cheer, cheer.
Now from the rum cup she has no fear, fear,
Since prohibition reigns here, here.
When we drink it is water clear, clear,
Which makes our whole contour look like a spirit here, here.
In this, friends, I am sincere, sincere,
As God and the angels are my witnesses here, here.
I have met an old friend, John Spear, Spear,
And I gave him a grand welcome here, here,
As I knew him in your earth sphere, sphere.
Now we talk much of the past year, year,
And the development of many a seer, seer,
And others that will come every year, year,
Spiritualism need have no fear, fear.
The work between the two sides of life is sincere, sincere,
For the spirits hold the reins well here, here,
And the Christian churches are going down I fear, fear.
Now let me say, I send this with good cheer, cheer,
And Leonora joins in saying she has no fear, fear,
Of her future happiness and my career, career.

Edgar A. Poe.

Kate Fox

Chapter VII

Friday, April 15, 1904.

Good morning, friend. Permit me to call you brother. All that work for Truth are sisters and brothers, filled with the Christ Spirit that holds Love for the whole human race.

When I lived in a physical body I was a stranger to you. Perhaps through the newspapers my name was familiar. I was known as Kate Fox, one of the Fox sisters through whose organizations the spirit raps were produced to the credulous public. Why were they credulous, as the people called them? They were willing to accept Truth when it was demonstrated to them.

Before I proceed any further allow me to help you to correct an error that you placed in your memorandum yesterday. It can easily be erased. That was not an earthquake, as you thought. It was a spiritual demonstration. An earthquake is a wave passing either from the north to the south or from the east to the west, as is usually demonstrated from their movements. If you remember, it was more like a blow struck against your house. It was a physical demonstration produced by the Fox family. We were attracted to your cottage and had a desire to produce a physical demonstration. I am the spirit that produces the raps in your home. That demonstration of fire that passed over the medium's body was a demonstration produced to show you there was a spirit band that visited your home. No doubt it startled you at the time, but you see no harm came from it.

I think your home has a beautiful name, "Searchlight Bower." Madame Blavatsky tells me in spirit life she baptized your home and gave it the name of Searchlight Bower.

Now I wish to speak of brother Peebles. You call him the

"Pilgrim," but his soul is young, although it has existed for many thousands of years. There is nothing old in Life, brother; it is only history repeating itself again and again. You in the physical body speak of Modern Spiritualism. It is as old as creation. When spirits were generated and placed on planets moving through space they were given Life that they might repeat history for the benefit of the human race. There has always been mediums born to receive the scorn of their fellow men but a soul like brother Peebles that has a store of Love to give out to the human race is always young. When he and others spoke at our humble home in Hydeville on the fiftieth anniversary of what you call Modern Spiritualism his words and thoughts were love, kindly and soothing to souls like ours. He did not call us strumpets like many others in life have done. He spread over us the mantle of Charity, which was soothing to our souls. All the sisters and brothers that spoke on that occasion were kind and considerate. God bless them. All the Fox family was there. Mr. and Mrs. Post and many other friends rejoiced in that communion of souls. Oh, brother, it was glorious for us to behold such a spiritual sight. Brother Peebles understood our condition. We were weak women and fell under a strong temptation, as many others did before us and many have done since. Oh, brother, if you could only understand when warm words of sympathy leaves a loving soul and reaches us in spirit life it brings such a glorious glow to our whole nature that we become in perfect touch to the radiation of that beautiful soul that expressed them. Brother Peebles had had in life so many cross roads to walk that he understood the beauty of a straight one when he entered its path. There came to him then a great power of spiritual intellectuality that so enthused his whole soul and body that he was ready to battle for the Truth, no matter on what plane it was put before him. His armor was on him day and night and he rested in it, ready for the fray, for he knew that that was the place where angels and ministers of grace attend and in communion their souls doth blend, to waft the spirit far on high where men and women always live and never die. A soul like his has kissed the violet breath of heaven, since he discovered man's senses were seven.

We were glad, that is, many spirits and the Fox family, to

know that San Diego had the honor and pleasure of his spiritual presence in human embodiment on the day of the dedication of their Spiritual Temple—that is something for the spiritualists of San Diego to always feel proud of, that they were blessed with their "Pilgrim" on that occasion. Margaret and I are attached to his spiritual condition and follow him around to listen to those sublime thoughts that come from such an intellectual soul.

You waited too long to forward your invitation inviting the "Pilgrim" to make you a visit here at your mountain home. He had left before Doctor Meyer had reached the city.

There was another individual who spoke beautifully on that day at the dedication of the Temple. I heard them call him Col. Dryden.

There were so many beautiful thoughts expressed by the sisters and brethren on that occasion it would take up too much space for me to relate to you all that was said by them. May God bless them all, true workers in the vineyard of Truth. It is our souls' desire that we may assist in blessing them too. Now I will relate to you a small part of your medium's life that was known to us.

When we were giving sittings at our rooms on Broadway, Emma Hardinge frequently made us a visit. Of late years she was called Emma Hardinge Brittan, a perfect lady and a beautiful character that worked for the upbuilding of your beautiful spiritual philosophy. She always brought sunshine into our rooms. One afternoon she made us a visit. I think it was on a Friday afternoon. While we were in conversation a knock came on the door. Emma said, "Before you open that door, girls, let me tell you, while talking to you I had a vision at the same time. There are three parties here knocking at the door for admittance; two of them are gentlemen; there is a wee little creature with them who is a born medium and he will be connected in some way with a war between the North and the South on account of the black race—admit them." She told it so quick it didn't seem to me as if it was over two minutes. Sister Leah laughed and opened the door. The three entered. One was Mr. Barnum, of Barnum's Museum, the other was a tall military looking gentleman whose name I understood to be War-

ren; the third party was a little girl and she was dressed so beautiful with such exquisite taste. I remember counting five diamond rings on her little fingers and wished one of them belonged to me. I always had a great desire to own diamonds. When they had taken their seats Mr. Barnum said, "Ladies, we have come to hear the spirits rap." Just then a shower of raps came on the table, which made us all laugh. The little girl said, "Can't you move the table?" Just then the table commenced to sway to and fro and went over where the Little One was sitting on Mr. Warren's lap. I said to Mr. Barnum, "Now you may ask some questions—the spirit will answer you through raps on the table." While Mr. Barnum was asking questions and receiving answers the little girl got down off the gentleman's lap, went over to Miss Hardinge, got up into her lap and kissed her, saying, "Lady, I like you. You are English and I have been in England." Miss Hardinge said, "How old are you, dear?" The little creature said, "I am twenty-four years old." That made all us women folks laugh—the idea of that little creature saying it was twenty-four years old. Mr. Warren said, "She is much older than she looks. She is small in stature, but she is twenty-four years of age." We all looked in amazement. He said, "Baby, let your hair down and show them what beautiful hair you have." Quicker than I can say it she stood on the floor, took off her hat and let her hair down. There she stood with her hair resting on the floor; it was such a beautiful sight that sister Leah hugged her and pressed her little head against her body. Emma Hardinge said, "You beautiful little creature—where did you come from? You must be one of the fairies that in my childhood I had heard of." The little creature said, "I came from Scotland, lady, and I see a tall man standing behind you. He is dressed like a sailor and he says, 'Emma, dear, I want you to take good care of that snuff box I gave you when you said, I don't want you to use snuff any more.'" Emma Hardinge said, "I recognize the person you describe. I was not aware he was in spirit life." In about three weeks afterward she received a letter from England telling of his death on board ship. Leah said to the Little One, "Can't you tell me something, dear?" She said, "Oh, yes, lady; you are going to marry a man—not just now, it's going to be some time yet—and he is

going to be so fond of you, and you're going to be fond of him." Leah said, "Can't you tell me his name, dear?" She said, "They can rap it out for you on the table." Then they rapped out for her "Underhill," which made them all laugh. Leah said, "They mean that we are going to live under the hill."

When the spirits notified Mr. Barnum the sitting was over he took out his purse and laid a ten dollar gold piece down on the table; Leah was going to return the change. He said, "No, Miss Fox, keep the change. I have received today a knowledge that can never leave me. The Fox family has free admission into my museum at all times. Hand me a sheet of paper and pen and ink, please." He sat own and wrote out a pass for the Fox family and friends; he handed it to Leah, saying to Emma, "Miss Hardinge, I hope you will accompany the ladies tonight and see the 'Dashing Blanchard' in 'Cinderella.'" That is the name by which your medium was called then. At that time he dressed in female apparel and of course we thought it was a female.

After the three had departed the spirit rapped out on the table, "The Little One is of both natures, male and female, the female predominating—that accounts for the high soprano voice. Go, by all means, and see the play of Cinderella. Your loving friend, Joseph Rockwell." That was a friend of Miss Hardinge in England, who passed over about three months before she came to America.

We all went and witnessed the performance of Cinderella. To say we were delighted is a poor expression. The singing and dancing and acting of the little "Dashing Blanchard" was grand to behold and listen to.

Now I wish to speak of a brave and upright man whose name is Francis, the editor of the *Progressive Thinker*; his work on all lines is truthful and fearless. A good harvest will be his sometime. All spiritualists should subscribe for the "*Progressive Thinker*" if they wish to hear both sides of the question.

I am glad to see you have so many spiritual books in your library, especially those of brother Peebles, brother Tuttle, brother Davis and many others; their works will be a monument to their names.

I want to send my love to all those who were so kind to

sister Margaret and myself when affliction had come upon us. Oh God, temptation is a dreadful evil to fight, especially if you are weak in womanhood and it fastens its fangs upon you, it will surely drag you down to the depths of misery if you have not will power enough to resist the temptation and drive it from you. There are tempters in all walks of life waiting to drag down weak women to their level. Brother, mark what I say, when I tried to defame and bring a curse upon my mediumship, thanks to the bright angels, I failed. The raps would come where they choose to do so. They showed to others that tried to hold me as a slave in that grasp I was only a weak vessel and they were the masters. I am paying the penalty and living down that condition that was placed before me as a snare. Glory be to the father of all; none of his children are ever lost. He permits them to pass through the fiery furnace and come out purified in the sight of nature's laws. I leave my love for your little medium and the highest regards for yourself and those that would like to read the communication of Kate Fox, a repentant medium who will ever work for the cause of Spiritualism. All hail to the cause that demonstrates that great existence, Immortality. Wait and watch the progress of this great religion. The haven of rest for all creed bound creatures when they enter the beautiful philosophy. I was known to the public by the name of Kate Fox. Margaret and I had a very limited education, therefore I cannot give as scholarly a communication as some.

Margaret Fox

Chapter VIII

Wednesday, May 4, 1904

Good morning, friend and brother. A brother in our holy cause and that cause is the Spiritual Philosophy, for in the Spiritual Philosophy lies the great demonstration of Immortality.

There are a number of spirits who wish to express their thoughts concerning the dedication of the Spiritual Temple in San Diego. Mrs. Bushyhead said I must lead off, as it was my place by right. It was kind and considerate of them to grant me the privilege.

My name is Margaret Fox. One of the Fox sisters of Hydesville, N. Y. They tell me I was christened "Margaretti," but plain Margaret is more fit for my condition.

The friends that laid the foundation of that Spiritual Temple called the Temple of the First Society of Spiritualists of San Diego, the beautiful city by the sea. Perhaps the friends did not think when they built that Temple that they were laying the foundation of a progressive school for future ages to look back upon with pride and glory and bless the builders that started the building of a great college for spiritual development. Their names will be blessed throughout all the coming generations of spiritual unfoldment.

Brother, it was a glorious day for us on the spirit side of life as well as for those in the physical body.

Out of the Lyceum will come some beautiful speakers to stand on the spiritual rostrum and impart knowledge of that higher light that has conquered the vile thought of death, a gloomy, visible thought constantly held before the minds that

believe in Christianity. A spiritualist always knows, understands and recognizes there is no such thing as death.

You may crucify truth for awhile but it will rise again more glorious than ever. It was crucified by the Christian ministers of San Diego. Behold how glorious it has risen in the new Temple of Spiritualism built by the loving brothers and sisters of San Diego.

I would like to name all that took part on that grand occasion; brother, you must enter all their names in my communication. You will find them in the *Progressive Thinker*, one of the grandest spiritual papers that ever was published.

Now I will speak of one and give his name—that is Doctor James M. Peebles, a particular friend of ours, and the great apostle of spiritualism. The apostle that carried the Truth to many nations and distributed to them from the depths of his loving soul that is as boundless as the waves of the ocean and is as broad as the great universe of life, the God of Nature gave him to us as a leader in our cause. You that live in the physical body call him the old Pilgrim and the octogenarian, but to us in spirit life he is a full developed bud opening out into a beautiful flower whose odor is filled with profound thought from the depths of his inner consciousness constantly unfolding his petals that others may read thereon and find that great instruction that will be beneficial to their future unfoldment.

A spirit like his that is so enthused with God's love becomes a ministering angel to the fallen creatures of this earthly planet. The beautiful thoughts that he expressed on that day of the dedication sent a valentine of love to aching hearts. He said, "The door of this Temple opens out and opens in to those that wish to come here and listen to spiritual Truth. We dedicate this Temple to God and the angels who are our spirit friends. They are the spirits of our loved ones waiting on the bright shore of eternal Truth to receive us." Many happy hearts left that Temple, winding their way to their homes filled with love for one another after listening to the beautiful thoughts uttered by the sweet sisters and brothers on that occasion. God and his angels bless those sweet sisters that furnished the comforts required by the public to make them comfortable while sitting in the Temple listening to the higher inspirations that come from minister-

ing angels. Oh, friend and brother, I am not capable of giving full expression to the grand thoughts that came through the vocal powers of the speakers on that occasion.

I hope they will receive my humble testimony, for I give it from a soul full of love for all. I will now withdraw and permit another one to take my place, hoping he will do more justice to the theme than I have done.

I send my love for your little medium and say, "God bless him." This is a day of rejoicing for us; we have found his frail body strong enough on this occasion whereby we can give our thoughts to the world. Tell the people that I can withdraw and listen while the other takes control.

H. M. Higgins

Chapter IX

Hello, there! Wallace Hulburd, brother and diviner of our cause. We give you full power of the amanuensis today.

Young man, I want you to understand we pitched our key to a high tune this mornnig. I have come here this morning hoping to say something. It will be a little different to those friendly chats that we were accustomed to having in Hamilton's store. I say all hail to the Hallelujah of the new Temple; it will become a wonder working school. Minds will be developed in that Temple that can defy the devil and all his guises that he can assume; the beacon light is lit and let him blow it out now if he can. All the orthodox thunderings will dissolve into mist before the teachings given by the spirits in that Temple. We intend to record thoughts there that nothing in life can blot out.

The words spoken by the messengers of Truth at the dictation of that Temple are inscribed in golden letters on the spirit side of life. The full meaning of the sisters' thoughts spoken on that occasion will issue diplomas for the coming speakers of the Lyceum. The sentiment wrought out by our manly brothers on that occasion was clear cut and full of dictation for all that had the privilege of listening on that occasion.

On our side of life we are drawing up a manifesto that will be delivered to God's children by degrees. Oh, brother, if you could only have seen the host of spirits assembled on that occasion you would have marvelled at their bright countenances while their souls were filled with the sunbeams of Love for the human race. "In union there is strength," and you will discover in time that that strength will assist in building up other Temples in San Diego.

That dedication formed the foundation rock for a college of spiritual education that will be built in San Diego for students of both sexes to congregate together and receive spiritual instruction imparted to them from highly developed spirits on our side of life. It is their desire to create in San Diego a school whereby the highest sentiment of spirituality will bring to bear a magnetic current between the highest spheres of that and the denizens of earth.

The angelic thoughts of advanced spirits will become as common as the A, B, C's on a child's card, for San Diego has been selected for that great outflow that the spirits that intend to imbue all religious thought that not only comes from the rostrum of the Spiritual Temple but will be expressed from theological pulpits. We are weaving our web and in its meshes we have laid out a pattern that the theological ministers in time must admire. We will graft upon their Christian sentiment buds that will blossom and perfect into spiritual fruit.

Today we have cast out our tints and colors for they must be caught up and glorify the cause of spiritualism. It is searching out all the cranny corners of orthodoxy, they are beginning to feel its light throws out many tints that blend in harmony with the spiritual soul. They will fall into line one after the other and cannot help themselves. It is so ordained that the milk of human kindness is fed by spiritual love:

The orthodox individuals that are talking about our great philosophy today will say in time, "We always believed it; only waiting for churches to be built to give it a respectable appearance." The words Spiritual Temple sounds grander to progressive souls than ever did the word Church. Temple means the home of Truth where all light bears the highest expression found in profound knowledge. The loving friends have dedicated that Temple in San Diego. The word Church will slough off from one's thoughts very easily; not so with the word Temple, for that is given to the most exalted position in spirit life where the greatest, the purest and the most highly elevated spirits dwell. It is called the Temple of Christ, from that Temple comes the waves of the true God manifesting itself to the children of women and men bearing physical bodies. It is only a material power that comes from the word Church, forced on

to the people by physical strength. The thought, words and expressions that emanate from the Temple of Christ reach the children of men as healing and soothing balms.

Many of the citizens of San Diego felt that soothing balm as it came from brother Peebles to strengthen their physical forces. No one can come en rapport with a servant of the spirit world without feeling that healing power.

All servants of the spirit world are constantly imbued with it by ministering angels. It impregnates their whole system and passes from one to the other as the light, glory and spiritual power shall pass from that Temple to God's children.

I leave my love to Little Justin. It is a love that has extended over sixty years. Sixty-three years ago on the first day of May I held him on my knee—he was a little mite of a creature then—and he sang for me, "My Heart's in the Highlands."

God bless you, brother Wallace, for the work you are doing in taking down the communications that come one after another. I am your loving brother in fraternity and will drink with you from that cup of libation through all time.

This is a manifesto that all the children of God must understand some day.

I am H. M. Higgins that once dwelt in a physical body and was called by the people of San Diego and National City, Bonnie Brae Higgins.

Helen Bushyhead

Chapter X

Thursday, May 5, 1904.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah brother Hulburd, for the spiritual jubilee. At last we have got a Spiritual Temple in San Diego, Southern California.

Rosa said, "Wade in, sister Bushyhead, and I'll hold your bonnet." She says she won't play any trick on me where I'll get all mixed up and can't tell my own name as I did when sister Shepard and the rest of the friends were here in Searchlight Bower. She says it will be clear sailing this time, so now, brother Hulburd, I'm going to talk just as I feel.

We have been waiting for this day when they would patch up Little Justin's old frail body. I'm so happy that I can't give thorough expression to my feelings, but let me first say, "God bless all who worked for the building up of that Spiritual Temple," and I know the spirit angels will never forget those sisters and brothers that took part in the dedication of the Spiritual Temple. Where are all of those old croakers now that said we never would be able to build a Spiritual Temple in San Diego? If they are true men and women let them trot out and speak their minds now.

My long desire has been consummated at the last and I say, All hail to the dear friends that worked to fulfill my wish. You know, brother Wallace, when I lived in the physical body I worked for our beloved cause for the great philosophy that will revolutionize the minds of the human race. Sometimes I was deceived by frauds calling themselves great mediums. I've got to admit that I was somewhat credulous and accepted a good deal of bosh that was put forward (rap) as genuine spiritualism, but the real genuine and good made up for it all. I am now amply rewarded for all the suffering that I endured in my physical body. The building of that Spiritual Temple has paid it all up with interest.

Wasn't it grand to have Margaret Fox lead off in these communications, bless her dear heart. She says it always makes her feel proud and happy to see the spiritualists own their own building, where no foreign influence can creep in and mar the beauty of our grand spiritual philosophy.

The Fox sisters tell me they met Little Justin years ago in New York City when he was playing Cinderella at Barnum's old Museum. They say he was a little mite of a creature then, only four feet tall. His hair measured four feet three inches. They say his singing, dancing and acting was fine, bless him. I wish I could have seen him then—that was a strange freak in nature for him to remain four feet tall until he was forty years of age and then grow a foot after that. Of course, he is not very tall now, but he can brag of standing five feet high at the present time. Just imagine, brother, that little creature four feet tall acting as a spy during the rebellion.

You don't know how happy I feel today to be permitted to come here and talk to the friends about our Spiritual Temple. It belongs just as much to us in spirit life as it does to those living in a physical body, for we will do the spiritual work while they look out for the physical part of it.

Now I am going to tell you a secret. I hugged all the dear sisters that spoke and took part at the dedication (rap); now comes the part that perhaps will make you blush. I hugged all the brothers too, and they could not prevent me, for I was so full of glory on that occasion and walked up and down holding my head quite high. I've been stuck up ever since and now I'm smoothing out somewhat, because my soul's love goes out to the whole human race. Oh, brother Wallace, if you only knew how us spirits felt on that occasion you would holler out Glory Hallelujah. I feel sometimes as Justin does when he feels he must give one of his Highland yells and then feels better after it; so it is with me when I holler hurrah, hurrah, for our Spiritual Temple.

Look at the great foundation of Truth not only in the building of the Temple. It is the great spiritual Truth uttered by the vocal power of the medium when surrounded by a spiritual glow while speaking the words of Truth proclaiming to the world, "There is no death. All is life, Immortality belongs to

the great universal plan inculcated in the minds of God's children, that great eon of Life is both male and female, that is why it was capable of giving birth to planets."

When the Christians speak of a personal God I feel sorry for them, because I believed such once myself. You see, brother, that personal God was forced onto the children of men and women through priestcraft (a powerful rap.) Just think of it, that great, powerful intelligence that guides all life that has given us the law of Reason and Wisdom to be condensed down to a personal God. It shocks my senses now when I think of it. Why cannot the people reason out things in their own mind, as our brother Jesus did when he laid the foundation for a high civilization for the future generations to enjoy? Think of the beautiful words spoken by that great medium, "See that ye love one another," and "Permit little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." The works and life that Jesus Christ lived will remain throughout all existence. They were a purifier and a civilizer to the children of this earth planet. So it is in our spiritual Temple. The words spoken from that rostrum will teach the people to live moral and pure lives, to love all men and women as brothers and sisters, to be kind to all animals and treat them as creatures that understood pain and happiness and the pleasure of their master's smile. Oh, brother Wallace, the human race is so cruel to the brute race that I am compelled to weep when I see them inflict punishment upon a poor creature that is trying to do the best that it knows how.

I know the speakers that will stand on the rostrum of that Spiritual Temple will speak kind words for the animal creation. It will be like a new baptism created for the animal race. I remember at one time, over twenty years ago, when Justin was speaking to the friends in my parlor. His control, Mr. Hammond, spoke so kindly of the brute race, as you designate them. He was very marked in his expression, of us to be kind to them on all occasions. He said, "When you once gain the friendship and confidence of a dog they will fight for you to the last and die in your cause, and I know where the master is kind the horse will love him with all the feeling that he is capable of." On one

occasion he said that women wore a crown of glory, if they only understood it. That is why the love of their soul went out to their husband and children, he said. To be a true mother it made them the brightest star in the human race.

When I gave a reception at my home in San Diego to brother Peebles, I shall never forget the kind words that he spoke to the people. He said, "My sisters and brothers, if you love one another with the spirit of Christ in your natures, you will also love the animal race, for Jesus was never cruel to anything that lived. He always forgave and told them to go and sin no more. It was impossible for cruelty to come from his nature; so now, sweet sisters and brothers of our grand spiritual philosophy that has Truth nailed to their flagstaff, their pennon that floats to the breeze will have the words upon it, 'Come and abide with us in holy love.' We have risen above all cruelty, now the animal race are our companions. No exalted spirit could ever have a cruel thought toward the human and the brute race."

I love to think of brother Peebles as his majestic form stood in the parlor of his home, with such a majestic form that held all the power and vigor of manhood at sweet seventy-five and as I behold his manly form at eighty-two pronounce the blessing on our Spiritual Temple I said to the spirit friends, "Behold that great apostle of Truth, the spiritual fire is lit and all the incense will send forth its rich aroma in vigor and strength on this occasion." None were disappointed. He dedicated our Spiritual Temple to God and as the spiritual love moved through the corridors of the souls present they felt an invigorating baptism (rap) that was shed upon them from the thought and soul expressions of his great mind, constantly inspired by spirit forces.

There was dear brother Dryden, brother Buss and brother Hodge with all the sweet sisters that held a sacred communion while brother Peebles dedicated the Temple to God, which means true Love.

I would like to speak further, but I am monopolizing too much of the time and will withdraw to make room for another. I am your loving sister, that loved Truth always (rap), but sometimes was misunderstood. Helen Bushyhead.

Bishop Lee

Chapter XI

Thursday, May 5, 1904.

God is in his holy Temple. Let silence reign while the voice of Truth proclaims to the world, "We live always; in us lives God and perpetual Truth (rap), for that great power is the life of our being."

Friend and brother, I am attracted to your home through the friendship that existed between yourself, Doctor Meyer, the medium and my son Henry, and his wife Hattie. My name is Lee. I was known as Bishop Lee of the Episcopal church. My last earthly abode was in Davenport, Iowa. There I stood at the head of a church representing its principles and teaching my flock to understand all about—as I thought then—the Jesus of Nazareth. I preached of the Trinity, three in one, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I did not realize thoroughly then that the mother, the Father and the child represented the true Trinity in life. They were glorified through the true love of the Christ spirit, which means the Holy Ghost or the Comforter that comes to all alike, the clean and the unclean. As I speak of the clean, they are those that have shared in the trials of earth life, that have kept their bodies and minds pure, moral and spiritual and had faith in the spirit of Christ at all times as Jesus of Nazareth bore upon his head a crown of light. In his soul was the true demonstration that fed that Light with fuel whereby it lit the whole thought and aspiration of the coming races of men and women. Why I speak in the plural—men and women—is to convey the thought to those that live in physical bodies that the human eon is both male and female. In the true sense they are only one, a faculty that has the power of God through it all. When I spoke of the unclean I meant those that had degraded their womanhood and manhood through a slothful condition

practiced by unclean spirits coming down, as it were, to a plane lower than that of the brute race. The brute race forms a combination that only carries out nature's law and brings into practice a function that reproduces their kind, but there is an elevation that all must reach some day. As they move upon that elevation through will power they will find that the degraded part of their natures has departed forever. Salvation reigns upon that plane as the Christ spirit holds communion with all souls and leads them back to that cultured and elevated plane whereon God in purity is understood. You must understand, friend, that God is a unity, unified in all Life. No soul was ever created to be lost entirely from that great universal Love that visits all planets.

The spirit of Christ is the exalted motion of breath (rap) and when breathing through the perfect lung of Truth all is afinitized in God, who is the great planet of space held in space by a power beyond our feeble comprehension. All other planets are divisions or sections thrown off from the great planet of Life. As they come earthward they are discovered through the lens of the astronomer as a light, they are constantly watched by the scientist and given a name, such as those you are familiar with today, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Mercury.

Now, all bright spiritual minds that become elevated through the grand philosophy of Spiritualism are shining lights through the outworking and unfoldment of their spiritual lives. Each one carries with them the love of Christ in their natures. They enter the homes of the afflicted as sunbeams bringing a glow and warmth to their souls, so today there is a Spiritual Temple erected in the beautiful city of San Diego, the city by the bay and sea.

That Spiritual Temple is a sunbeam built up by the sons and daughters of your beautiful city. The voice from its rostrum will give forth a beautiful glow, fed by sunlight and Truth formed and fashioned by spirit power before its production takes place through the vocal organs of true mediums.

That Spiritual Temple will become an elevation, not only to the minds of the listeners, but it will build up a cultured elevation that will dwell always in the recess of their soul, the holy communion held there between the spirits and the denizens of

earth that will garnish their table with a love and beauty of simplicity that the simple food will taste delicious to the palate.

I do not mean flesh of animals or any food that has been the cause of pain (rap); I only mean that which consists of grains, nuts and fruit, pure water to wash it down with is the oblation of spiritual life.

My soul rejoices when I think of the great manifestation accomplished in building that spiritual Temple. Let the seers of the ages now congregate in that Temple producing the holy spirit of Love and Truth through the instruments that assist in building up a greater and purer race of men and women whose whole lives throughout their earthly career will be garnished by the holy spirit of Christ that was manifested through the man Jesus.

Before I passed over and left my physical body behind I understood the Truth of spiritualism and my life was guided by those Truths while still living in a physical body. I realised it was only the change of garment that would take place at the demolition of the physical body. The outpouring of my soul—rap—had gone on before me awaiting my coming when I reached that eternal shore of Truth—rap—my judgment took place immediately and I knew and recognized just where I stood.

So let the builders of that spiritual Temple and those that go there to listen to the rich feast of spiritual Truth, every minute of their lives is judged, every act will bring its retribution if evil, every soul thought of good will bring a holy manifestation of Love, but the great and final judgment is waiting for you when you pass into the land of righteous judgment. It is there your deeds will speak for themselves.

It is not only the erecting of the Temple that will glorify your names, it is the manifestations that will bear the future seed of Truth for what you have done. The men and women of the coming day will bless your names and glorify them through their prayers of Love. A sacred conscience always has a seal of Truth upon it and that seal will be a manifesto of holy communion for future generations whereby they will speak your names with adoration and pride, and may that great and holy spirit that understandeth all things—rap—bless you now and for evermore, say I.

Put me down, friend, as one that loveth Truth, an humble spirit that bore the name of Lee.

When I presented myself and was seen by Justin while in the clairvoyant state he described me to my son and daughter as wearing a boxing glove, which made me laugh. The idea of a Bishop of the church having a boxing glove on his hand. I saw he did not understand it, but I was glad to be described to my children. While living in a physical body I was a large, heavy man, and before my spirit took flight from that physical body, in the night while trying to reach the bathroom I made a mistake and turned the wrong way, falling down the whole flight of stairs. I fell in such a manner that one of my hands was under my body and the weight of my heavy body crushed it severely. My loved ones wrapped it up, swathing it a number of times in white cloth; that is why it looked to Justin like I had a boxing glove on. My son got to understand the true state of the fact afterwards. No doubt you have also by this time.

Goodbye, friend. (rap)

Monday, September 1, 1902.

Good morning, Sir. I enter your house with the grace of God attending me. I love the human race for what they are, not thinking, always, what they may be in time, for that's impossible for any man to say. The works of God are wonderful and the growth of His children is beyond all imagination. Perfection is the outcome of this dialectical work in nature as the spirit of God moves through everything at all times. There is a faculty in the human family called "Intuition" which can become a great master to save the human race from misery and degradation. If the soul will assist intuition to grow constantly in the love of God, it will bring them on to a plane beyond all the sloth and slovenliness of the lower walks of life. Intuition, when properly distributed throughout the brain and soul growth, then the human race, living on that plane, can give out to the degraded part of human nature all the love and sympathy that is within them.

The children of God can only grow wise and perfect through the higher law of the soul, which is Love.

When men and women walk in the paths of morality, all the virtue in their nature becomes Love for the human race.

The struggle that is going on today in the physical body has been created through beings of the lower stratas of life, that is through immoral conditions. Men and women have become degraded for the sake of wealth and to revel in the luxury of lust, never thinking of the fellow beings that surround them, suffering, through want and poverty forced down into the grooves of degradation and misery by physical vampires called millionaires or the aristocratic part of society. Oh, the awakening of the conscience in such souls shall be dreadful to behold, when the Law of Justice shall call them to an account for the way they have lived in the physical body. The torture of hell will be nowheres. The chains of Sin that they have shackled their souls with will be drawn tighter and tighter until they cry out for mercy to those creatures that they have crushed down in the human body. It is only through them and the mercy of the Father and Mother God of Intellect that they can be released from their bondage of sin that has wrapped and engulfed their souls through the love of greed. Look today upon the condition of the poor in your earth cities, how they are forced to send their little children into the toiling to earn a pittance to keep life in their bodies when the little babies should be home under their mother's care, receiving proper nourishment and sunlight that nature intended they should have, but in place of the sunlight they have the close, stuffy room of a factory, breathing in all the diseases of the older ones thrown off by them through the perspiration of their bodies, then the little ones inhale it and become diseased. Not only that, but they are compelled to listen to the coarse jests and vulgar degraded remarks of the older ones, which are anything but moral and pure. Many of the older ones are so steeped in sin that they have become loathsome to the respectable part of the community. Those little ones are compelled to witness and look upon demoralization on every side, all through the curse of poverty, whiskey and the rich man's lust for wealth.

When, when shall the change of those poor creatures come? I am only afraid it shall be through the death of the physical body.

Your nation should pass a law governing the condition whereby man's wealth should be distributed for the benefit of

the education of the children of your nation. They should be housed, clothed and educated until they are old enough to decide for themselves what vocation they should pursue through life. A boy and a girl properly educated and protected under the law of morality until they reach the age of eighteen, then they are capable of choosing that which will provide them with an honest living the rest of their lives. Let their religion be practical religion. That they are of God a spirit living in a body that came to earth to gain knowledge and wisdom through the law of common sense which will teach them to banish superstition and gain the higher intellect waiting for the whole human race.

When I lived in a human body, that is, a material body that the children of men are compelled to carry around with them on all occasions, I endeavored to teach my congregation practical common sense and I think I accomplished it in many cases. I was what the world called a broad, liberal preacher, and many of my flock loved me dearly. The members of my church came at all times to consult me, not only on religion, but also on business. In all cases I gave them that advice which I thought was the best for their condition.

I was a happy man when I lived in the body, not only happy in my home, but happy in all my surroundings. In the church where I preached I always had love and compassion for the poor in my soul and helped them when and wherever I could. I gave more to relieve the poor than my family knew of. I was always a happy man when a condition was placed before me wherein I was capable of giving them spiritual advice and relieving their poverty; then I felt I was walking in the footsteps of my master Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all the human race, which I did not understand then—I thought he was a personality. God living in a human body such I taught to my people only through believing in Jesus Christ could they be saved and enter into the abode of eternal rest. "The Kingdom of Heaven" I did not understand then as I do now—that Jesus Christ was one of the laws of nature through which the soul could build up a better body. Since I came to spirit life I have made the discovery that the word Christ means a moving body or law, a tangible thing constantly throwing off spiritual emanation that can be taken up by the soul in a physical body whereby it can reach out and

grasp that knowledge for the building up of a manifestation for a higher spiritual intellect.

When a soul lives in a physical body it is constantly at work trying to realize the highest desire of its intellect. An individual grovelling through earth as many of the poor and oppressed do, they suffer poverty, misery and persecution, but there comes a time when that soul bursts through those conditions. It comes out into the pure sunlight where the law of Reason or the law of Christ as it was called in ancient Sanskrit. This law produces a faculty in the higher growth of the soul and through that working faculty they banish all fear of poverty and persecution because they have risen above man's lust and now walk in the love of God, that great principle that controls the destiny of all planets in space. This law not being a personality, has the love of that great principle throughout its whole condition.

When I lived in a physical body I fully believed, as I had taught others, that my Saviour would be waiting for me on the other side of death, but alas, I was disappointed. When I realized my condition and discovered my friends I said, "Where is this Christ that was crucified and said he would be waiting for me when I had passed through the dark passage called death? I thought I was a good man and tried to follow his teachings—why is he not here to receive me?" My angel mother said, "You were a good man, as you had been a good boy before you reached manhood. Your mother never had to blush for you. You lived up to the condition that your soul had dictated for you, and now your Saviour waits for you." I said, "Where is he, that he does not present himself?" She said, "He is in the love of our souls; that love which affiliates with yours. Christ, my son, is no personal being. Christ is a proverbial love in all the human race; it is multiplied and replenished through our love for one another. Every good deed done, my son, has found the Christ within us, for we perform that deed through the love of our soul, which is prolific and multiplies through all space. The word God means a collective and prolific thought of inspiration, which inspires us on to higher deeds which is administered at all times to the human race." "Then," I said, "this Jesus has been an impostor." She said, "Oh, no; he was a man with the

higher divinity of God in his nature; you must understand, my son, as we grow in spirituality God grows with us, for God is the element or seer of the human race. God being a law and we enter in full fellowship with that law, this seer God leads us on to higher paths in life." I said, "But how would it be with those that I taught Christ crucified?" "Many of those spirits that have preceded you to spirit life have discovered your mistake and hold toward you the law of pity for the ignorance of your education. They now understand while you were being educated in a theological college, you were crammed with Christ crucified, but understood but very little of the laws that govern planets, their sources and manifestations. You were taught prayers that come from the mind of materialistic individuals and they were not the prayers of Law and Love that would guide your spirit to the higher realms of nature wherein you could find Truth was never crucified. Truth has only been crucified through the minds of priestcraft."

I said, "Mother dear, but what will I say to them—that is, those that will command me to produce Christ their Saviour to them?" Mother said to me, "Become meek and humble like a little child, beg of them to lead you to Truth, as you led them to error through a misunderstanding and falsification taught to you in a theological college. Man, to gain power, has misled and guided the human race into a great error by teaching them God is a personality, when it is only a law of Light knocking at the higher door of Reason that is within you. The great mistake you have made, my son, you made while living in a physical body—you draped that physical body in a dark, sombre robe, believing yourself to be a holy man and a servant of God fit only to wear the priestly garb of mummery. See to it now that you enlighten your memory with the law of Truth and Progression. Approach those individuals calling themselves ministers of God and teachers of the living Christ, throw your full force and command of will power upon their condition, impress them with the thought that there can be no Saviour but the Soul that is within them. Enlighten that soul with reasoning qualities that it may become capable of enlightening the souls of the congregation that it is preaching to; teach that priest or minister's soul that you come en rapport with that the only

Saviour there is in life is the law of Love and through the law of Love all the sins of the world can be redeemed. See that you work hard and long, reach them through the law of Love; all the sins of the world can be redeemed, for kindness turneth away wrath. Administer to them night and day the Truth that you have realized. Teach them to destroy the pagan idea that a God with three heads ever existed, for the trinity means the mother, the Father and the Child. The trinity of Love uniting those souls is the trinity unified in the human race. Wherever Harmony dwells, there is the trinity found. In the midst of any gathering of people where Harmony dwells, the trinity is the only ruling power on all occasions. See that you fill their souls that no man should become the servant of his brother, but his equal on all occasions, equality is Love manifested through the spiritual power and manifestation of a righteous birth which the whole human race is entitled to. Do not forget to lay before them the law of sanguinity working through the power of biology on every hand. The generating of the physical body is a manifestation to the human race whereby they behold everything in the human body corresponds to that in the water and on the land. There is no fern or anything that grows in the ocean or tree, bush and flower that grows on the land, but what is represented in the expression of the human body. There is no coral wreath or towering mountain but you will find located in the human anatomy. Those are the great spiritual manifestations and elevations connected with the spiritual growth of the soul. They are the crude expressions of the soul in nature that must pass through a condition called death whereby they are released from the spirit and soul to become an elevated nutrition for plant life. When the soul looks upon the physical body and sees how it has elevated it through the law of knowledge, it smiles and says, 'Greater things than these can I do, yet through the law of my soul I will build up a more perfect body than that one that I have just released my spiritual condition from.' Then the soul brings all its will power on another manifestation of human anatomy. It develops a higher physical law in that body that it is building up, awaiting the transition of the spirit to enter the physical domain. It returns through the womb of that condition called mother, giving birth to the

human race. It grows up and becomes an intellectual, elevated human being, and through the power of speech teaches the human race a higher law of divinity, called 'reincarnation' of Solar life on your earth planet. Every reincarnation is a building up of Solar life in the human anatomy, just as the astrologer or astronomer builds up Solar life through the elevation of mind qualities called the inner sense of physical development or solar principle in life laws. Those laws are governed by the physical quality of the human anatomy and the soul principle in spirituality. They are constantly invaded by a cause called duality, which means the duality in all nature—the dual being the spirit and the physical, which is the constitutional of the mineral ethers and gases of vibration. The lesser dual being that which is thrown off from vegetation. It builds up the cruder parts of the physical body while the etherial ether that passes through space assists in building up a spiritual development called the 'cosmos' of mind in nature, a responsibility then holds the soul's growth, called a law of Love and Purity."

When I had reasoned out things in spirit life according to the consultation of my soul I cried aloud with joy, finding that I had only misled many of my fellow creatures through ignorance, and now I will work for the redemption of that error through soul's growth, becoming their companion through all things an elevation of their spiritual intellect. When I discovered there was no personal God I set about to find the Truth in everything for those that I had misled through ignorance and myself. Many of us have the same desire and through our will power we discovered the great beauties of that intelligence called the God of all nature. Oh, what reasoning qualities came to our aid when we set about or started out to discover the Truth in everything. The law of Wisdom flooded in upon our senses and through it we discovered the true light of knowledge. No man made God played any part in our intellect, it was only that part that we could perceive through the law of Wisdom. We commenced to reckon up our accounts of deeds done in the physical body to straighten out the balance sheet and make the answer perfect. We had lots of work to do to square up all things with our fellow men, which of course includes the female element in nature.

As I was strolling along one day, or perhaps you would call it wandering, through spirit life, I discovered a class of men and women that seemed to be in constant meditation with each other's souls and their soul work. The expression and countenance of their face was very calm and beautiful. They looked upon each other with the most devoted love I ever beheld in life. I stood off at a little distance, as I did not feel that I was perfect enough to approach the group, but oh, I was so happy to look upon those beautiful faces. The expression of true Love shone out beautiful, the radiation that came from their atmosphere was of a bluish violet tint. All of a sudden while I was looking at them they burst out into a beautiful song, but I could not tell how it came—I, too, was singing their beautiful song. As the words came from their lips I took them up and sang them over again.

When they had finished singing their beautiful song one of the group said, "Approach, brother, and we will teach you the countersign, for it is holy Love that is within our natures.

I approached cautiously and when I drew near to the group a beautiful flash of light passed over my whole spiritual body. It seemed to enthuse my soul with a greater generosity than I thought one spirit could contain. I looked at them and oh, the expression of their eyes is beyond my power to describe. I said, "Souls of the Infinite Life, what is the password?" They said, "Humility to the human race. Go back and find the fallen and downtrodden, enter the dens of infamy and vice, not only those dens of the poor downtrodden and crushed by the vice of man's wealth, those that have polluted their bodies and tried to deny their souls of its proper growth. Do not forget to go to the dens of shame and vice covered with a mantle of wealth that you will find in the fashionable churches of the earth; sordid and demoralized bodies sold to the highest bidder amongst them where crime and shame is flaunted openly by powdered and painted faces, old men and young men of visionary ideas that is the owner of a human body, its price if paid for in gold and degradation. These are the men that keep civilized harems in your large cities and at the same time are respectable members of fashionable churches, who claim to be the house of God and the members and followers of the meek and lowly Jesus so said.

Go back and reach their souls with inspiration; impress them there is a punishment for fashionable crime, while the poor are starving and they live in palaces working out their nefarious conditions through lust, gambling and crimes of the worst kind. Go back and impress them they must feed the starving and clothe the naked. Go back and tell them there is a just law that will bring retribution on their souls for all the crimes that they have committed. Go back and tell them the law of Christ is the law of Love and not a personal God, as you taught them. Go back and tell them there is a law and rule that marks out the way to everlasting life. Go back and tell them for every poor, starving body that they did not assist there is a heavy load for them to work off. Go back and tell them the penalty for all that is the conscience of the soul greater than all the hell fire that ever burned. Go back and tell them all their crimes are recorded and they cannot escape the punishment."

I said to the group, "Do you not do any work? Do you always sit here revelling in each other's love and singing such beautiful music as I just heard a while ago?" They smiled and said, "It is through our works we are becoming perfected. We work much, brother, among the denizens of the earth. Just now you see we revel in each other's love, happy in telling of the work we have performed. You see we are true affinities to each other, that is why you find the same number of males and females in our group. Go back and work, brother, and you, too, will be with us some day when you have found your true affinity. It is only through work you become en rapport with each other. Then you will discover that you are two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one. Go back and tell them you are working to find the Kingdom of God that is within you, which you must unfold to the human race ere you can become one of us. That Kingdom of God is the law of Love in the soul and you must share it with those living in a physical body."

We will continue at another time. They say I have held the medium long enough.

Wednesday, September 3, 1902.

Good morning, sir. I will continue my communication. Life is an ideality in nature. In this ideality there are many ideals. The same I will describe.

Some people's ideal is sin and think while they are reveling in that condition they are working out an ideal. Now, sin lies at the base of the brain where all the strong animal conditions are. In that coronal region and through that coronal region there are many men and women that can only indulge in animal passion. Their whole ideal is a life of lust and sin. In the higher regions in the frontal brain is located all that is elevating.

The lobe cells of the brain are the lily cups of knowledge. If it should be fortunate enough that one of the low animal passions should become overshadowed by a high aspiration coming from that high elevation of spiritual knowledge, then that low, brutal element will take root under the law of Reason, will grow and blossom just as the lily bulb grows in the mud and sends forth a beautiful lily cup which holds the morning dew. When the lower thoughts that dwell at the base of the brain become impregnated by a thought of pure love it ascends and blossoms out in the lily cup of the brain called the lobe cells. There is where the highest intuitional thought is located. Then that low condition blossoming out under the great elevation of pure light becomes an ideal wrought out from sin. It covers sin with a mantle of charity and the low grade of being who is fortunate enough to come en rapport with the elevation of a high intellectual mind is fortunate indeed. They then, as it were, come under one of the ideals in nature located in the ideality which is one of the true principles of Nature.

There is another class of beings who think they are working out an ideal. They are selfish and cunning and do not understand the law of Honor toward their fellow beings. Through their selfish natures and avaricious conditions they come to own that which belongs to their neighbors. They have a desire to own all their chattels and goods; not only that, but they envy them their good character and the friendship that people hold toward them. The greatest thing they crave in nature is wealth and position. When they cannot accomplish all this then they hate the human race and themselves. Those are the people that give to the world the worst class of criminals that we know of; their ideal is a low, cunning, selfish condition in life. My future spiritual work shall be to try and bring love into their natures

and teach them the law of Truth and Honor. I will try to bring high aspirations to their condition whereby they will understand that the beggar frequently holds a beautiful position in spirit life, for the beggar is often crushed down to the condition of begging by those cruel, mean, low, avaricious natures that wish to gain his wealth and ruin his good name in order that he might be ostracised by society at large. When I say him I include all the children of men, meaning both male and female.

There is another class of people that think they are working out an ideal in life. These are bigoted religious syncophants who think their idea of God and religion is the only true one. They will not hesitate of lying and deceiving to build up their religion's fanatical ideas. They work out their ideal condition through religious lunacy. That lunacy has such a hold upon their minds they think they are pure in the sight of God by using hypocrisy and trying to get others to believe as they do. Those people are what I call the lepers of the church; their whole nature is religious leprosy and that leprosy often takes a hold of weak minded individuals and they become the servants and mouthpieces of those religious, bigoted syncophants; their ideal is to persecute all who do not believe or think as they do.

The one and most beautiful ideal is the spiritual ideal of the soul and brain wherein each individual's constant thought is for the benefit of his sister and brother in life, minds that are constantly thinking how they can relieve their fallen fellow beings from suffering and poverty, taking them by the hand and leading them into the paths of spiritualism. Minds like those are like an oasis in a desert of sin—they are the fountain that gives forth the source of human life to all their kindred; they awaken up the faculties of a diseased mind that has become so by being crushed down to poverty and disgrace; a soul that will give forth all thought in time for the uplifting and benefiting of the human race, no matter what circumstances they find them in, by leading them back into the paths of virtue and happiness. Such minds as that give to the world of suffering, the true ideal and perfect perfection of the ideals in the ideality of life.

You see, sir, there are many ideals among the human race, worked out on different planes, and they all come from the mother ideality in life.

There are others I could speak of, but they tell me I must not hold the medium but a little while longer, as the severe heat affects him and he must go out and lie in the hammock where he will get an abundance of air coming down off the mountains.

I was attracted to this medium to give a communication for your book through the affiliation of my son and daughter with him. Before my spirit left its body I became thoroughly acquainted with spiritualism, and knew it to be a fact. It is the only condition through which men and women living in physical bodies can discover the reality of spiritual existence. Ministers may preach for a thousand years to their congregations and if they cannot prove or demonstrate the reality of spirit existence they are not worthy or capable of being ministers of the true God; they are only mouthpieces of theological colleges and seminaries. The time will come when it will be required by the civilized multitude at large that their ministers, male or female, must produce evidence of the spirit world. As the people become highly intellectual, then schools will go up and churches with parrot preaching will go down. I care not how highly a man or woman is educated, if they cannot prove the true existence of spirit life and that men and women are spirits living in physical bodies. As long as they preach the old fable, Christ crucified, and cannot produce a living Christ through spiritual knowledge and spiritual manifestations, they are only college parrots repeating what they were taught to say. I will here make a prediction that in twenty-five years there will be such a revolutionizing process in the Christian church that the people will wonder how their ancestors could believe the falsifications and bosh they had been taught.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication. Put me down as Bishop Lee, of Davenport, Iowa, one who realized the true fact of spirituality and that our loved ones come to us and communicated to us through mediums living in the physical body. I myself, after leaving the physical body, appeared to my oldest son, who is quite mediumistic. I leave my love for the little medium who has been a servant for the spirit world, and I thank you.

Rev. Joseph Taylor

Chapter XII

Saturday, December 21, 1901.

I am the unification of man, unified in all embodiment of the human race. I am the astral and formation of eternity. All time and space is under the control of the voice of flexibility. Indelible soul action of perpetual life is under my command for "I" am the power and God that holds the secret law of power and reason in the human race. Without me nothing could exist. "I" am the male and female Eon of the human soul. All ability and purification is at my command for "I" am the child of nature and through nature's laws "I" see all that is fitting to be consecrated in the soul of the human race. "I" am the shade in divinity and through the power and law of my divinity can the seership and the soul of Reason understand nature's laws. "I" hold the key to knowledge and wave the sceptre of publication to the human race. Equality only dwells within my soul and through that condition gratification found its equilibrium. Soul measure is held by the human race wherein gravitation found its level. "I" belong to the school of Yoga for in it "I" find the peaceful rest of Time and Nature. "I" being a specification of manhood's atelier "I" find the growth of divinity in the school of Yoga. The shining vibrator of manhood is now on the wave of time and the whole power of life is as boundless as the waves of the ocean. It cannot be stemmed or held in check. The soul's divinity is like the incoming and outgoing of the tide. Purification and perfection is only found in the school of Yoga. Raja Yoga means the spelling lesson of infinitude in man. The whole atmosphere surrounding the school of Yoga is

filled with high aspirations that come from the inner stellar thought. That is why "I" am one of the aspects of Wisdom's light. The high condensation of immortality is within the grasp of manhood should the realization of his perfect manhood open the flood gates of his soul in order that the coming race should understand the true lessons of the master that has given Truth, Worth and Speech to symbolize kindred in the human soul. That is why "I" am He that ever shall be, the male and female divinity of all time. Those are the teachings that find lodgment in my higher soul. They are the reflex and concentration of holy sanguinity and perspicuity of the infinitude laid bare before me through the power of reason, and also taught to me by that great teacher, Searchlight, known to the world of embodiment as Helen Blavatsky. She has taught me that "I" am man laboring to bring out the divinity that is within me. "I" am one of God's purifications in nature. "I" am the real God of life for "I" am man attached to the Eon of Eternity seeking a larger evolution through the power and law of progress. Through that combination "I" will find the chaste morality of the God that is within me that speaketh to all lives alike, for we are in common with the heritage of time.

Space is the accumulation of thought and the constant unfoldment of men and women's thoughts. Creation is a desire that comes through the better element of the soul's desire which has the gratification through the sense of power of generation which brings us nearer and nearer to the liberation of men's souls from the bondage of priestcraft, a pagan power handed down through man's gross, licentious nature, fostered and forced on the ignorance of the human race. There is no equality in a demon's soul but that of sin and destruction, but through the contrition and immaculation of men's growth and individuality lying in the minds of the human race that can be brought up to an ideality where it will find equality towering above inequality, through the power and growth of wisdom's religion. Those hidden sources that laid so long dormant in the souls of the human race shall be revealed through truth itself and blossom like a rose in the wilderness of man-made religion. Priestcraft only worshipped the embodiment of the master; it had no reverence for the Christ in life; it worshipped the pagan, idolatrous

condition of dressed up priestcraft. The mummery of men and the blandishments that they flaunted over the poor peasant seemed for a while to have a saving grace in its rotten condition called the judgment day. The generalization of atonement became a mockery to a reasoning mind. The spirit of Truth through the law of Wisdom makes every day a judgment day and forces on a reasoning conscience a power that tells them there is a punishment for past crimes that deals with the synophant of hypocrisy. The school of Yoga teaches them they cannot escape just punishment for crimes committed on one of God's children. They may lie, steal and murder, but it is all photographed on the book of Fate and they must fulfill and cancel all just debts through the law of conscience and sensibility. They must square up all conditions with the past embodiment before they are permitted through the law of power and sense to take on another embodiment. The inner sense tells them the Kingdom of God is at hand and the all-seeing Eye is watching the actions of the children of men. They cannot escape the perfect Eye of Truth, for it penetrates into the Soul measure and measures it according to the condition. The scintillation of Time is fully awake to the action of the hour and it is only through the perfect Truth that is within you, you can become reincarnated. You must give an account of your past actions so that you may become evenly balanced with the God that is within you, for that is the storehouse that holds the benediction of forgiveness. Searchlight has provided us with a lesson consisting of one word, or letter, "I." "I" am peace, Love, Charity. "I" hold these that "I" may give them through the mobility and gratification of the coming time. "I" am the lesson wherein men and women are one with God, for they are the Gods of the coming race, just as we were the Gods of what we are now. We only understood the lower strata of the Cosmos. We did not understand the full sentiment of the great Cosmos which is the vibration of the soul. "I" am the leader of Light and the keeper of my brother whose hospitality was greater than I understood. That is why he is given unto my keeping, so that I may reveal to the God that is within me the blending of our lives for all time. "I" am the giver of gifts received through the Yoga school of Reason and now through the

delineation of the character of my soul. "I" will give the gift of wealth, which is to teach men and women they are Truth itself, if they only understood their higher soul, no power in life can take this from them when they once realize the revelation of time. It teaches them God and "I" are one. "I" am a force in nature whom no one can persuade or dissuade from the correct road that leads me to the battlements of Truth where Searchlight stands on the tower as a beacon light holding out the communion and the inner consciousness that is within her to the whole human race. In life she proclaims from the battlement "I" am the resurrection and the life, guiding you to the outermost posts of sensuality, where in time you can destroy it and it will become a withering blight when man is made perfect and women understand they are one with God. "I" am the talisman that you must hold in your heart that teaches you the purification of grace that lies in your soul. The echo that you hear is the outgrowth of what you was, but we behold in Searchlight the olive branch of peace. She waves to and fro her mind senses and distributes the echo through space. She proclaims to the human race the Echo finds no lodgment in the soul that is pure. The wise men have come from the east to reveal through her the teachings to the Orient; the star of progression has become a fixed power in the zenith of time. You must no longer worship the embodiment, but respect the spirit that reveals itself through that embodiment. "I" am the solar system that reckons time through man's divinity, satellites and stars, comets and gases attend my bidding, for "I" am the shaft that holds the light of Reason for all the stellar parts and attributes of life and at my command, since "I" am the generator of systems whose polar action comes from my breath. "I" can blow the breeze of derision if it is required and bring forth the similitude of beauty so that the brain action and forces can kiss the violet breath of heaven. "I" am the tempter and tempest in the storm laying waste the miscellaneous parts of manhood's growth when it is not perfect with God. "I" am the veinous blood that comes from the heart and passes through the corpuscles of the human anatomy where disease and death sets its cord to tie up in knots the human machinery of the human body, which is the outgrowth of antiquity through a debased liquida-

tion and liquidation of disorder wherein man's animal propensities have been the ruling power, but "I" am the supreme supremacy that will wash out and cleanse, eradicate and destroy that which has been the base part of life. "I" will build up and plant therein a sacred edifice that comes from the teachings of the Yoga School called man's higher self, a manifestation manifested from the soul's equinimity in life. This is the little lesson in the letter "I" of the human race which teaches soul's edification and manifestation in the eternal school of Yoga, the up-building of all affinity in the true Karma of life through which in time it will learn all the perfect lessons given by Searchlight as we take each letter in the fidelity of Truth spoken by the great teacher and when we have completed a perfectness of perfectness in the manifest so that we can realize and understand our lessons are perfect in accordance with the song and vibration of nature and when our soul sense can proclaim to life, "It is finished," and the High Priest has manifested the perfect perfection our condition then is such that we can live in Nirvana with the one perfect God unified in the unification of all time which courses through all plants and space. This is a little lesson that I have committed to memory, taught to me by the great teacher, Searchlight. I am the letter "I" waiting concentration into the unified God. A neophyte who dwells in the train and school of the true Yoga, the perfect manifestation of her that has revealed the Wisdom religion to the human race.

I thank you, sir, for taking down my communication. I was known to the world as Joseph Taylor, a minister, so-called, by the human race. Good day, sir.

Poem

Chapter XII

Holy of holies draw near
We are loved ones you need not fear.
Our communications are small
But devoid of all Christian gall.

Holy of holies draw near
And listen to the voice of a seer
Whose aspirations are great
And void of all mystic fate.

Holy of holies we show
What truth is we know.
The lies of the past are dead,
And purity and truth live instead.

Holy of holies can you tell
How many Christian saints went to hell?
Their bibles did not save them you see
Nor all the imps that danced in glee.

Holy of holies what is God?
His the inner consciousness destroyed Aaron's rod
And allowed the brassy serpent to live,
That God to men knowledge might give.

Holy of holies, hark!
I hear a voice out of knowledge's ark,
And in it is a spark of life
That has wedded men to a goodly wife.

Holy of holies, smile,
Pulpit parrots have dulled their file
And can no longer vomit wrath,
For spiritual points have given them gath.

Holy of holies, look at the sun.
The spirits have exploded the Christian gun.
Souls have awoke to reason and sense,
And all the swords of Christianity bent.

Holy of holies proclaim
Knowledge is sense and light,
And gives to the human family what is right,
Since we are loved ones in God's sight.

Holy of holies, see the reasoning power,
How it has opened up the darkness of the past hour,
And given to God his proper place,
Because he is loved by the human race.

Given by spirit Jennie Lees through the mediumship of Justin Hulburd, at Searchlight Bower, April 18, 1901.

Joseph Jefferson

Chapter XIII

JOSEPH JEFFERSON VISITS JUSTIN

April 29th, 1905.

Last evening Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, Justin Hulburd and E. W. Hulburd were in the home of the latter, reading a recent spiritual publication entitled, "Death—the Meaning and Result," by J. K. Wilson, and conversing upon its contents. About nine o'clock Justin was observed to be under some influence that was endeavoring to obtain control of his organism. He arose and walked about the room in an unsteady manner, finally approaching the open door, staggered and fell against the door casing. Dr. Meyer and E. W. Hulburd sprang to his assistance and led him to an arm chair. After a few minutes the spirit extended the medium's hands, shaking those of his friends in a cordial manner, saying, "Good evening, gentlemen. Well! well! well! He is nearly as broad as he is long. What has become of those beautiful curly locks and that petite form? Where is his pride now? All gone. I am rather weak on my pins. I thought I would walk around until you stopped reading, but I staggered and came near falling. You have a nice, comfortable home here in the mountains. Everything looks beautiful outside.

"I suppose you would like to know who I am. My name is Joseph Jefferson. I passed into spirit life a few days ago. You may think it remarkable that I have come so quickly, but I have known of this for many years. I am a thorough Spiritualist and know all about the change. How do you suppose I got here so quickly? I met Charlotte Cushman. She said, 'Joseph, don't you want to go and see Puss? (The nickname of the medium when on the stage.) You can talk through his organ of speech.'

I said 'Yes,' and she brought me here.

"I knew I was going to leave the body. At one time I thought I might get up again, but it was not so ordered. I am not altogether myself. I cannot get my thoughts together and am somewhat weak.

"Charlotte wanted me to come and give my first communication through Little Puss. I will come again and hope to do better next time."

Mr. Meyer asked the spirit if he found it over there as he anticipated. He said, "Not quite. In some respects it is not exactly as it had been represented or as mediums had described it to me, but it is all right. I will soon be straightened out."

The spirit ceased talking and apparently left; presently he returned and said, "I nearly forgot to say good night. Remember me to Puss. I will come again."

Owing to his diminutive form, Justin was called Puss by his theatrical friends; that nickname applied to him while he remained upon the stage.

The passing of Joseph Jefferson leaves Justin the last of that old school of actors.

Monday, May 15, 1905.

Good morning, brother. One in faith, one in fact, one in a soul's desire. We can drink the libation of Truth together, calling that great divine power to bless our ministrations through life. The cup that will hold the seventh libation creates in man a brotherhood through eternity.

I have entered Searchlight Bower this morning to ask in all kindness that you will do me the favor to take down a communication and see that the same is conveyed through the mail to that glorious sheet of information which through the law of progression is called "The Progressive Thinker." Such is the prominent headline of that educational paper.

Before I go any further it is my desire to thank a lady whose soul is generosity. She says her name when in the physical form was Mary C. Morse, the wife of Ephriam Weed Morse, one of San Diego's old citizens in Southern California. Her spirit name is Lovelight. She gave way to allow me to give this communication, as this was the day she was going to send a letter

to her husband and spirit mate, who still lives in the physical body. Her nature is that of Truth. Do you know, brother Hulburd, woman's nature—bless them—is a constitution of Love and Generosity. I care not how low any female may fall below the law of morality, in that individual still lies a flame that can be kindled into love for a fellow being. I believe it was woman that gave to the soul of man one of nature's laws called Generosity. I am willing to be convinced to the opposite. I would like to see the individual who had the power to convince me it was not so. Woman—bless her—is the mother, the wife and the comforter of man through life.

I hope brother Francis, the editor of "The Progressive Thinker," will permit me space in his glorious paper to send my soul love and spiritual greeting to those loved ones I left in the physical body and to all who call me their friend.

Now, brother, I wish to describe my entrance into spirit life through the new birth.

After I had made my exit from the physical body, when I opened my eyes and had taken in that visual condition called spiritual sight, I beheld my mother and father and with them my first female companion. After I had received their joyful greeting I looked upon my loved brother and professional companion, William Florence. He held by the hand one of my offspring. After I had received the greetings accorded me by my spirit friends Billy Florence said, "Joe, you look like you had come from a hard rehearsal and the long and tedious work has its effect upon your condition." I said, "Dear Billy, when the curtain descended on the last act I was tired, that was all." On his left stood Edwin Booth; John Spear, the astrologer, and wife on the right. Many happy days I had passed in John's company. As I looked to the east I saw Edwin Forrest and Charlotteushman approaching, holding each other's hands with that great smile of affection called brotherly and sisterly love. Many of my professional sisters and brothers were in attendance with a host of other friends. There came forward one whom I loved from boyhood, H. M. Higgins; his soul and life was that of music. When we clasped hands the echo of an orchestra was heard in the distance. The sound of each instrument showed to me they were in perfect tune. The tone was heavenly and I cried

for joy. Brother Higgins said, "Joseph, I had in preparation this orchestra for your reception. Our rehearsals was that of joy to know that we were going to welcome an old friend to spirit life." Oh, it was such a glorious meeting. I cannot describe it to you—no pen or pencil can portray that blissful scene.

Mediums in the physical body erred when they described my spiritual home. Human nature is weak in many cases and I found it so in those that were playing the role of public mediums. I was conducted to the home of my loved ones in spirit life.

While enjoying the beautiful expression called the Soul of friendship Charlotte Cushman approached me and said, "Brother Joseph, do you not want to go and see Puss? You can talk through his organ of speech. Here are two guides waiting to conduct us to his home in the mountains. Come, they will lead the way. It is in their power to attach your force and will power to his organ of speech; through that channel you can convey your thoughts to the people living on the earth plane." They led and we followed. That is why when I made you that other visit the attempt at producing a communication for the reading public was so feeble.

Perhaps you would like to know who gave Little Justin the name of Puss. It was I, Joseph Jefferson. When quite a lad at rehearsal one morning in Washington, D. C., he was sitting on my knee, a little mite of a creature, as I thought then. I thought I had grown to be quite a lad and felt my superior condition over him, he being so small I forgot that he was a number of months older than I was. Edwin Forrest was playing a star engagement at the theatre. He came to where we were sitting and said, "Joe, let me take my Little One; he appears in this scene. Do you not think we ought to give him a nickname?" I said, "Yes, let's call him Puss, he's so little for his age." He held up a stick of candy and said, "Joe, you hold this until I get through; don't you take too many licks, now, because I can tell. You can lick down to there," pointing his little finger down a ways on the stick of candy. Brother, that is a sweet memory to me. I treasured that as long as I lived in the physical body, now in my spiritual existence the memory is sweeter than ever. Here I am today, speaking through the organ of that Little One that I loved so much on earth. He was looked

upon by his professional sisters and brothers as a queer little individual, sensitive to all influences that he came en rapport with. I remember on one occasion Edwin Forrest said to Edwin Booth, "The world will hear from that Little One yet. I hope it will not come to pass until he has closed his professional career."

The spirit world understood what they required. While under the guardianship of brother Warren his mediumship was put into full force between the North and South during the Civil War. He obeyed the commands of a spirit voice and many papers reached Abraham Lincoln's hands through a force called mind. The action was physical. The higher element was spiritual. He was borne on that force and gave into the hands of Abraham Lincoln that which was valuable. Abraham Lincoln tells me he watched for his coming with the anxiety of a mother for her child, expecting every day that he had been shot down. He still lives in the physical body. His hair is white, that keen look of his brilliant eye is growing dim. He still lives a monument of his past life. Those that loved him in his professional career have passed on to a brighter life, the real world of thought.

I send my love and blessings to the friends who were kind to me and may the higher angels bless my dear ones.

I thank you for taking down my communication and hope the editor of the Progressive Thinker will find space for it in his valuable paper. It is the only channel at present through which I can convey my thoughts to the friends still living in the physical body. I am on the lookout for another medium nearer home through whom I can reach my loved ones and speak to them through the power of oral language.

Your friend and the friend of all progressive thinkers. I understood the power of spirit communication while living in the physical body. Adieu until we meet again. Joseph Jefferson.

Monday, June 5, 1905.

Good morning, brother. I have had the audacity this morning to enter Searchlight Bower and make you another call. I come here by request to satisfy the desires of a number of professional sisters and brothers. It is their wish that I should give you a synopsis of Little Puss' life, just in the same manner that

I would give you a synopsis of a play or book. Now I will make it a point in that synopsis to relate to you that part of his life with which I was acquainted. To give you a thorough description of all his life in his physical body would fill several volumes. As it is I intend to condense it and boil it down to a witch pot, with a number of ingredients thrown in to season the witch broth.

You will have to go with me back to 1838. In the month of May, 1838, they were going to give the public a Scotch production at the old Chambers street theatre, between Broadway and Center streets, opposite the City Hall, New York City. In that production my father was in the cast. It was his desire that I should attend the rehearsals in the morning in order to become acquainted with stage business and make myself familiar on all points of the same.

On the first morning of rehearsal when most of the company had assembled on the stage Mr. Jones, the leading man of the company and a great favorite in New York City at the time, came onto the stage holding by the hand a little creature that looked more like a doll than a human being. I will describe to you how he was dressed. He wore a little blue cloth kilt, a black velvet jacket with a white ruff around his neck, a Scotch cap on his head. On his feet and legs he wore little black boots with red tops; his long wavy and curly hair hung down below his kilt. I noticed that he frequently stuck out one foot that the company might see the red tops on his boots. My pride was hurt and I became disgusted to think such a midget would play in the new production when I, so much larger, could not get a chance.

The leading lady, a Miss Melville from England, said to Mr. Jones, "Is that your baby?" Just then you should have seen the little midget straighten himself up and from those large dark blue eyes came a scornful look. His face was quite small and that was why his eyes looked so large. Mr. Jones said, "No, Miss Melville, this is not my little baby." Just then he received a kick on the shin and the Little One said, "I'm nae baby." He spoke with a strong Scotch accent. I learned afterward he could only speak Gaelic when he first came to America. In learning English it gave his speech a Scotch accent and that is why he

was engaged to play in the Scotch production.

The name of this play was the "Warlock of the Glen." Mr. Jones said, "Miss Melville, this is the individual that will play your child in the Warlock." Miss Melville went up to where the Little One stood and said, "Dear, who do you belong to?" He said "To my ain sel. I dunna belong to ye." She said, "Oh, dear, don't be offended at me. You know we want to become good friends as I am cast for your mother in the piece. Now, give me a kiss for I know I shall love you dearly." Mr. Jones said, "Pet, kiss the lady." She stooped down and he put his little arms around her neck and kissed her on both cheeks. He said, "Leddy, hae ye any siller?" She pushed the ring back on her purse and gave him a sixpence. He said, "Noo yer my auntie," which brought a laugh from the company. He had more uncles and aunts and fathers and mothers than any kid I ever knew.

In a few minutes after that Mr. Mitchell said, "Ladies and gentlemen, clear the stage and we will begin rehearsal." After Mr. Mitchell had pronounced these words the Little One walked up to Miss Melville and said, "Leddy, yer gaun to marry a rich man; he'll hae plenty o' siller. He lives awa o'er the big water." The following year she returned to England and married a wealthy English banker.

Mr. Jones addressed me, saying, "Joe, look after this Little One until he is called for his scene." Instead of looking after him I felt like I wanted to choke him. I grabbed him by the hand, dragged him into the wings, sat down on a chair and said, "You brat, stand here and keep quiet. If you don't I'll choke the life out of you." He looked up at me and smiled and quicker than I can tell it was sitting on my lap, kissing me on both cheeks, said I was a bonnie laddie, laid his head on my breast and I was a gone coon. There came a magnetic current from his body to mine and I fell in love with the midget that ten minutes before I wanted to choke the daylights out of.

When his scene came Miss Melville led him on the stage and I became jealous of her to think she had taken him away from me. She led him down to the front of the stage and said, "Now, dear, sing your song for Mr. Hoffman and he will catch the melody. Mr. Hoffman was the leader of the orchestra. He sang three verses of the song when the leader caught on to the tune.

He rehearsed his scene with the mother and the Warlock. Then I discovered why he was engaged to play that part. His Scotch pronunciation was the life of the scene.

After rehearsal I asked father if he would allow me to take the Little One home to dinner. He granted my request. When we arrived at our rooms he told mother that I had adopted a little boy and was going to bring him up in the "Straight and narrow path." Mother said, "Who does the little darling belong to?" I said, "To me." Mother laughed and said, "Now we will have dinner." While sitting at the table a peculiar expression came over his face which seemed to frighten mother. She said, "Just look there—the Little One is growing sick." She came around to the part of the table where he and I sat. She wanted to take him on her lap. He spoke in as good English as I tell it to you now. The voice said, "Lady, do not be frightened. I came here to make a prediction concerning your son Joseph. He will pass through many ups and downs in life, finally he will get conception of an old man character which will make his name and fortune." We all laughed, at the same time it tickled mother's vanity to think some day her son's name would become famous and he would make a fortune. After the influence had passed away the Little One's pronunciation was as Scotch as ever. The influence gave the name of John Barnet, a half brother to my great grandfather and a kind of a strolling player, more on the line of a clown, he said, than anything else. The prediction came to pass, as the world admired my conception and creation of "Rip Van Winkle."

The first night of the performance the Little One became the bright star of the piece. He sang his Scotch song for an encore and danced the Highland Fling. It was wonderful how he controlled his feet; their quick movement in the different steps brought big applause. Several times during the dance he gave a Highland yell, which pleased the gallery gods immensely. They yelled, stamped and hollered so much he had to repeat the dance. In the next scene when his mother is sitting on a rock at the edge of the lake he is playing with some pebbles on the beach for stage effect. Some one in the audience cried out, "Bairn, can ye sing in the Gaelic tongue?" His eyes lit up and he said, "Aye, I can that." He got up into his mother's lap and

sang in the Gaelic tongue, "The Campbells Are Coming." After he had finished the song the applause was immense. Then he sang "Bonnie Dundee" in Gaelic. The people yelled and screamed so Miss Melville led him to the front of the stage that he might acknowledge the applause. She turned around to go back to the rock and the way the Little One skipped and danced and twisted his legs, it was some time before the six villains that appeared on the rocks could be heard, the laughter was so great, produced by the antics of the Little One. When the mother had discovered the villains that were going to carry off her child she screamed for the "Warlock of the Glen," who made his appearance in a boat on the lake. The Little One jumped up onto the rock, placed his hand inside of his jacket, brought out a dagger and said to the villain in a tragic voice, "Gang awa or I'll kill ye all. Mither, stand behind me and I'll protect ye; nae villain will put a hand on ye when I'm here." He pronounced it in such a Scotch manner that the curtain descended to big applause. The newspapers said next morning he was the attraction at the Chambers street theatre.

After the "Warlock of the Glen" was taken off the boards they produced another Scotch play called "Periwinkle." The Little One and I played the children of Lord Kenross. The Little One played a girl, while I played a boy. In the village scene we both danced a village hornpipe. At the end of the dance I stooped over, she sprang onto my back, stood on one foot, with the other one poised in space, to the admiration of the gallery gods.

Next day after the first performance had been given he accompanied me home to dinner. He said to mother, "Now, auntie, ye mun hae rice pudding and limonad for dinner. Me and Joe is starrin it up at the theatre and we mun be waited on." Mother acknowledged our starship by courtseying very low.

Next monday morning I was paid the big sum of four dollars, while he received ten. A bigger man than me you never saw walk down Pearl street, New York City. At the corner of Pearl and Center, the Little One bought a quarter's worth of fresh roasted peanuts and sent them to mother as a present; as we were starrin he felt it was his duty to send those presents.

When I entered our apartments mother was studying up some manuscript, as father and she had been engaged by a travelling manager as members of his company. When "Periwinkle" was withdrawn from the boards I placed in her hands my four dollars with all the attitude of a big actor, dropped the peanuts into her lap, saying, "They are from Midget. You can dine on them today and what is left over he and I can chew on tomorrow."

When we had finished our engagement—that is, father and I—at the Chambers street theatre, mother, father and myself became members of Mr. Blake's traveling company. Father always seemed more satisfied traveling than stationary.

I did not see the Little One again until father and mother and myself were in Washington, D. C. Mr. Forrest came there, accompanied by the Little One, to play a star engagement. There was where I gave him the nickname of Puss. After that engagement I did not meet him again until father was playing in Chicago. He was also there with a company, playing Cinderella at another house. We met at H. M. Higgins' music store, and the happy hours we passed there I cannot describe; those were hours of joy to our young hearts, sweet memories that always live in my soul. Nothing in life could bring a shadow over those memories.

They say I have held the medium long enough at this time.
Tuesday, June 6, 1905.

I noticed while in Chicago that time he had improved wonderfully in his English pronunciation of words. He did not speak any longer with that broad Scotch accent.

One day we were walking along Clark street, holding each other's hands. A man approached us on the walk, his head hung down; he looked as if all friends in life had forsaken him. Puss went up to the man, caught hold of his hands in a friendly grasp, looked into the man's face and smiled. The man said, "Who are you, little boy, that comes to me with such a friendly greeting?" A voice said through Puss' organ of speech, "I am your mother, Joseph Armstrong. I come to help you and give you good advice. She whom you mourn as lost to you is not lost. If you will follow my advice she will yet make you a happy man. Her mother has taken her to Detroit, Mich. They are living there

with an aunt." Then she described a house, an old fashioned one with a brass knocker on the door; she named a certain street that I do not remember now. She said, "Go there, my son, and knock on the door. I will see that your sweetheart opens it. Take her in your arms, shut the door, tell her of your love for her; then you ask her to go and marry you; she will go. Do not wait for any bonnet or shawl. Take her direct to the Judge of the Court. He will marry you and your lives will become one of happy bliss." I met that man afterward on a Mississippi boat. He recognized me, came and spoke to me, telling that he followed his mother's advice and now he was a happy man. He led me to where his wife was sitting, introduced me and said, "This is the companion of that little witch I told you about." He said, "Where is that little creature to be found? I want to thank him for assisting me to enter a happy life." I told him I thought he'd be found in New York. He said, "I am going to buy a handsome gold chain and watch, a chain that will go around his neck, and send it to him as a gift from my wife and myself. Will you oblige me by seeing that he receives it all right, for which I will thank you much." He said, "What town do you get off at?" I told him I was ticketed for New Orleans. He laughed and said, "We are also ticketed for the same place." In New Orleans he purchased a handsome gold watch and chain. I saw that it was placed in Justin's hands. Our company returned by steamer to New York City. I went direct to the hotel where Puss was stopping, placed the gold chain around his neck, saying at the same time, "Take this in your hand, Puss," placing the watch therein. He laughed and danced with glee, saying, "Joe, you are so good." I said, "Puss, that is not a gift from me, it comes from a man whom you helped to make happy. His name is Joseph Armstrong." I want to tell you right here, Puss was a strange creature; he had two fads in life. One was to play circus and the other a strange one, that was visiting graveyards, sitting on graves and singing. Sometimes at night, when we were young, he'd get me to accompany him and we would enter the city of the dead and mingle in their atmosphere. He'd get me to sit down on a grave, then he'd commence to sing in the Gaelic tongue and if we heard any peculiar noise or perhaps the echo of his voice, it would cause a cold sweat to run down my

back. I would try to be brave, stand up, put my hands in my pockets and say, "Puss, I think I'd rather stand up than sit down." He'd laugh, strike a tragic attitude and call me a peevish schoolboy. One night while we were in the graveyard I heard a voice say, "Children, I am the life, and he that believeth in me shall have eternal Truth." I yelled, dropped down onto my knees and cried out, "Oh, God, he's raised the devil at last." Puss called them his freens (meaning friends.) I thought to myself, "If I ever get out of here alive he'll never catch me coming to visit his freens." He'd say to me, "Joe, I love the dee,l" (meaning the dead.) I'd tell him, "You can have them all, I don't want to make any of their acquaintance," at the same time looking around to see if any of the freens were coming. He'd say, "Joe, I was born among the deid. My mither gave me birth among the deid freens." His mother gave him birth in the lodge of a Scotch burying-ground. He was the strangest creature that I ever met in my life, and had no valuation for money. I do not think he ever felt lonely. A good deal of the time he would talk to his freens, as he called them.

While mother, father and I were playing in Cincinnati, the bill poster was posting bills on a fence. The bills said, "John Wheatley's great burlesque company shall appear on Thursday, May the 8th, in the burlesque of 'Aladdin, the Wonderful Scamp.'" Puss was the star. My father had arranged it so that I got a new suit of clothes, a new hat and a pair of boots. I thought the clothes were a good fit as I looked at myself in the large glass in the green room, and had a little egotism in my make-up, which made me feel I was a pretty good looking boy. On Thursday I went to the depot to meet Puss. On the way I was practicing just which way I would hold my cane when he left the car. As the train entered the depot I stood in one of my mashing attitudes. He sprang from the top step of the car—he never walked up and down steps like other people; he'd make a spring and was there. When he saw me standing on the platform he dropped his grip and cried out, "Oh, ye Gods, behold Apollo and tell me if he is not beautiful to look upon; do I behold him in a dream, or does he belong to this mundane sphere?" With him was Mr. Higgins of Chicago, and Wheatley, the manager. He came up to where I stood, shook hands and kissed

me, saying, "Joe, you're a real live dandy." I know he was glad to see me, as I was to see him. He said, "Joe, that suit is worth four lemonades." I said, "All right, come on." Mr. Higgins, Mr. Wheatley, Puss and myself went and had four lemonades. He was very fond of lemonade at that time in life. As the curtain descended on each act the manager had a pitcher of lemonade and a glass in his dressing room, waiting the coming of his highness.

He was a great walker those days. He made a request that Mr. Higgins and myself should accompany him on a walk. I said, "All right, only I don't want to go to see any of your freens." Mr. Higgins said, "Joe, what do you mean by that?" I told him that Puss always wanted me to go and visit a graveyard. Mr. Higgins laughed and said, "Joe, that wouldn't hurt you." I told him I wasn't hankering after graveyards. We started on our walk and were enjoying it when all of a sudden, by the Harry, we came up in front of the City of the Dead. I looked at Puss and said, "You beat hell." As we entered the cemetery a priest was coming down the main walk. He smiled and said, "Bless you, my children." Puss struck a burlesque position with a "skeerful look" on his face, as Samantha Allen calls it, and said to the priest, "Holy Father, by what right do you bless us?" The priest said, "By the right that all priests bless the children of men. I belong to the society of Jesus." Puss said, with a reverent look on his face, "Jesus associated with two classes of people. One was that of an ass, the other was concubines, sinners, thieves and murderers. Which society do you belong to?" The priest said, "You're a little wicked sinner and an imp of satan. You dare blaspheme the name of Christ in the City of the Dead." There came from Puss one of the most fiendish laughs I think I ever heard. He said to the priest, "Jahnny, you have lots of book learning, with a good many tricks thrown in. Your knowledge is weak, the only strength that is in your religion comes through superstition and priestcraft, handed down from the hellish days of paganism." The priest crossed himself and said, "May the Mother of Christ have mercy on you all, for you have with you one of the imps of the devil, a scoffer at religion and the holy word of God." Puss turned pirouette and said, "Johnny dear, tell Mary we'll

all be there when Gabriel blows his trumpet." He jumped up and cut a pigeon wing. The priest said, "God have mercy on me," and hurried away.

I felt very queer, as I had some respect those days for the cloth. When I reprimanded him for speaking as he did to the priest he laughed and said, "Joe, I was curious to know just how he was going to do us up, whether it was by robbing us of our souls or braying at us. He tried the process of braying; it was a failure, Joe." When I looked at Mr. Higgins he was leaning against a tombstone laughing so loud I thought he'd have a fit. All of a sudden Puss made a spring and landed on top of the tombstone. He sat there and crowed like a rooster. I commenced to think the priest wasn't far out of the way, after all; but since then, brother, I have learned that the most marvelous liars and hypocrites lies in the line of orthodox ministers and would-be mediums.

After we returned to the hotel and were quietly sitting there enjoying each other's company, a knock came on the door. Puss said, "Come in if your feet's clean." The door opened and Mr. Forrest entered the apartment. Puss said, "Why, uncle Forrest," and rushed into his arms—as we thought. In a second there was nothing but vacant space. That was the most remarkable manifestation I ever witnessed. I was thoroughly convinced into what you now call Modern Spiritualism. My knees became weak and I could not rise from the chair. When I had gained sufficient strength to go to my father and mother's room I told them of what I had seen. My father laughed and said, "Joe, the Little One cast a spell over you; he is Highland Scotch and some of them are uncanny beings." Mother said, "That is a strange creature and I never understood him." I said, "Mother dear, I wonder if anyone does." I went to my room, laid across my bed and fell asleep, dreaming that Puss turned into the devil and offered to take me in as a partner to manage hell. I woke up and laughed so much that my side commenced to pain me.

The next afternoon Mr. Higgins, Little Puss and I went out riding. I had no desire to meet any more priests in a graveyard. While driving up a hill of Cincinnati a lady and gentleman stopped us and inquired the shortest way to the city. I saw a queer

expression coming over Puss' face and hoped to God he wasn't going to tackle those people, when all of a sudden he said, "Lady, your name is Lydia Higgins Thompson and this man here is your cousin," slapping Higgins on the arm. You have never met before; he's your cousin, just the same." Mr. Higgins and the lady got to talking of family affairs and made the discovery they were first cousins. We were invited to make their home a visit, which was three miles out from Covington, Ky. On the following Sunday we made their home a visit and were received with great cordiality by the members of the family. At the dinner table a young lady with very bright eyes sat opposite to me. I noticed sometimes her eyes would glisten and from them would come a luminosity which did not seem strange to any of the family. She smiled and said to me, "Mr. Jefferson, some day you will make your home in the South and I will meet you there. The black man will not be a slave then; by the stroke of the pen from a tall, gaunt man they will get their freedom." Which, brother, came to pass. That prediction was given to me and I never forgot it. When Abraham Lincoln said, "All men are born free and equal," I remembered the prediction.

Afterward I met the lady and her husband in New Orleans. She was speaking for the spiritualists there.

After we had reached the hotel in Cincinnati, father was descending the stairs at the same time we were ascending. Puss said, "Uncle Jefferson, you're going to St. Louis, and it will be a good thing for you. You're going to save some money there." Father said, "Puss, I'm engaged for the season with this company." Puss said, "Nevertheless, you are going to St. Louis, uncle." The managers of the company that we were members of quarreled, the company disbanded and we went to St. Louis. Father met Ben De Bar, the manager, on 4th street, Cincinnati and arrangements were made and we accompanied Mr. De Bar to St. Louis. Mother said she saved more money there than any other place she ever lived. A kind friend gave us a little house to live in free of any rent.

The next time I saw Little Puss was in New Orleans. He came there with Edwin Forrest while the Ben De Bar Company played a month's engagement. During Mr. Forrest's engagement, one night while he and Puss were walking to the hotel a

man made a rush at Mr. Forrest and as he raised the dagger to stab Mr. Forrest Little Puss' feet were quicker than his arm; he was kicked in the lower part of his bowels and fell to the sidewalk like a dead man. Mr. Forrest hollered for the police; several parties came up and one of them recognized the man; he was removed to his home and through restoratives he returned to his senses after awhile. It was discovered that Mr. Forrest was not the man that he intended to stab. It was another individual that resembled Mr. Forrest somewhat in form. Two married men quarreled over a French girl.

After Mr. Forrest's engagement they left for Mobile, Alabama. While on the gang-plank to board the steamer Puss said, "Uncle Forrest, we can't go on this boat. She's going to get on fire." Mr. Forrest said, "All right, Pet, we'll go back to the hotel and wait for the next boat." That pleased me. I knew the boat didn't start until two days afterward. I was so pleased I said, "Puss, get on my back and I will carry you up to the hotel." That amused Mr. Forrest and he commenced to laugh. Puss and I rode all around the city, for I was a happy boy then to have my little companion alongside of me.

They did not take the next boat. Mr. Forrest received word the Mobile Theatre had been damaged by fire. They took passage on a Mississippi boat for St. Louis. When the boat arrived at Memphis, Tenn., they went ashore to look at the town. While walking up the main street Puss said to Mr. Forrest—as he afterward related to me and Edwin Booth—"Uncle, you must get your trunks off that boat; go right now and do it. Joe says the boat is going to burn to the water's edge." Mr. Forrest told us after he had his trunks removed to the hotel he did not think it was quite an hour when the boat was discovered to be on fire. Mr. Forrest before leaving the boat said to the captain, "See that your men attend to their duties. My Little One says your boat is going to get on fire and perhaps you can save it." The captain laughed and said, "You actors are so superstitious. I'm not afraid of the boat." Mr. Forrest said, "All right," and taking the hand of the Little One he went ashore. Fortunately all the passengers were saved; their trunks and effects went up in smoke. The captain became so angry he went to the landlord of the hotel and wanted him to turn Mr. Forrest and the Little

One out of the hotel, as he carried a little witch with him. He said to the landlord, "Refuse to give them a place to sleep and anything to eat—then they will have to leave; if you don't something will happen to your house." The landlord refused to obey the captain's orders and they remained at the hotel. Three days afterward they boarded another steamer for St. Louis. Mr. Ben De Bar had a large advertisement in the newspapers on Sunday and also bills on the fences and on the walls of houses, informing the public that Mr. Forrest would appear on Monday night in King Lear. We will take it up at another time.

Wednesday, June 7, 1905.

The next time I met Puss was twelve years afterward. It was while I was playing an engagement in New York City. One afternoon I was strolling up Broadway. When I got in front of the New York Hotel I met James G. Blaine, who afterward became somewhat famous, especially in politics. With him was George Meade, a West Pointer, afterward the commanding general at the battle of Gettysburg during the war between the North and the South. Blaine introduced me to Meade, saying, "Joseph, whither goest thou?" I told him I was strolling up Broadway for my health. He said, "Don't you want to go upstairs and see Warren and Little Puss?" At that time Little Puss had a guardian by the name of Warren. I told him I wasn't aware that Little Puss was in New York. He said, "They arrived at the hotel about a week ago." I said, "Most assuredly I will go up and see my little friend Puss." Mr. Warren I was not acquainted with then. When we arrived at their apartments Meade knocked and then opened the door; there was Mr. Warren lying on a rug in the center of the sitting room, playing circus with Little Puss. Puss looked up when the door opened and seeing who it was cried out, "Oh, Joe," and jumped into my arms. I sat down on a chair, placing him on my lap. He said to the others, "Good afternoon, gentlemen, we are pleased to meet you," then he turned and hugged me, saying, "Joe, it was so good of you to come and see us." I said, "Us—why, you haven't introduced me to the other gentleman." He said, "That's so," jumped off my lap, ran to Mr. Warren, caught hold of his hand and led him up to where I was sitting. It was quite a large room and they had to cross the whole length of it.

He said, "Papa Warren, this is Joe." Mr. Warren said, "Joe who?" He said, "Why, it's Joe Jefferson, don't you know him?" Mr. Warren said, "Puss, I'm not acquainted with all your friends. You have met so many people in life." He said, "Mr. Jefferson, I am glad to meet you. It seems to me I have heard my Little One speak of you, he talks about so many people that he has met in life that I cannot remember all their names." He said, "Gentlemen, excuse me for a few moments." He went into the adjoining room, returning with a bottle of wine and some glasses, Puss following with a plate of cake. They were placed on a centre table that had been shoved off to one side of the room. He said, "Now, gentlemen, indulge by helping yourselves." When we had all partaken of some wine, Puss carried around the plate of cake on his head. I was the last one to serve. He said, "Joe, take lots—you're getting to be a big man now," which was the cause of a laugh. He skipped back to the table, laid the plate down, ran across the room, made a spring and landed on my lap, to the amusement of those present. Mr. Warren laughed and said, "Mr. Jefferson, my Little One's whole life seems to be that of emotion. I think it would kill him if he had to remain quiet all the time."

I saw that strange look come into his eyes that I had been accustomed to see. A peculiar voice came from his organ of speech, it seemed to stutter considerable; by degrees it got out the words, "Jimmie, you'll fly pretty high—as high as they get in this country. Your enemies will rob you of that right which belongs to you. Such is life in politics and war. Oh, but there is going to be hell yet, and don't you forget it. The whole country will be boiling over with animosity for each other. The stars and stripes will always float, and don't you forget it."

When he had ceased speaking Mr. Meade said, "Blaine, that is a prediction—see that you keep it in your memory." The voice tried to speak to me; it stuttered so hard I could get no sense out of what it said. I could see Mr. Warren's face turn pale when he said, "Damn them, I wish they would keep away and let him alone; he belongs to me and I don't want those influences to interfere in our affairs. Gentlemen, I'm afraid if it keeps on like this they will destroy his reasoning power, curses on it, I'm afraid if those Scotch influences follow him up." I

said, "Mr. Warren, don't get alarmed. I have known him for a good many years and have yet to discover that his mental qualities have been affected by those influences." He said, "Well, gentlemen, let us take a little more wine and trust to luck. The future can only decide what will be the result of it all." He laughed and Puss commenced to sing "Coming Thro' the Rye." We all joined in. I made the discovery Mr. Warren had a grand bass voice. After he had finished singing I said, "Puss, where do you play next?" He said, "I go to Philadelphia." Then I said to the gentlemen present, "I would like to have you attend the theatre and see Joseph Jefferson and others in the company play tonight." They all agreed. Mr. Warren said, "Gentlemen, you are our guests. It is my desire that you remain and take dinner this evening at the New York Hotel." We accepted his invitation and remained.

Little Puss teased me a good deal to play circus with him, finally I consented, removed my heavy clothing, got down on to the rug, played circus with Puss for the amusement of the others present. When he got tired he sat on Mr. Warren's lap and went to sleep. Mr. Warren addressed me, saying, "Mr. Jefferson, my Little One seems to have a great love for you. How long have you known him?" I said, "Ever since we were ten years of age, when he and I starred it at the old Chambers street theatre, at least we thought we did," which made the others laugh. After we had dined we returned to Mr. Warren's apartment to smoke. Little Puss walked out from the other room during our conversation. He looked at me and said, "They tell me, Joe, you're going to England, Ireland, Scotland, California, Australia and New Zealand. Oh, you're going to lots of places before you get to be an old man." As usual, he put his hand into each of my pockets to see what they contained. Mr. Warren scolded him for doing so. I said, "That is all right, Mr. Warren, we did that ever since we were little." Mr. Warren said, "I'm afraid he will always remain a child in nature."

When we arrived at the theatre I had a box placed at their service. While talking in front of the theatre, Billy Florence and Edwin Booth came along; they stopped and talked a few minutes. After that they all entered the box together.

After the performance they came to my dressing room.

While there we received an invitation from Mr. Warren to take supper with him at the hotel. We accepted his invitation.

While dining, Mr. Booth said, "Gentlemen and friends, I hope to have you do me the honor of calling at my home in Newport. If you feel you can do so, why notify me in time and I will have rooms prepared for you." Two weeks afterward we made him that promised visit and had a grand time.

One evening on the porch Little Puss sat down between Mr. Booth's legs on a foot-rest. I noticed Mr. Booth's face and eyes bore a happy expression. He said, "Brother Warren, I always feel happy when Little Puss sits between my legs and plays with my fingers." Just then Puss looked up into Mr. Booth's face and said, "Edwin, kiss me and I'll tell you something." Mr. Booth kissed him several times, then a solemn look came into his eyes. He laid his little head in Mr. Booth's lap, saying, "Edwin dear, you are going to marry again. You will be very fond of her; after a time trouble will come into your life. Her father will make trouble. A sadder fate awaits you, Edwin. Your brother Wilkes will disgrace your family by committing a great wrong. You will feel it very keenly, so much so you will sail for England." Brother Hulburd, all that came to pass. Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln and disgraced the name of Booth; Edwin's father-in-law made trouble between him and his wife.

The next time that I saw Mr. Warren and Little Puss was in London, England. Our days were pleasant; they were what you would call "fun in a fog." There was a heavy fog more or less all the time we were there. They made France a visit, after that returning to America.

The next time I met them was in Philadelphia during one of my engagements at the Walnut street theatre. I sent out invitations to Little Puss, Mr. Warren, E. L. Davenport, Joseph C. Conover and Mr. Meade to come and take breakfast with me at the Continental Hotel. They did so and we had a jolly time. After breakfast we entered open carriages and drove through Fairmount Park. That was one of the happiest days of my life, while living in a physical body. During my engagement of two weeks I passed all the afternoons at Mr. Warren's home. It was heaven to me to have such a grand visit with Little Puss.

That was the last time we ever met while I lived in the physical body.

Now, brother, I want to make you acquainted with the fact that I visited nine so-called materializing seances while living in my earth form. Every one of them were frauds of the worst kind. Mr. Conover and I broke up two of them and left the room in disgust. It is too bad that the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism should have such barnacles fastened to its keel. There will always be characters in life that have no moral nature in their make-up. Truth is out of the question.

I have given you a synopsis of Little Puss' life, leaving out many incidents, as it would make the communication too long for your book. I boiled it down in the witch-pot, flavoring the broth with a variety of seasonings, those seasonings were happy flavors in my physical life.

I will speak a word in defense-of brother Peebles' book. Intellectual and cultured spirits say it will become a talisman to many a weary nature, obsessed by spirits living in physical bodies and those living on our side of life. The time will come when advanced spiritualists will unveil a monument erected to the honored name of James Martin Peebles. All libraries should contain a copy of his book, "Obsession, or Demonism of the Ages."

I now thank you for taking down my communication and hope it will be of some value to your book. I leave my love to Puss. Your brother and well-wisher, drinking from the cup of the seventh libation. Joseph Jefferson.

William Florence

Chapter XIV

Thursday, August 31, 1905.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. Permit me to call you so, as we had Hulburds in our family. I had an aunt Norah that married a Jean Hulburd, who was a grandson of this medium's grandfather, John Hulburd. So you see I can claim a slight relationship. That aunt was my mother's sister. I enter Searchlight Bower this morning at the earnest request of several of my professional brothers and sisters to give a communication for your book, which I will give with pleasure, as I was well acquainted with Little Puss, your medium.

When in the profession my wife and myself were well known to the public as the Florences—Mr. and Mrs. Florence—on both sides of the water. My dear wife was really the greatest card; she was a talented woman in all lines. Now allow me to tell you, when living in a physical form I was a great Catholic, a member of the Roman Catholic church, and was so attracted to it at that time I would give up my life for it. I gave much money to the support of the Catholic church. When I made a visit to the Pope of Rome and was admitted into the presence of his Holiness I thought then I was a fit subject for one of the best seats in Heaven. Alas, the credulity and superstition of man is a weakness that his manhood can hardly overcome. At that time I was so infatuated with the Roman church if anyone would make a slighting remark against the mother church I felt as if I would like to plunge a dagger into his heart, so you can see, dear brother Hulburd, what a hold the Catholic religion has on a superstitious man or woman. After entering spirit life I was still held in the clutches of the Roman church. Priests were there like hawks watching others and

myself. We were the poor little chickens that would be devoured by curses if we dared to step outside of the fold; everything was held up to our view as a terrible curse; if we had any desire to speak or associate with a protestant spirit the curse of the mother church would fall upon us. One day a real desire came into my soul that I would like to see some of my professional brothers and sisters that had passed on before my coming to spirit life. While I was in that mood I looked up and there I beheld Charlotte Cushman with a number of followers, beckoning for me to come to them. I made a rush toward then, with the Roman hounds at my feet. I was soon in the midst of friends; they surrounded me and drove back the emissaries of the Roman church. I went with the friends to their dwelling place and found that Harmony reigned throughout. Just then it seemed to me as if a great load had been lifted from off my head. After that I never returned to again live under the power of priestcraft. I was a weak vessel in the line of religion when living in a physical body. A woman could do anything with me, especially if she was fascinating. Through woman's power I became a victim of the Roman church. Since coming to spirit life and using my reasoning faculties—which I never did when in the physical body—anything that pertained to the Catholic religion would form a hold upon my weak intellect. My observation shows me that all countries controlled by the Catholic church are at a low ebb in civilization. I am now working with Charlotte Cushman and her band to get spirits out from under that cursed power of priestcraft. It eats up all that is in the heart of a great nation. Let the United States beware. She is sapping the vitality now of all that is good in the nation. Let the men and the women go to the polls; see to it that they do not put a Catholic in office. Just as sure as they permit such things to take place your nation is on the wane, for the mother church never stops at anything to accomplish the result that she wishes to come to pass. The low, foreign element that they are throwing today on your shores will become the curse of your nation; they are low and degraded, held under the power of priestcraft and will gnaw and gnaw until they reach the core of your nation, then they will destroy it. It is time the Protestants, Spiritualists and progressive peo-

ple look to it; men seeking office will do much to gain votes; they do not care what becomes of the nation after they are through with it. Such is the line that politicians are walking on today. You are filling your offices with men that are after the filthy lucre instead of the benefit they and their party can be to the nation.

The mother church is weaving her web and all the meshes of that web are filled up by the power of the Roman church. I once more warn the nation to beware.

May the great power give equality to women on all occasions, for women, when educated and cultured, have more honor in their souls than men. If the nation shall be saved from the wrath of the mother church, it will be through women, not men.

May the angels of spirit existence bless every mother of a household to shun that rotten viper, the Catholic church, for she is the curse of all nations where she plants her rotten seeds.

It was the desire of my professional sisters and brothers that I should give to you today some of the experiences that I personally had with priestcraft and its curse. You who live in physical bodies on the earth cannot understand that condition. We are held under a power of obsession that is thrown upon us by the leading lights of priestcraft and the great power of the Catholic religion. Men and women who live in physical bodies who are sufficiently conceited to think we leave all religion, all errors that pertain to our physical bodies on earth behind as we have crossed the divide, thinking that our spirits will revel in heavenly bliss; poor, vain fools, it is then we take up the hard work of life, paying the penalty for past crimes committed while living in a physical body. It is then that spirits can behold the beauty of a moral life, had they but lived it when on your earth plane.

The joy and freedom felt by those who have been released from their past errors is beyond description. When the soul is free from all that held it down, it is beautiful to look at that spirit wherein the soul has become purified. That great power in nature that gives every man and woman a chance to pay the penalty for past crimes is the true God, unified in all life, the sentinel of the soul that guides and directs you to reach the blissful planes where only that which is pure can live.

Now I will take up some of your medium's life. First allow me to explain. When I was quite a lad I worked in a tobacco factory; in company with many other boys I stripped tobacco. The name of the proprietor of the factory was Jacob Van Pelt, of Dutch descent, and one of the old Knickerbockers of New York. During the dinner hour he allowed us boys the pleasure of reciting some scenes from plays that we had witnessed at the old Bowery Theatre, the first theatre that was burned down. We had wooden swords and many other properties, and acted out many of the tragic scenes to his delight and the other men of the factory. Quite frequently he would come to me, hand me a shilling and say, "Conley, there's a new play at the Bowery this week; go and see what you can learn from it." Another boy by the name of William Wallace McGowan and myself were the leading actors on those occasions. He played the tragic parts, while I assumed the comedian's role. Both he and I entered the theatre as supernumeraries—or citizens if you choose to call them so. We entered the porthole, worked hard and came out the cabin door. He took the name of Jordan, while I took that of Florence. In young manhood he passed to spirit life. When he made the discovery that I had passed over the divide his whole ambition was to get me out from under that Catholic power. With the assistance of Charlotte Cushman and her band he accomplished it, thanks to the good angel spirits; they have saved and redeemed me from the power of priestcraft.

One day while sitting on the deck of a Hudson River boat in company with Dolly Davenport and G. W. Jones, a prominent Bowery actor, and Fanny Herron, a little bit of a chap, who looked like a child and yet had the speech of a grown person, came toward the group. Dolly Davenport said, "Here comes Forrest's little witch; he's got that witch look on his face; let us hear what he has to say." He came and laid his little hand in mine, looked up in my face and laughed, saying, "Conley, let's rehearse that scene over again. I didn't get in my best points then." A kind of a little shiver went over me. I said, "Who is this that's talking to me?" The voice laughed and said, "Have you forgotten so soon your old chum McGowan?" I felt a little sick then and pushed the Little One away, saying,

"Begone, you imp of the devil, that can raise the dead. May the curse of the holy church fall on you." I pushed him with such violence that he fell to the deck and cut the back of his head. Fannie Herron sprang to his assistance, at the same time saying, "Florence, you brute, look what you have done." She placed her handkerchief to the back of his head to staunch the blood. Just then a military gentleman stepped up and said, "Who has been the cause of this?" I said, "It was me, sir; he is an imp of the devil and can call up the dead. He should not be allowed to live, so my religion says." He gave me a wicked look and said, "Damn your religion; you shall answer for this to me." He picked up the Little One, carrying him off in his arms, at the same time thanking Miss Herron. A number of people looked down on me with frowns. A military man came up and said, "You dog of an actor, why did you hurt that Little One; how dare you lay a hand upon him; if his guardian does not make you come to time, I will; remember—I will." That night in Albany after the performance was over someone stepped out of an alley, dragged me into the alley and almost choked me to death. After that I received the worst beating I ever had in my life. I was thrown into all the filth of the dirty alley. Next morning I made the discovery I had two black eyes, my nose was swollen to such a size I thought it must have been double in weight, I had a pain in my breast, one in my bowels and another in my thigh, where some man used his boot quite freely. My clothes were torn, and in general I was fit to be exhibited in a dime museum, if they'd had such a place and it was in running order in those days. In spirit life General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, politely told me he dressed my jacket on that occasion; he wanted to see that it fitted me well in after life, and I must admit that it did. That little imp—as I termed him—was playing at Barnum's Museum. I, with other friends, was sitting where we could get a good view of the stage. The Little One came on dressed as a little dude; a shiver passed over my body when he commenced to sing, "I'm Always Gay and Free, Boys." I thought his friend handled me a little too free for pleasure. Looking back of me I beheld the two military men that had introduced themselves to me on the boat. After the performance was over I climbed up on the stage and went

out the back entrance. As I passed by Little Puss he said, "How do you do, Mr. Florence?" I stepped quite lively toward the stage door. We will continue at another time.

Monday, September 4, 1905, 2 p.m.

Good afternoon. I would have come this morning, but I knew there was a bath to be taken.

Now, sir, you see what a brute a credulous man can make of himself for the sake of religion, a cursed religion that has been the cause of many crimes.

The next time I met Little Puss was at a Dramatic Banquet given in honor of Sullivan, the English tragedian, before he left for England. At that banquet Puss and I got on speaking terms and became quite friendly. I learned to love the Little One as a father would love his child. I begged his pardon for what I did on the boat. His loving nature forgave me and our friendship was sealed for all time. He told me he played the fool in *King Lear* for Mr. Sullivan and danced between the acts. I said, "Puss, you are so small for such a part." He said, "The lady that was to play the part was taken sick." Mr. Sullivan taught him the lines, that is, he read them to him on a Sunday; in one hour the Little One said he was letter perfect. At the end of the week, besides his salary, Mr. Sullivan presented him with a twenty dollar gold piece. Four weeks afterward they produced *King Lear* again. Mr. Sullivan had the Little One play the fool. I heard Mr. Sullivan say to Mr. Conway and Edwin Booth that the Little One was the superior Fool of any one he ever had play the part. Instead of leaning on the Fool's shoulder he used a large staff and the Little One led him by the hand through the forest. When the lines were spoken, "Who goes there?" the Little One says, "A wise man and a fool." Mr. Sullivan said the Little One spoke those lines so emphatically he got big applause every night. "When we sat down on the bank he sang that beautiful piece of music, 'Dreaming, Only Dreaming.' Then I wanted him to belong to me, soul and body." Mr. Sullivan tried to steal the Little One and take him to England with him. Mr. Warren kept an eagle eye on him and it was a failure.

The next time I met Little Puss he was playing for E. L.

Davenport's benefit. He played in a little farce with Billy Burton, called "The Sleepwalker." In the farce he represented three different characters. After the performance was over there was a nice little lunch served in the green room and I was one of the guests. I asked him where his father was. He said he had gone to Albany. I walked with him to the hotel. When leaving and bidding him good-night I took a ring off my little finger and placed it on his thumb.

The next time I met him Joseph Jefferson, Dolly Davenport and E. N. Sothern gave a reception to a few professional brothers at the New York Hotel on Broadway. He and his father were among the guests. The guests passed a pleasant evening. Joseph Jefferson said, "Puss, come and sit on my lap; perhaps the spirits will have something for us tonight." Mr. Warren said, "Puss, go and sit on Mr. Jefferson's lap and help to make it pleasant for the company." Mr. Warren led off, singing a beautiful hymn, in which most of the guests joined in. After the singing was over and all was quiet a deep, rich voice spoke and said, "Joe, you're going to travel considerable. You're going to England, Scotland, Ireland and Australia." Joe seemed to recognize the voice, for he said, "All right, father, I felt when I saw Little Puss enter the room there was something that I should hear tonight." The voice said to Dolly Davenport, "You will also go to Australia." Then the voice laughed very loud and Puss acted as if he was smoking a pipe. In about two minutes the voice said, "Sothern, you're going to become a regular dude—that is, Laura Keane is going to produce a play. Your character and the conception you will have of it will make your name, for you will become famous as Lord Dundreary in 'Our American Cousin.'" That is the first time that I ever heard the name of the play. I do not think Laura Keane had learned of the play yet, herself. We commenced to laugh and said, "Sothern, when you get to be Lord, don't forget us poor sinners—throw us a mutton bone once in awhile." Puss got down off Jefferson's lap, walked over to me and said, "You're going to England, and you're going to do well, too." As he was walking away he threw out his foot behind and gave me a severe kick on the leg, saying, "That will settle old scores." I told him I thought I'd paid for that already. The voice laughed and

said, "William, my boy, your religion don't amount to shucks where I am." I said, "You must be in hell, then, for the Catholic religion leads to Heaven." The voice laughed again in a boisterous manner, then said, "The Heaven of superannuated religious fools, and the world is filled with them." That made me angry. I told the voice he was only fit for hell when he'd make such a remark about the Catholic religion. He said, "Oh, bosh—you Irish Catholics in combination with the Spanish and Italians, are the worst dupes on the face of the earth." I left the room. That was more than I could stand. When I left my body I passed from it a full fledged Catholic, believing in all the rites of that church.

I thank you for taking down my communication. If they will permit me, sometime I will give you some of my spiritual experiences. Give my love to Little Justin. Good day. William Florence.

Monday, October 16, 1905.

Good morning, friend Hulburd. I have permission to hold converse with you. I promised you if the guides would allow me I would acquaint you with a fact that in spirit life we pass through a condition called experience.

The experiences we received in earth life are many, the phases are various. Here in spirit life the demonstrations are so positive there is no escape from them.

When I had escaped from the fangs of those wily priests I felt as if all would be beautiful. There is where I made a great mistake. When I was off my guard I was surrounded by Catholic fiends and dragged back into the folds of popery. Popery has a great power here in spirit life. They built a wall around me of Catholic influence. I thought it was impossible to ever be released from that condition. With all their strong hold and priestcraft they were off their guard one day when Charlotte Cushman and a large band of spirits crossed their line, seized hold of me and dragged me back again into the light of the glorious sun. That was a happy moment for me. I praised God for the great spirit power that had released me from bondage and that dreadful cell of darkness in which I was held by popish power. Edwin Forrest addressed me, saying, "See to it that you remain in our midst until you have gained suffi-

cient spiritual power to become your own defender against those hounds of popery. You see here, dear brother, in spirit life the Catholic octopus has its fangs reaching out in all directions; no one is safe from its clutches until they have received a high manifestation of spirit power that will surround them with a sheath of Truth that has power to protect them on all occasions." Charlotte Cushman, addressing me, said, "Brother, you will become one of our guests until you receive that great spiritual talisman called the Law of Reason. When you have become acquainted with its ministrations Wisdom will enter your soul; that is the beneficent law of Love and Light whereby your inner sense is opened up to our glorious realm of spiritual education. You will remain with us until you have learned the lesson of deification. God is deified in all nature. The great principle of electricity is Life unified in all souls of male and female alike. All conditions that are brought to bear before you teaches man and woman they are deified in the law of Truth." (Rap.)

After a time we heard a beautiful trumpet or bugle, when Charlotte Cushman said, "That is our summons to enter the pavilion; that beautiful spirit, Gladstone, assisted by Queen Victoria, will convey to our minds their spiritual experiences since coming here to our side of life."

When we had reached the pavilion a great assembly had met there to listen to those spiritual experiences. A grand chorus of voices sang a beautiful piece of music, after which Queen Victoria arose, stepped to the front of the rostrum and said, "My beloved sisters and brothers, you expect to hear a confession from a woman that held considerable power while living in a physical body; that power waned and passed from me at the door called death. As I awoke on the spirit side of life I realized that I had passed through the dark passage and was greatly surprised to look upon many men and women that I called my subjects while living on earth. They smiled upon me and I knew I was with friends. If I had been a queen in the physical body, yet I had a heart and soul that told me I was only like one of them—it was only through birth that I had gained a superior station; we were all children of God. As far as my nature would permit me I loved them as sisters and brothers.

You see here, and understand, that I am only an humble spirit like one of yourselves, shorn of all my queenly power. I am glad I was a queen when living in the physical body; through that power I assisted my own sex to positions of honor. I demanded that they should have many rights otherwise not given to them until I filled the position of a queen, therefore I have no regrets that I stood in that station in the mundane sphere. Many an old woman and man has blessed my name for the few pence I had bestowed upon them. I loved my nation that gave me birth—happy England—I loved my subjects and tried to do all for them that lay in my power. You must understand a queen on earth can go so far and no further. One day my senses were opened up to a higher light of intellect through the shock I received from my brother Gladstone. He made a request and said it must be complied with. I acquainted him with the fact that he was talking to the Queen of England. He said ‘it was the people’s command that I should do it, and he was the people, as he represented them.’ I made the discovery then and there a queen’s power was not what it is thought to be. He enlightened my mind with a little common sense, for which I thanked him afterward; the glamour that surrounded me broke up and I felt I was only a plain child of God’s, after all. This, my sisters and brothers, is my confession. I have no regrets that I held the position I did; I feel it was a benefit to many and now here in the midst of this great spiritual light I proclaim to you all, which you see and understand, that it has been plain little Victoria that addressed you on this occasion.” Then she resumed her seat, after which the chorus sang again.

Then brother Gladstone stepped to the front of the rostrum, smiled at the people and said, “Thou glorious multitude of infinite spirit power, thou light of all that is Love and Beauty, that which lobe cells held in the brain has been released on this occasion, thy senses are opened to take in that great power of elevation, the simplicity and beautiful expression of the Infinite is sparkling in every eye of this multitude of spiritual souls; thou must understand that the soul is in constant subjection to that higher power called Infinitude. A plain, humble brother stands in your presence today; one who while living in a physical body had the advantage of a good education—after all only a

book education. Through my Scotch ancestry and the force of power that I held manifested in me a great will power which led me on to position and fortune. My spirit mate—she that was also my earth mate while living in a physical realm—assisted me on many occasions to unravel a puzzling problem; it was she that held the spiritual condition in our home. She was a queen to me while living on earth—here she is the great embodiment of spirituality in all my walks of our present existence. While a boy in my physical body I dreamed of power and how to gain it. With my persevering nature I attained that which was my great desire, to become the Premier of Great Britain. I prayed for Wisdom and the angels must have answered my prayer. That which I did was through my truest sense; if I erred and made mistakes it was when I disobeyed to follow the line that my guides had laid out for me. My sister, Victoria, was the first to give me the true light of Spiritualism; it was her desire that I should witness some of the wonderful manifestations produced through her medium. Those manifestations revealed to me there was a power in life called Immortality. I then discovered the eternal part of men and women's human existence; attached to it was a vocabulary of thought, from that thought I gleaned Inspiration that mental mind was the master of matter. I prepared my mind for a high development of spiritual inspiration; in time, to my great delight, it furnished me compound interest. The last of my physical days with my spirit mate we lived in a realm of spiritual delight, unfolding to our children a manifestation of spirit power through the law of Love.

"They called me 'The Grand Old Man.' It was more fitting that I should be called the 'Young Man of Progress,' that loved nature's God and all its laws pertaining thereto. Today I feel that I am only a pupil learning to understand that great power called 'Divinity,' which heals all sorrow, binds them up in the web of Time whose fragile fabric is Sensation, Immolation and Truth, the greatest religion of them all. I think it is the duty of a male influence to honor that of a female. My sister Victoria was a queen, an honored woman, one that loved the human race, and greater still, she was a true woman, an honored mother, fulfilling the duty of an everlasting spirit in life.

I am now, as you see, one of yourselves, trying to grow and to grasp that infinitude which we are all seeking after. When I look upon your faces I know that God is in his Holy Temple; your soul expression tells me that, the rays of Truth emanating from your mind is my diploma. This is my confession, the matriculation of its worth and value I leave with you loved ones." Then he sat down. The whole multitude sang a piece of music called "We are Nearer and Nearer to the Divine."

I returned to the home of my friends a wiser spirit than I had been previous to that time. While sitting at the table and partaking of a spiritual meal I was addressed by one that had held the presidential chair, President Harrison. He said, "You see, brother William, all men and women are free and equal; their equality is governed by the spiritual intellect of their mind, no matter what position or power they held in the physical body goes for naught here; it is the outworking and building up of soul's love, that which you give unto your sister and brother is a manifestation of peace and vitality unto their welfare of Spirituality. All are mind readers here, of which you have been convinced; see to it that your thoughts originate from the highest part of your nature. All life is a sea, look upon it as you will, the waves come back to the beach, bringing with them pearls of elevation. Each pearl holds a manifestation of that which you were, producing to you a sensibility whereby you have discovered it was a monitor in your past life; after that brighter gems await you, thrown up by the wave on the beach. Those gems are creations that will lead you on to the true spark of mentality held in the power of the highest aspiration of Love waiting for your electric motion to group it; that is life, it is in your own power, dear brother, to grasp it sometime, through which you can bless the whole human race, as you have been one of them."

After the meal many of us walked out into the beautiful park. Mr. Colby, once known as an editor of the "Banner of Light," said, "Friends, look yonder at that black cloud passing along in space; that black cloud is filled with Catholic pirates; they are looking to see whom they can devour and drag back into the fold of Catholicism." I said to brother Colby, "Is it possible that God allows them such power?" Brother Colby

said, "You do not understand God yet, or what God means. God is no personal being. God is a Universal Power and allows his creatures to use their will power. For illustration, if those pirates in that black cloud have greater will power than we, some of them can drag you from out our midst, as your whole earth life was passed in the Catholic church. You passed from your body in the physical form strong in the Catholic faith; they think it is theirs by right to own your soul. See to it that all your will power is brought to bear; surround yourself with a shield of Truth and we will do the rest.' I did as commanded; many of the spirits present surrounded me and brought their will power to bear. As the black cloud came floating along we could hear them singing their Catholic music. As the cloud came right over us we could see them look down upon us with a fiendish look in their eyes. All of a sudden we heard a great shout of exultation when they discovered my presence among the other spirits. The cloud commenced to form into a funnel shape, the long end toward our group, and as they were about to accomplish their cruel act of taking me out of the midst of my friends a great band of beautiful spirits approached our group, singing their beautiful music. When they discovered that black funnel-shaped cloud they attacked it from all sides; their will power being greater and their spirituality purer, they scattered in all directions. We could hear the yells of those fiendish demons as they passed into space. Our souls sang with joy. I sang with such a power as I never sang before. I received a command to follow a large group of spirits and remain with them for some time until I had thoroughly fortified myself with higher spiritual power. It came in time and those dark Catholic spirits could not approach my condition. You see, brother, from the information I have given to you and the picture that I have portrayed, the power of Popery is as revengeful here as it is on earth. They cannot grasp and own landed estates, as they do on earth, but they can grasp souls and hold them in bondage until released by a greater power than theirs. Such has been my spiritual experiences.

I thank you for taking down my communication and leave my love for Little Justin. He was released when he landed on the shores of that great republic—America. The spirits had a

work for him to do and he was constantly under their supervision. He saw many ups and downs in life; it was required for his physical education. Coming from the lap of luxury he became a stranger in a strange land, as it seemed to the people. They did not understand him or his queer ways. The spirit did, that controlled his actions. There was a work laid out for him to do, that is why the spirits introduced him to the stage until the proper time should arrive. You know the rest. Your friend for Truth, William Florence.

John Mitchell

Chapter XV

Monday, September 18, 1905.

Good morning, beloved brother in the cause of Truth. Do you know that I had the audacity and conceit to enter Searchlight Bower this morning, thinking there might be a possibility of me giving a communication for your book.

A band of spirits wherein I am numbered as one of them, made a request that I should come here and tell you somewhat of the Little One's life.

I was well acquainted with him while living in the physical body. My family gave him the name of "Petite Justin," he was so small and fragile then for his age; he did not weigh quite seventy pounds and mother called him "Petite Justin." When living in a physical body I looked upon him as a strange creature; he'd look into your eyes as if reading your mind, then he would smile. In that smile it seemed to me one's fate was understood by him. His guardian took good care of him on all occasions.

One day while walking through Fairmount Park with my twin brother, we met Little Justin and his guardian. I handed his guardian a cigar and said, "Let us go down by the river and smoke." While sitting on the bank of the river smoking, Little Justin walked in among the trees. All of a sudden we heard him laughing. After that we heard him call the flowers pretty names. His guardian said, "My Little One laughs so hearty because he has found a new flower and will give it a name." We paid no more attention to him for some time, when we heard him laugh again; he'd stop for a minute or two and sing a verse of a song. His guardian said, "I guess I'll have to look after him; he is going too far into the timber and may get

lost." We went a little ways under the trees, when he returned to us, saying, "Come, gentlemen, I want to show you a pretty sight; walk gently and slow." We did as he requested. After we had walked into the woods a little ways we beheld a beautiful picture—so I would call it. There was Little Justin sitting on the ground with his lap full of wild flowers. A fawn stood alongside of him; he had formed a wreath of wild flowers and placed it around the fawn's neck; he was braiding a chain of flowers. We watched him until he had finished, then he placed the chain of flowers around the fawn's body, after which he kissed the fawn, rubbing his cheek up against the fawn's cheek; in the background stood the mother doe looking on. When she discovered us she made a peculiar noise and ran through the bushes with the little fawn following her. Little Justin rested upon his knees, throwing kisses after them, crying out, "Pet, I may come another day," then he picked up his wild flowers, carrying them in his arms to where we stood. His guardian said, "The animals don't seem to be afraid of him, nor he of them." I said to him when he approached us, "Where have you been?" He replied, "Gathering flowers for papa. You two gentlemen may have some if you wish." His guardian said, "Puss, what little fawn was that you were decorating with flowers?" He said, "It belongs to its mother and she loves it dearly. I named the fawn 'Bright Star.'" His guardian said, "Do you think the mother understood the name?" He said, "I do not know, papa, but I know one thing; they have minds and can think. Some day I will come again and perhaps they will come to me." He said, "Look at those two men in that boat on the river. One of them will be drowned soon." I said, "How do you know?" He looked at me with a peculiar look in his eyes and said, "I feel it." We all walked toward the bank of the river and sat down, he presenting each one of us with some of his flowers. The boat passed out of sight. Then he said to his guardian, "Papa, I am tired and want to go to sleep." Mr. Warren said, "Lie down and put your head on my lap." He did so. We thought he was fast asleep, when he jumped up all of a sudden, crying out, "Oh, papa, he's drowned." My brother said, "Who's drowned?" He cried out, "One of the men in the boat. The other one struck him on the head, then threw him

into the water." After that he laid down and went to sleep. My brother said, "What a strange creature he is. Warren, I should think you'd be afraid to live with him." Mr. Warren said, "He is strange, I admit, yet I understand him and love him dearer than my own life. He lives between two worlds, that which you call the spirit world and this earth planet. I could not live without him. He came to me in a peculiar way; like a beautiful bird he sang for me sweet songs; a feeling came over me stranger than anything I ever felt in life. I clasped him to my breast and said, 'You are mine.' He placed his little hand inside my vest and went to sleep as you see him now. I have children many, none I love like this child. I call him the sunbeam of my heart, and would kill anyone that would harm him. It may be a mad love, yet it is so. Before I met this Little One I lived a reckless life, squandered much money on women and wine; his loving nature has reformed me. I could not live with anyone else. He is a treasure sent to me by some good angel. During the civil war he caused me much sorrow, passing between both lines. I did not understand it as I should have done. He was under the care of a spirit power. All of his actions came under the direction of that spirit power. When the war was over and the army mustered out I once more became a happy man. We returned to our home, for which I thank the good angels, as we now live in peace and comfort. I have to come twice a week to this wild part of the park, for it is here he revels in nature's love. When a little child he was cradled in the wild mountains of Scotland. To many he seems wild and strange; to me he is gentleness itself. His whole nature is that of Love, but when aroused to passion he becomes a demon and seems to lose all control of his temper; in that state all I have to do is to lay my hands on his head. He calms down and becomes gentle again like the little fawn you saw him decorating with the wild flowers. Quite frequently in the theatres they arouse his temper, then his passion becomes terrific; they send for me, I place my hands on his head and he comes out from under that condition and goes to sleep." We lit fresh cigars and smoked in silence for as much as a quarter of an hour. The Little One awoke and said, "Papa, we must go home; there is a man there that wants to see you; he has come from England

and you must see him." We walked to where we could find a Park coach, returned to the city. Mr. Warren said, "Gentlemen, come and take dinner with me." We accepted in all kindness.

When we arrived at their home the lady of the house was entertaining a gentleman in the parlor. As we stepped to the parlor door Little Justin commenced to laugh, ran over and threw himself in the man's arms, saying, "Oh, Uncle Kennedy, is it you, all the way from Liverpool?" Mr. Warren shook hands, then introduced us; we were already acquainted with the lady of the house—Madame Dorio.

Mr. Kennedy said, "Brother Warren, I had some business in America. I came to Philadelphia to see if you and the Little One would not return with me to England; after he has played a two months' engagement then he will pass over into France on a visit to some relations I have living there. You know the Little One likes Nice. We will make that place a visit and from there we will go to that great gambling den; thence we will return to Bordeaux, visit a little while, cross the channel to England; then I will play him in London for four weeks in Aladdin; from there we will go to Birmingham, back to Liverpool for four weeks, then you can return to America for the following fall season." The Little One said, "Uncle Kennedy, we can't go back to Liverpool by that steamer that you're booked for. She's going to have trouble. You will have to wait for the next steamer."

The bell rang for dinner. We went to Mr. Warren's room, brushed up and prepared to enter the dining room. After dinner Mr. Warren signed a contract for the Little One. In two weeks after that they sailed for England. Brother and I accompanied them to the steamer, bidding them farewell.

When they returned to America Mr. Warren thought the Little One should take a rest. With some friends Mr. Warren and the Little One, my father and mother, brother Henry and myself, camped on the banks of the Brandywine for four weeks. While there one evening at dinner the Little One said to my mother, "You must return home." Mother said, "Tonight?" He said, "Yes, tonight; Isabel has a bad fever and requires your care. If you do not go at once she may not live over another

day." We hitched up; father, mother, brother Henry and myself returned to Philadelphia. There we found sister Belle under the influence of a raging fever. They had a doctor, but mother was still a great doctor. She applied her motherly remedies, checked the fever somewhat and quieted sister. I think she would not have lived if mother had not returned. After that mother would not go on a camping trip without the whole family accompanied her.

After Mr. Warren and Little Justin returned the Little One commenced his fall engagement, which was of short duration. A misunderstanding came up between Mr. Warren and the manager. Mr. Warren and the Little One went to Atlantic City to rest. While there the Little One was presented with a deed to a cottage by a wealthy gentleman of Philadelphia. After remaining there about six weeks, a company was started under the name of Warren & Clifford's Broadway Company. Brother Henry became one of the members of the company. While the company was traveling brother Henry and I corresponded, he telling me of many predictions the Little One made. When they returned, at the end of the season, brother and I received an invitation to accompany them to Atlantic City. There we found a pleasant home and a great many guests were received into that home during our visit.

Now I have related to you some of your little medium's life that came under my observation and acquaintance with him while in the physical body.

Possibly you would like to hear some of my spiritual experience after crossing the divide. I passed over two years before my brother Henry. While passing from my physical body I suffered no pain whatever, as I was what you call an old man. I had lived 99 years, 3 months, 4 days and 2 hours in that physical body.

When my eyes opened on the spirit side of life I was pleased to meet many of my old friends. Their greeting was cordial and I was happy to know that I was with them at last. While living in the physical body I understood and realized that spirit return was a bonafide fact in life. After passing through the dark shadow called death I received my new baptism in the new birth with a great deal of joy and pleasure. The friends

led me to their home, which was a beautiful one; it was a perfect home in every way that you would look at it. It was all covered with flowering vines and running roses, surrounded with beds of flowers whose tints were beautiful and glistened in the sunlight. When I entered the home a feeling came over me that I was inside a bower of beauty whose luxuriance was great. The home was the dwelling place of two beautiful spirits—my loving mother and father. It seemed to me as if everything was perfect; my mother was a woman who controlled a faculty of order. I rejoiced at the spiritual power and influence of Harmony in that dwelling. I said, "Oh, mother and father, this must be the abode of Love. Angels visit here, do they not?" Mother smiled and said, "Yes, we have received a visit from one today in the person of our beloved son, John Mitchell." They placed me between them on a beautiful rustic sofa that had a cloth of blue and gold thrown over it, each of them held one of my hands; father said, "My son, you see this is the abode of peace here in spirit life, as our home was the abode of peace on earth; we receive in this home visits from ministering angels; that is why we are so happy, and you shall be happy, too." Just then two brothers and three sisters entered the home, carrying beautiful flowers; they came and laid them at our feet, saying, "These flowers are our gifts to you, brother; they are the emblems of Purity, Love and Morality; they bring the odors of peace which your soul can enjoy. You always loved peace on earth and here you shall find it in our spirit home." Then they sang a beautiful piece of music. While they were singing a violin and bow was placed in my hands. I commenced to play, for I was somewhat a master of that instrument while living in the physical body. After I had stopped playing and looked at the instrument I cried aloud with joy, "This is my own instrument that I had while living in a physical body." I said, "Dear mother and father, can't you see this is the same violin that I used to play on for you when you lived on earth?" My father smiled and said, "My dear son, that is an emblem of the one you had while living in a physical body. It has been created here for you with all the semblance of the one you loved so dear on earth; the other is in the possession of your brother still living in a physical body. We knew it would cause a great rejoicing in your soul to repro-

duce the emblem of that violin here for you in spirit life." I looked at them all and gratefully bowed to submission of their spirit power, thanking them with all the love that was in my nature. They conducted me through a beautiful passage that led into a large room most gorgeously decorated with flowers. In the centre of the room stood a large table; upon it were fruits and flowers. Mother said, "This, my dear son, has been arranged for your spiritual reception. You see in the centre is a bank of flowers, while around the outer edges of the table is garnished with spiritual fruits. Let us partake of them, my beloved son, at the same time rejoicing you have come in our midst and as of old we shall feel the great power of Love is good with another added child in our spiritual home."

After we had partaken of the delicious fruits we adjourned to another large room where there were harps and other musical instruments. There I found my violin again. Many guests had assembled to welcome me and listen to our music. We were a musical family while living on earth. We played for the benefit of the guests, not out of vanity. Our love was great for music and it was our desire that others should enjoy it. We played and sang. Mother's rich young voice had come back to her again and that filled my soul with joy, for I loved to hear mother sing when she lived in the physical body. A tall, fatherly looking man said, "Friends, let us adjourn to the open air; in the presence of the great Prince of Peace called Love unified in all souls, I will address you on the question, 'It is our duty to help others; and why it is our duty.'"

When we had assembled in the open air he stood on a dais that all might see him. He spoke with a rich, full voice of Love. He said, "Loved ones, we are all of one atom, a creation of Sunlight; just as you behold the sunbeams you behold in us the same principle or reflection from that great light in nature; the mother womb of the sun gives birth to many atoms, those atoms are the creations of the different races on earth; as we have all had an earth experience that atom has been beautified through all the fibres of sunlight. We are the fibres and our expressions are the manifold conditions of the atom. Original through the origin of life that atom must have been a tiny speck in that sun's creation. I do not mean the little suns that are visible to each

planet. I mean the great sun that gave light to God's universe. I mean by the word God the leading principles in our Nature, such as thought, mental action, inspiration, elevation and creation of mind. We do create, friends—as we are part of that atom, every atom has a creative principle by which it lends aid to different planets. We that once lived on the earth planet were created in the mother's womb; the great female power that lodged in that atom gave forth tiny sparks; those sparks were engendered into a creative principle or power called woman; that woman became the mother of us individualized beings, a system or vacuum filled with the spirit of creation called the womb, where the infant life should be cradled for a certain time.

“On the earth planet they have many phases of religion. One called the Christian religion, in which it is taught to the mental mind, man was created of dust and from him was taken a rib to form a woman; the diabolical lie took root and became a faith and a belief, that atom to which we belong and are constantly held in the web of progenitorship being only a tiny spark of the great sun of Life; it was cast in a female mold, that mold was surrounded by a power of spiritual growth through which a strong male element was produced to accompany that female mold through life. We of the male gender are the surrounding influence, while that mold, being of the female gender, became the strongest power on the earth planet, having more of the spirit of Love in its realm gave way to the egotistical idea of the male principle, henceforth the male asserted that power that it had gained from the godlike and submissive condition of the female element; that is why you find here in spirit existence the female nature is the leader in all things. In the physical condition the power of Love works throughout the mother nature; the man or male nature is the grossest fibre in the web of that atom. Nature had given to that atom the power of life, this is why you find the division so marked between the two natures (rap); that atom as it expanded in nature became glorified in the sunlight of Truth. Here in our spirit existence we have been baptized in that glory of Truth which is eternal; it became so through the manifestation of Nature's growth. Now that we understand that great principle of Truth let us lend our aid to all those we come en rapport with to glorify their condition that they, too, may un-

derstand they first had birth in an atom and through the expansion and workings of that mighty sunlight they can realize today they are spiritual creatures. We know nothing of the beginning or end of Life. All we know and realize, it is a great exalted divinity in nature, was formed and fashioned through a natural law that has expanded through the whole universe; in emanating through a force of spiritual action it carried with it a power called the foetus that seems to be of eternal life. If that great sun that holds the female and male element and is the parent of planetary suns within this great sun rest, eternal life, then we are eternal that had no beginning and shall know no end. Out of that sun came the atom from which we have taken life. When an atom is thrust out from the great sun into space it collects conditions consisting of gases and ethers which forms an expansion to that atom, then it, too, becomes a creator, fed by the great power of that great Sunlight. It never returns again to its original condition, as it has become conscious of its own power; then if that great sun must be the creator, constantly throwing off power to feed the growth of other planets, through that great power we have become immortal and shall know no death, only life eternal." John Mitchell.

Henry Mitchell

Chapter XVI

Wednesday, September 20, 1905.

Good morning, brother, that lives in the realm of Truth. He that loves Truth shall have immortal life. You live above the paltry fads and fashions of an earth life.

I have taken the permission to enter Searchlight Bower this morning and finish the communication my brother John commenced. Life, you must understand, is a long span, outliving the gross matter of the human form, therefore there may be possibility that I may reach a point of the communication called "finis," or finish.

Brother John looked upon this earth plane—or perhaps the face of the nurse—two hours before I did. My old Scotch granny said he was the ouldest laddie of the two. He preceded me by two hours. We were what the world calls twins, John and Harry Mitchell; our beloved mother's name was Sarah Mitchell; our happy and loving father bore the name of John Mitchell.

In my brother's communication he did not tell you what became of the body of the drowned man. It was his desire that I should give you an explanation of the crime committed in the boat. The men were brothers, William and George Morgan, sons of Morgan the manufacturer. They both loved the same girl. She gave her heart and hand to the youngest one. In a month from the time he was drowned they were to be married. In some way the oldest brother discovered the facts in the case; it enraged him so much that his reason became affected by the condition of the case. He placed a piece of iron in the bottom of the boat, afterward inviting his brother to enter the boat and allow it to glide down the river while they talked over the condition of the coming marriage. The oldest brother said, "Henry,

I want you to be kind to Lucy, for I love her, too; if I thought you would be cruel to her I would kill you." Suiting the action to the word he raised a bar of iron and struck his brother a blow on the head. He threw the iron bar into the river; afterward he threw the body of his brother in also, jumped into the river and swam to the shore; he disappeared, no one knowing where he was to be found. Three days after the crime was committed the body of the youngest brother was found floating on the river. The oldest brother reached Havana, Cuba, where he lived for six years. One night in a brawl he was stabbed by a Spaniard; they removed him to a hospital, where he lived three weeks and then died. Before death came he sent for a priest to confess his sins and prepare for death. He requested the priest to send a message to his father, telling his parents that he, William Morgan, had murdered his youngest brother in the boat and threw his body into the river. "I hope you will both forgive me, as I have made my peace with God and prepared for death in the faith of the true Catholic church. I know the mother of God will plead with her son, Holy Jesus Christ, the Savior of the World" poor, deluded fool, a murderer and a brute of the worst kind; four girls became his victims; they all bore him children. In a low, drunken brawl in Havana, a brother of another victim stabbed him, which took him across the divide to meet the true Savior of all mankind. She bears the name of Justice and he, in the presence of Justice, must pay the penalty for his crimes. The mother of Truth will see that those crimes are expiated for. Two months after the murder had been committed I married that same girl, Lucy, who was the cause of Cain killing Abel. I was not aware that she was the same woman until our child was born. Across the top of the head of our child was a red scar or mark. When the mother beheld that mark she screamed and said, "Oh, God, I am punished for being a flirt; look, look—my child bears the mark of Cain. There is where he that I thought I loved was struck across the head with the iron bar. I saw the gash across his head when the body was laid in the morgue. I flirted with the brothers, and other men too. You see my child has become the victim of my deception to mankind." She looked at me and said, "I do not love you; I lied when I told you so. I only married you for an accommodation to my purpose. You

are not the father of this child. He that was murdered was the sire and now I have received my punishment. Begone, you have served my purpose. I do not want to look upon you. They will call me Mrs. Mitchell." Then she produced a mocking laugh. I left the room and never looked upon her face again. The child grew up to be a man and murdered his mother. He struck her across the head where his father in the same place had been struck with the bar of iron.

You see, brother, there is a penalty for crimes committed on earth. Brother John and I were unfortunate in the selection of the women that became our wives. His wife deserted him for a railroad magnate. She became the mistress of that railroad man and one night, in a fit of jealousy, she cut his throat and her own too.

Brother and I lived on a farm in the state of Delaware with a little medium who made our lives happy. We became Quakers and were called "The Friends."

For over sixty years we lived in a Heaven on earth. We discovered the truth of Spiritualism and that made us happy. We lived for each other's love and held circles for the benefit of the Friends.

This, friend and brother, is the end of our communication, which I thank you for taking down. At some future time they say I will have the permission of returning, whereby I can give you some of my spiritual experience. Thanking you again for your patience, I leave my love for Little Justin. I knew him well. Good day. Henry Mitchell.

Robert Meldrum

Chapter XVII

October 17, 1905.

Good morning, friend. Here in Searchlight Bower is where the spirits deposit their letters and communications for future publication. I come here this morning at the request of Joseph Jefferson and other professional sisters and brothers to deposit a communication for your book. I will call it, "Stray Leaves in the Life of Little Justin." I was acquainted with him from childhood, away back in the days of long ago before I ever heard of Spiritualism or the Fox girls. I was then a member of a company that was playing at the old National Theatre on Chatham street, New York City.

One morning, at rehearsal, Mrs. Bradshaw walked on the stage leading a little child by the hand, which I thought was a little girl. The child was dressed in a plaid frock with a blue jacket on, a little velvet cap on its head such as a boy or girl could wear. She said to the manager, "This is the child that I spoke of." Mr. Purdy said, "It's such a wee thing," and commenced to run his hand through the long curls of the child. The child looked up at him with a vicious look and in a Scotch accent said, "If ye dinna let gae I'll kick ye." Mr. Purdy laughed and said, "My little friend, I'm the manager here." The little child said, "I dinna care; I nae yours." Mrs. Bradshaw said, "Mr. Purdy, hear him sing." I thought I did not understand when she said "him." I spoke to Miss Herron and said, "Why, it must be a little girl—look at that face and that beautiful head of hair." Just then the leader of the orchestra came upon the stage. Mr. Purdy spoke to him and said, "We have a little urchin here that Mrs. Bradshaw thinks can sing. Will you get your violin and let's try it." The leader went to his dressing

room and returned with his violin. He went up to the Little one and said, "Now, baby, what can you sing?" The little child said, "Maist anything." The leader said, "Can you sing 'The Last Rose of Summer?'" The child said, "Aye, I can that." Then Mr. Morris played the introduction to "The Last Rose of Summer." The child commenced to sing with all the courage and assurance of an old stager. Mr. Purdy leaned forward and looked at the child. After the child had finished singing Mr. Purdy said, "Good God, where does all that voice come from—it's such a wee creature?" I said to Miss Herron, "You see, it's a girl—it has a soprano voice." Mrs. Bradshaw said to the little child, "Dear, sing for them 'The Campbells are Coming.'" The child sang the song; at the same time his hands and feet were in constant motion. After he had finished the song Mr. Purdy said, "You move your feet like you could dance." The child said, "I can that." Mrs. Bradshaw said to the leader, "Play and he will dance the Highland Fling for you." Miss Herron then said, "Mrs. Bradshaw, why do you keep saying 'he' when it's a little girl with a beautiful voice?" Mrs. Bradshaw said, "It is supposed to be a boy."

The leader played and he danced the Highland Fling. When he had finished dancing Mr. Purdy caught him in his arms, saying, "Baby, baby, you were born for the stage and for your debut we will produce the 'Warlock of the Glen,' in which you shall sing and dance."

The play was produced for his opening night and he made a hit from the start. I played the villain in the piece. The whole cast was a good one for those days. They gave him the name of "La Petite Blanche."

I asked Mrs. Bradshaw where she found the child. She said, "An old Scotch woman claims to own him. They live on the same block that we do."

The piece had a big run on account of the child star. I became so infatuated with the child that I would take him home with me and have him live with my family for three and four days at a time.

When G. W. Jones came to the Bowery Theatre to star in Julius Caesar the Little One and myself became members of the Bowery Company, he playing the page and singing in the tent

to Brutus. After the play was taken off the stage the Little One and I returned to the National Theatre. They produced a new play, brought over from England, called "The Magic Ring." The Little One played the beautiful page, while I sustained the leading role. He was the feature of the piece. He was then ten years of age and looked from the front as if he were only five or six years old.

After the piece had had its run we returned to the Bowery Theatre and played in "The Shipwrecked Sailor." There is where Edwin Forrest first feasted his eyes on the Little One. On the following day I received a note from Mr. Forrest in which he said, "Meldrum, come and dine with me tomorrow; bring the little child actor with you, as I wish to talk with him and have him sing for me." I did as requested, accepted the invitation, taking the Little One with me. When we arrived at Mr. Forrest's apartments we found several guests had preceded us. Among those guests was Madame Ponisi, Mr. Conway, E. L. Davenport and John Brougham. Several others were present on that occasion. Mr. Forrest asked the Little One to come and sit on his lap and sing for the ladies and gentlemen. The Little One did so. When he had finished his song Mr. Forrest kissed him, saying, "My child, you have a sweet voice." The Little One then said, "Mister, don't you think that's worth a sixpence?" Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "Yes, two of them," taking his purse out of his pocket he gave the Little One a quarter. The Little One got down off his lap and said to me, "Come, Mel, we'll have some candy noo." Mr. Forrest said, "Oh, no, little dear, you're my guest for today. Pretty soon we will go to the dining room and partake of some dinner. You can get your candy later on." Madame Ponisi said, "Dear, won't you come and sit on my lap? I like children." He looked at her and said, "Ye hae a guid face. I mon kiss the guid mon first." He went over and kissed Mr. Forrest and I made the discovery that Mr. Forrest was loth to let him go. He went over and sat on Madame Ponisi's lap. She said, "You seem to like Mr. Forrest." The Little One said, "He's my uncle, noo," which made the guests present laugh. After awhile we adjourned to the dining room where we partook of a grand meal, provided by Mr. Forrest on the occasion of his birthday. It was the desire of Mr.

Forrest that the Little One should sit alongside of him at the table. I noticed that Mr. Forrest cut his turkey for him and devoted a good deal of his time to the Little One. Mrs. Jones said to me, "I believe Mr. Forrest is in love with that child."

After dinner Mr. Forrest said to me, "Meldrum, you and the Little One remain after the guests have left." We did so. Mr. Forrest made arrangements with us whereby we became members of his company. I said to Mr. Forrest, "Now I must leave in order to take a nap before my evening's work commences." Mr. Forrest said, "You leave the Little One with me and I will see that he gets a nap in order that he may be rested for the evening's work." I discovered then that Edwin Forrest was in love with Little Justin.

The next Monday coming we opened as members of Mr. Forrest's company at the old Chambers street theatre opposite the New York City Hall. Mr. Forrest's company played a month's engagement at that theatre, then we went on the road, playing at the principal towns and cities of the United States. Mr. Forrest undertook the task of trying to educate the Little One. He discovered it was a failure. There was an outside influence at work that prevented the Little One from becoming educated. Why, I could not tell then.

While playing in Baltimore, Md., one evening before the curtain went up Mr. Forrest came to my dressing room. He addressed me, saying, "Meldrum, the Little One is a strange creature. What do you think he did tonight?" I said, "I could not tell; he does so many strange things." Mr. Forrest said, "He came to my dressing room and demanded a pass for fourteen of his relatives. I said, 'Little One, I don't mind passing in one, two, or three of your relatives, but when it comes to fourteen, that's a little too much.' He said, 'Well, they're going in,' and left the dressing room. Mr. Harrison, the manager, has just acquainted me with the fact that there is sitting in the front row of reserved seats, fourteen boys. He went and spoke to them, saying, 'Where are your tickets for these reserved seats?' The boys replied, 'The kid passed us in.' The manager said, 'Well, boys, you'll have to get out of those reserved seats and go upstairs.' They said they wouldn't do it. The manager said, 'How did you come to get in here? I didn't see you pass in through

the main entrance.' One of them said, 'The kid brought us in at the stage door. We crossed the stage and helped him to hold back one end of the curtain. Then we passed through and jumped off the stage onto the floor; we took these seats and we are going to keep them. You will have to go and see the kid about it.' What do you think of that, Meldrum? What would you do with him? I can't afford to send him back to New York; he is too valuable to me." I said, "Well, Mr. Forrest, take the price of the seats out of his salary and perhaps that will put a stop to such business." He said to me, "Come to my apartments and take lunch with me tonight, then we will see what the Little One has to say for himself."

After the performance as I was leaving the stage door, there I saw the Little One in the midst of some boys. They were telling him he was the boss of the whole show and it wouldn't be worth a damn if it wasn't for him. One of the boys presented him with a pup dog. I said to him, "Justin, where is Mr. Forrest?" He said, "The old man is around at the box office. You know he has to look after the chink." I left. When I reached the corner of the street I met Mr. Forrest coming from the box office. We walked together to the hotel and went direct to Mr. Forrest's apartments.

While sitting there smoking and talking over matters the door opened and in walked the Little One with a pup dog in his arms. He said, "Uncle, I've got a present and I'm going to call him Edwin Forrest." Mr. Forrest said, "I can't have a dog with the company. You will have to return it to the person that gave it to you." He said, "Gee, that's just the way; a fellow can't own anything in this company. I'll put him out in the hall, then I'll think about it in the night." He put the pup into the hall, came back, laid down on the sofa, kicked up his heels and said, "You gents act as if you owned the whole town." He looked at Mr. Forrest and said, "Old man, you pretty near made a failure in that scene tonight. If it hadn't been for my support the whole thing would have gone to hell." Mr. Forrest winked at me and I turned my face to the wall to keep from laughing. Mr. Forrest said, "Come here, Little One, and stand between my legs. I want to talk to you on a serious matter. I want to have a thorough understanding of how you and I shall get along in

the future." The Little One went over and stood between his legs. Mr. Forrest held both of his little hands in his. The Little One looked up into Mr. Forrest's face and said, "Old man, you're at it again. Are you God?" Mr. Forrest said, "No, I am not God, but I want to be your friend. Now, the first question that I shall ask you is, Why did you not come to me this afternoon in order that I might hear your lesson?" The Little One said, "You gave me such a damn hard one today that I forgot how to say the words. Bob tickled the back of my neck like that," at the same time tickling Mr. Forrest's neck. "'Throw the book down,' he said, 'Go out and play with the kids.' I just had to do it." I said, "Who is Bob that got you to do such a mean thing as that?" Mr. Forrest said, "Bob is one of his relatives." I said, "Why do you allow him to come here to your room and interfere with his lessons?" Mr. Forrest said, "Because I can't keep him out." I said, "Lock the Little One in the room when you go out." Mr. Forrest said, "That would make no difference; he'd come anyhow; he's a spirit and you can't keep him out." "A spirit?" I said. "What kind of a spirit?" He said, "A denizen of the other world." Addressing the Little One he said, "How came it those fourteen boys occupied reserved seats down in front?" He looked up at Mr. Forrest and said, "Old man, they were there on credit." That was too much for me. I roared right out with laughter. Mr. Forrest became angry and said, "Little One, you and I will have to part. Some of your actions are beyond my comprehension and I fail to understand you at all times." Just then I heard a voice say as plain as I ever heard anyone speak, "Old man, cheese it and give the kid a rest." I looked around to see who it was that had entered the room. I saw no one. I said to him, "Mr. Forrest, who was that that spoke then?" Mr. Forrest said, "That's another one of his relations. I've heard that voice before." I said, "There must be someone in your sleeping apartment. I will go and see." I went into the adjoining room, looked under the bed and into the closet, but saw no one. I returned to the other room; there I found Mr. Forrest laughing. He said, "Well, did you find him?" I said, "What does this mean, Mr. Forrest?" He said, "That was a spiritual manifestation." I said, "A spiritual what?" His reply was, "That was an influence from the other world; he com-

municates with the Little One and gets him to go out and play with those street gamins; he has relations on both sides of life. On this side of life it is the street gamins, from the other side of life there comes an influence who claims to be a spirit and once inhabited a physical body on this side of life. He claims to have been a newsboy and sold papers in New York City. He is attracted to the Little One and compels him to do many things out of the ordinary, which I think is not right. They call it witchcraft. If he had lived in the days when people were persecuted in Salem, Mass., for being witches his fate would have been sealed." I said, "Then this is witchcraft?" Mr. Forrest said, "You may call it what you will; it is an affliction that seems to follow the Little One." That was my first experience in spiritualism and I looked upon it as a wonderful demonstration. That demonstration took place long before the days of the Rochester knockings.

Mr. Forrest said to the Little One, "Now, I am going to punish you. I will keep back from your salary the price of those fourteen reserved seats. You frequently disobey my commands and I will take this method of punishing you." The Little One said, "Fire away, old God, I don't care." Mr. Forrest said to me, "You see, he does not value money." Just then a loud whistle was heard in the room and a voice said, "Kid, he's got the nippers on you this time." I said, "Little Justin, I am sorry this has happened. I hope in the future you will be more careful and pay attention to what Mr. Forrest says; he is your friend and I am, too; can't you give up playing with those street arabs? They are so degraded for a nice little pet like you to play with." He laughed and said, "Let's eat, for tomorrow we man die." He picked up a piece of bread and a cold piece of chicken, then he straddled the end of the sofa, saying, "Jeremiah, let us make fast time, or the gents will get to hell before us." Mr. Forrest shook his head and said, "Meldrum, he is a strange child, yet I cannot give him up; I feel it will come to pass someday, another will claim the right that I now possess." It came to pass as he predicted.

At one time while on a boat passing down the Mississippi Mr. Forrest discovered the Little One sitting among the negroes and singing their negro songs with them. Mr. Forrest called

him away and scolded him for associating with the negroes. The Little One said, "They are my relations and we all belong to God." All of a sudden he commenced to scream and cried out, "Oh God, go quick, he's strangling her; he's choking her; can't you see?" He ran toward a stateroom and commenced to beat on the door, crying, "Let me in." The man had the door fastened on the inside. We threw ourselves against the door and burst it in. There stood a man with a revolver in his hand. He cried out, "If you come any further I will shoot." I think he took no notice of the Little One, as he slipped up, kicked the man on the elbow and the revolver dropped to the floor. We jumped at the man, seized him and held him in a tight grasp. In the berth lay a woman and a new born child. The woman was insensible, as the villain had tried to choke her to death after she had given berth to the child. Aid was summoned and restoratives applied. The woman finally came back to her senses. She told that the man tried to choke her to death; if he accomplished it then he intended to leave the boat at the next landing and escape to Texas. He was arrested, tried and convicted, received his sentence and went to State Prison for life. He had committed a murder; through his cruel treatment to the mother he had murdered the child. That man's name was George William Fullerton, a native of New Orleans. The woman's name was Sarah Prentiss, the daughter of a wealthy family in St. Louis, Mo. The man, Fullerton, had a wife and five children in New Orleans, La. I discovered afterward that man's wife was a first cousin to me.

Wednesday, October 18, 1905.

Good morning. I will now continue my communication. I wish you to understand that Little Puss was more or less under influence pretty much all the time. I was learning to understand somewhat of his condition. I had a great affection for him and would take him out walking. He would tell us some of the strangest tales I ever listened to. His mind seemed to soar away off, as if he had lived on another planet. At certain times he became quite religious and wanted to convert the whole company. At other times he would be just the opposite. It seemed to me as if he got under the spell of some mischievous devil and annoyed the members of the company with the tricks

he would play upon them. One time while playing with the Forrest company in Louisville, Ky., as he was walking to the theatre one evening he met an old negress. I should judge she would be about ninety years of age. Her wool was as white as snow. He made her acquaintance and told her she must go and see the show. He took her arm and assisted her along the street. In one of her hands she held a cane. She was an old negress that bore the name of Sally Ann Pinkerton, as she always wore some kind of a pink handkerchief or pink cloth around her neck. He brought her up to the front entrance of the theatre, told the manager—Mr. Harrison—that she was his aunt. He said he recognized her the minute he saw her, which made Mr. Harrison laugh. He took her in on the first floor where the reserved seats were and told her to stand there until he'd get her a chair. He came back, entered the private office and discovered a camp chair. He told the ticket seller, who was at one end of the office, he had to have that chair for a relation of his who was a queen when she lived in Africa, and he would not allow her to sit among common people. He placed the chair down in front of the stage, told her to be seated and her wants would be attended to. He placed a program in her hand, then climbed up onto the stage, went to Mr. Forrest's dressing room, got his king's cloak out of his trunk, came back and placed the royal cloak around her black ladyship, saying, "Now you're a queen, every inch of you, and don't you forget it," climbed up onto the stage again, went direct to Mr. Forrest's dressing room and said to Mr. Forrest when he came in the dressing room to dress for the stage, "I have a relation out in front. I recognized her the minute I saw her." Mr. Forrest paid no attention to what he said, as he was acquainted with his queer ways.

That night the play was William Tell, and Little Justin played Albert, the son of William Tell. After the orchestra had played an overture, the old negress went to sleep and commenced to snore, to the amusement of the audience. One of the musicians reached his hand over the railing and woke her up. She said, "Go on, dar; I'se a queen." By that time the curtain was rung up and Madame Ponisi was looking from the balcony of her little Swiss home. When Edwin Forrest came upon the stage the applause was immense; the old negress said, "Keep

quiet, dar, and let massa talk. I reckon he knows what he's goin' to say." Mr. Forrest looked down to where the voice came from and said in a stage whisper to me, "Jesus Christ, what's that down in front?" The manager had acquainted me with the fact of the black negress being down in front and that she was wrapped up in Forrest's kingly robe. He said he did not discover that until the curtain had gone up on the first scene. He said, "Meldrum, there's going to be a picnic tonight between Forrest and the Little One." When the curtain went down on the first act the old negress got up and said, "She reckoned she'd go home and get a smoke. She'd seen them queer critters before." She laid the royal mantel over the orchestra railing and with her walking stick tottered out of the theatre. One of the musicians folded up the mantel and carried it to Mr. Forrest's dressing room. I was talking to him when the musician entered with the royal mantel hanging over his arm. He said, "Mr. Forrest, I believe this must be yours." Mr. Forrest looked at it and said, "Yes—why, this is the cloak I wear in King Lear; where did you get it?" The musician said, "An old wench laid it over the orchestra railing and said she'd go home and get a smoke." Little Justin jumped to his feet and said, "An old wench! I knew her when she was a queen." The Little One always dressed in the room with Mr. Forrest. Mr. Forrest raised his hands above his head as if he was imploring the Gods to protect him from that creature.

When the curtain had dropped on the last act, he said to Little Puss, "You remain in the dressing room until I get ready to go to the hotel." Little Puss walked in front of him singing, "I'm Always Gay and Free, Boys." After they had entered the dressing room Mr. Forrest said, "Mr. Meldrum, I have stood it as long as I can. I will have to send him back to New York." I made no reply, but prepared to go to the hotel. Mr. Forrest, I could see, was very angry. The Little One got his glass of brandy, carried it to Mr. Forrest and said, "Old man, drink our health." I couldn't stand it any longer and laughed until my sides ached. Mr. Forrest said to the Little One, "You beat hell. I believe you're an imp of the devil." The Little One got up on Mr. Forrest's knee and kissed and hugged him. Mr. Forrest looked at me pityingly and said, "Meldrum, what can I do? His

nature is all love and those devilish influences make him do queer things." I said, "Edwin, I guess you'll have to try and stand it." He took the Little One in his arms and said, "Oh, Puss, Puss, I'm afraid your life is going to be a hard one; there are not many that will understand you." Just then the Little One dropped down to his knees and commenced to pray that God would open the eyes of the wicked that they might see his son Jesus in all his glory. "The sin of the world is making me old in years; I'm afraid I can't stand it much longer. I'm getting tired eating their old southern hoeecake and other things that ain't much better. Oh, Lord, if it wasn't for your good brandy the old man and Rob would collapse. Amen." Mr. Forrest and I laughed so it took some time for us to quiet down. Mr. Forrest said, "He's the queerest being I ever met."

We remained in Louisville, Ky., over Sunday. On Sunday afternoon there came up some men—I think three of them—in front of the hotel and sang a beautiful hymn. The Little One who was standing in front of the hotel, stepped in between two of the men and caught hold of their hands and joined in the singing. After they had sung the hymn they knelt on the sidewalk and one of the men commenced to pray. During the prayer a bass voice came from Little Justin's organ of speech and it would groan out, "Amèn, holy Jesus." After the prayer was over they stood upon their feet, when one of the men called upon the people to come to Jesus. By that time there was quite a crowd of people who had collected in front of the hotel. Among the crowd was a large negro man, broad shouldered and looked as if he might be powerful in a struggle. The Little One discovered him, climbed upon his back and sat on his shoulders; the negro smiled and looked as if he felt quite highly honored; he looked so pleased that he commenced to laugh and showed his big, white teeth. Little Puss commenced to cry out in a loud voice, "Come to Jesus, you bloody sinners; come just now and we'll lump you all up in a cheap crowd. We'll save you at a quarter a head. Come, I tell you; I smell the brimstone all around Louisville." Then he commenced to sing a negro hymn, which started the negroes to singing. He got down from the negro's shoulders and went up to one of the men and said, "Brother, cry to the Lord to come in our midst. Jesus, his son, must be off

somewhere, being that it is Sunday." Then he commenced to sing a tune and dance to it; that got the people to laughing. When he had finished the three men started another hymn; he sang with them. I discovered the perspiration was pouring down his face. All of a sudden he jumped up, made a break and said, "It's too hard to sing with you damn missionaries. You ain't got the right swing to it. If you want to be bathed in Jesus' blood you've got to quit drinking such common rotgut; the Lord isn't with you, so I'll have to leave you. Ta, ta."

He rushed into the hotel and went direct to his room. The landlord said, "That is the strangest child I ever met. Isn't he pretty?" Mr. Nagle said, "Yes, he is quite pretty. No one seems to understand him." The landlord said, "Isn't it strange; yet he plays his parts on the stage so nicely." When Mr. Forrest returned from his ride with a gentleman friend the landlord acquainted him with the fact that between the missionaries and his Little One they gave quite a show this afternoon to the public, free of any charge. "I think those missionary men in future will try to keep clear of his little lordship." Mr. Forrest said to the landlord, "My good sir, you never can tell what that Little One is going to do."

Our next stand was Lexington, Ky. While there one of the churches was holding a revival meeting. They had meetings there three times a day. One afternoon I was out walking with him. As we passed the church we heard the people singing. He said, "Rob, let's go back and see what they're doing; they may give you a pretty good show." We returned and entered the church. I had enough curiosity in me to see what he would do. When we got inside of the church he crossed himself and crossed me. After they had finished singing a man that stood by the pulpit cried out, "Brothers and sisters, come to Jesus—he is waiting for you." The Little One yelled out, "Oh, Lord, I'm a-coming; hold the reins until I get there." Then he got down on his knees in the centre aisle and crawled upon his knees all the way up until he reached the pulpit railing; there he commenced to cry as if his heart would break. The man that stood by the pulpit commanded the brothers and sisters to sing, "A Soul Has Been Saved; Another One Has Come to Jesus." After they got through singing he stood upon his feet and commenced

to preach to them about Heaven and God. I could see from the faces of the people they were very much elated to think they had a child in their midst preaching to them about Heaven, God and Jesus Christ. You could hear "Amen" every once in a while. All of a sudden he cried out, "There is no hell—that's a damn lie; it's all imagination and you're the blastedest fools I ever saw." Two men grabbed him and ran him out of the church. His preaching was too rich for their blood, and his religious exercise closed for the day.

It got all over the town what the little child actor had done in the church. The theatre was crowded that night to see what kind of a creature he was. There came out an article in the morning paper about him making a queen out of the old nigger wench, wrapping her up in the king's robe at the Louisville theatre.

From Lexington we went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where we played a four weeks' engagement. While in Cincinnati there came to the hotel a family of singers that was touring the country. They were English people. One of the young ladies was attracted to Little Puss and made his acquaintance. One Sunday evening the family invited our company into the parlor to hear them sing. The young lady that was attracted to Little Puss sat with him on a sofa. During some conversation one end of the sofa commenced to rise into space. After that end had rested on the floor the mother of the family said, "They are both under spirit power; let us sing and perhaps we will receive some other demonstration." While we were singing a hymn a marble top table ran across the floor and tipped up in front of them; to the wonder of all in the room the marble did not slip off; the table ran back again and took its usual position in the room. My handkerchief was taken out of my pocket, crossed the room and was placed on the lady's head in the shape of a cap, which was the cause of quite a laugh from the guests present. The name of that family was Leslie. They were called "The Leslie Serenaders." Frank Leslie, the celebrated tenor in after years, was one of those children.

Our next destination was Philadelphia, Pa., where the company disbanded after a three weeks' engagement, as the weather was growing hot. Little Puss accompanied Mr. Forrest to the

seashore. I returned to New York, where most of the company lived when they were at home. Next fall Mr. Forrest did not feel well and remained at home for three months. Little Puss and I returned to the Bowery Theatre and became members of the company. There is where Mr. Buckley found him. He became a member of his company and crossed to England. After returning to America he became a member of Adah Isaac Menken's company. I also was a member of the company, playing leading business. Menken was starring it through the country. In Albany, New York State, is where Mr. Warren found him and became his guardian. Adah Menken acquainted me with the fact that the Little One was a strange being. I told her I had witnessed many of her queer actions in life. She said, "I am engaged to marry Mr. Warren. Little Puss has fascinated him, so I'm afraid it will never come to pass," which it never did. Mr. Warren and the Little One returned to New York.

In the following year I became a member of the Nagle company. As you see from what I tell you, Mr. Forrest's prediction came true. He felt that sometime he would lose the Little One. Puss never returned to Mr. Forrest again.

While we were with the Nagle company one morning at rehearsal Puss came toward me with a long face and a sad expression on it. He said, "Mr. Meldrum"—before this occurrence he always called me Rob; on this occasion he said Mr. Meldrum. "I'm an angel. I have changed my ways. Papa Warren says if I do as he tells me I will get a seat in Heaven. I am now preparing myself for that seat, but it's hard to be an angel. I just have to watch myself all the time. I'm going to pray every chance I get. I want to walk into the presence of God a pure angel." When he said that I heard a voice that came out of space, as it seemed to me, say, "Oh, bosh; that's all rubbish." The Little One said, "Now, Bob, you let me alone. I want to be an angel. I know it's hard; I'm going to try ever so much for papa Warren's sake." The voice said, "Go drown yourself." In about a week he came to me one morning and said, "Rob, it's too hard to be an angel. I can't stand it. Bob says it's all dam nonsense trying to. He'll get me into Heaven anyhow. I told papa Warren last night it didn't pay to be an angel, it was too hard; then, Rob, you ought to have heard the knocks on the

bedstead. I thought the devil was after me. I cried out, 'I'll try again,' when Bob said, 'Go to sleep and I'll take care of you, angels and all. Don't let your mind worry you on that any more. You're all O. K.' So, Rob, you see I've given up the angel business; it hurts me trying to look like an angel." That's what came of Puss' angel business.

When I told Mr. Nagle what the Little One had said to me that morning he laughed and said, "He's a strange creature, a freak in nature, Robert my boy."

While we were playing in Buffalo, New York, he got acquainted with a peculiar looking man. I saw Mr. Warren, Little Puss and that man out riding in a carriage. That evening Mr. Warren said to me in the dressing room, "Robert, I have an invitation for you, the Little One and myself to take dinner with a friend on Sunday. He will send his carriage to the hotel for us." It was in the suburbs of the town. When we arrived at the residence I discovered it was a beautiful place. The house was built in the midst of a little park.

The friend received us at the door; as we entered the house I discovered it was a perfect palace. Art and books were displayed everywhere. After we had been in the drawing room about ten minutes an old white haired lady entered the room, leaning on the friend's arm. She said, "That is the one I told you of, my son," pointing to Little Puss. "I have seen him in so many visions. Our blood, dear, runs in his veins, for you must know his grandmother was a Bruce. Away back in those days I remember well when he was given into the hands of Elizabeth. He will never be tall, so it is ordained. The work that he will play a part in is brewing now; the southern mind will be worked up to fever heat. I saw it all last night in a vision." She hobbled over to a velvet sofa and motioned for Little Puss to come and sit alongside of her. When he had done so she took him in her arms and commenced to cry and said, "Oh, it was so cruel to rob you of your mother." The man said in angry tones and with a vicious look on his face, "Woman, have you forgotten your promise?" With the tears streaming down her face she said, "No, my son, I can never forget my promise, it will go to the grave with me." He then said to her, "He must fill the destiny that is laid before him." Just then pecu-

liar sounds came upon the wall. He addressed Mr. Warren, saying, "Let's have some singing." He went into the large hall and rang a bell. A negro woman appeared at the door. He said, "Sada, send Ethel here." In about five minutes a beautiful young lady entered the room. We were introduced, then he smiled and said, "Ethel, you will play for these gentlemen; they are going to sing." She sat down to a beautiful, large organ and allowed her fingers to glide over the keys, then she said, "What shall I play for them?" That man said to Mr. Warren, "What shall it be?" Mr. Warren said, "Tennyson's Brook, if you please." I arose; Mr. Warren, Little Puss and myself stood by the organ. We sang the Brook. After we had finished singing and the girl withdrew her fingers from the keys she looked at Little Puss and said, "You are not a boy; surely you must be a girl that can sing like that." The man said, "Silence; I feel the power coming upon me; drop the curtains and darken the room." The girl did as commanded. When the room was shaded the man walked toward a little table that sat in the back part of the room; he passed his hand over the table a number of times and said something in a language I did not understand. I noticed while he was talking Puss laid his head down in the old lady's lap and went to sleep, as I thought. The man commenced to speak in English and said, "You shall behold one of the conditions that that child must pass through," waving his hand toward Little Puss. Then a peculiar expression came over the man's face and as I was looking at him a white robe descended as if it came out of space and in a few minutes that man was covered by that white robe and part of it laid on the floor. On the table was a bronze box of oval shape. He sang some kind of an incantation, the lid of the box opened and there came forth from it a peculiar looking smoke and the odor of many spices. A voice came from that man in a peculiar dialect; the voice said, "I am Ram-sha-ma-ra that lives in an occult realm. I have been called for and obey the summons. What would you have me do?" The old woman said, "Produce the shadow of this child and part of his destiny. It is the will of my son that you should perform that act here today. Clothe his astral, is the command of my son."

Then the incense produced more smoke, the volumes be-

came heavier and more dense in shadow and finally they became quite dark. There before us arose the astral of Little Puss, dressed in a pair of little military pants and a little military jacket. Mr. Warren said, "Oh, my baby, what does it mean?" The voice said, "Silence." The figure seemed to dissolve. Then the voice said, "Remain silent and watch." In a few minutes arose the astral of Little Puss in the cloud of smoke, dressed with a little pair of pants, quite full and pleated onto a band; the band was buttoned onto a waist; he held a roll of parchment, as it seemed to me; he smiled and permitted the parchment to unroll itself. We beheld a picture on that parchment that made my blood become cold—two armies in a fierce fight, the blood was running from wounded men and gushing from wounded horses. It was so terrible I cannot describe it to you. I believe I should have fainted had not a powerful voice brought me back to my senses. It said, "Coward, you become weak and would faint at the sight of a picture, while he (pointing at the body of Little Puss) will enter the field in all its carnage and destruction. The black race shall get their freedom." Then silence reigned for some time; the smoke arose as usual, the odors became stronger and stronger; then we beheld the astral of Little Puss arise again in the dark cloud. He represented this time a simpering old woman with a basket on her arm; there arose by his side another shade dressed as a military general. She presented the military general with a flask of brandy, then looked at us and laughed, after which they dissolved. Immediately we heard the roar of cannon and the cries of the wounded, the tramping of horses and a peculiar noise that sounded like thunder away off, then the smoke seemed to simmer down and disappear as if dissolving into space. The voice spoke to Mr. Warren and said, "Are you still willing, brother, to remain the guardian of that Little One?" Mr. Warren spoke and said, "You may be fiends, I know not; but whomsoever you are, I tell you now I will follow the Little One, should he go into the depths of hell. I love him and cannot help it. I was released from a terrible condition when I met him. I had engaged myself to marry a beautiful woman, an actress, but when my eyes fell on that Little One she became to me as nothing. I see it is my fate and will abide by it." I felt, friend, after all

I had seen and heard, as if I had lost twenty pounds of flesh. There stood before us that peculiar looking man. He went over to where Little Puss laid and made several passes over him. In about five minutes Little Puss opened his eyes and said, "I'm as hungry as a dog; let's go to the hotel and get something to eat." The man smiled and said, "You are my guests and will dine with me today." He made some peculiar sign to the girl and she left the room, returning in a few minutes carrying a silver salver with a bowl on it and three little silver cups; that man said, "Dip the cups into the gruel and partake of it; it is nourishing to the physical body." We did so; it was wonderful the effect the gruel had. I became much stronger and said to myself, "This must be witch broth." The girl handed one of the cups to the old lady and one to the man, the other one she held in her own hand; they all dipped in and partook of the witch broth. The man said, "Let us have another song, after which we will adjourn to the dining room." When we had finished singing he walked over to the old lady, assisted her to stand upon her feet, then he gave her his arm; they led the way to the dining room, Mr. Warren and the Little One following. The girl put her hand in mine and said, "I admire you. I can see you are a stranger to such a demonstration as you witnessed today. This, friend, is the home of Palankin, who lives in the realm of the occult, and I am his daughter, Ethel."

When we entered the dining room I beheld a room that I cannot describe; the beauty of it was perfect to me. On the table was a feast for the Gods. A variety of fruit, nuts, bread and cheese, bottles of wine placed around the table for each one to help themselves. It was the most delicate wine I ever drank; its bouquet was beyond my description. While sitting at the dining table we heard beautiful music that seemed to come from another part of the house.

When we returned to the drawing room the young girl played several beautiful selections. I felt as if I were in Heaven and in the presence of a beautiful angel. After she ceased playing we bade them farewell and took our leave. The old lady said to Little Puss as she kissed him, "Remember you have Bruce blood coursing through your veins." As we entered the hall to leave the house a little black boy handed each one of us

a beautiful bouquet, after which he took both the Little One's hands in his, kissing him on the forehead, saying, "I will meet you there. You will recognize me when I pronounce the word, 'Marjay.'" During the war Puss met a black man in a large hospital; that man pronounced the word, "Marjay," through which Puss recognized him. All the way back to the hotel I noticed Mr. Warren's face was pale. When we arrived at the hotel he shook hands with me and said, "When this spirit power is put into operation, Robert my boy, it beats all Hell."

Thursday, October 19, 1905.

Good morning, friend. Permit me to give you a list of the names of the companies that I was a member of. I will condense it down to the principal companies. National Theatre, Chatham street, New York; the Bowery Theatre, New York; the Chambers street theatre, New York; the Broadway Theatre, near Pearl street on Broadway, New York; the Edwin Forrest Company, the Edwin Booth Company, the Menken Company, the Laura Keane Company, the Nagle Company, the Winter Garden Company on Broadway, Warren & Clifford's Broadway Company, the Boston Theatre on Washington street, Boston, Mass.; Ben De Bar's Company, St. Louis, Mo.; a member of the stock company in New Orleans, leading man of the Billy Burton Company.

When I traveled with the Warren & Clifford Company I played leading business. Puss by that time had grown some and was the star of the company. At that time he wore women's clothes and was called "The Dashing Blanchard." We had two good bills for the road. The first night's bill was "Flirtation" and "Nan, the Good for Nothing." The second night's bill was "Little Jack Shepherd" and "Loan of a Lover." In those days they always finished up the performance with a farce. Warren & Clifford were successful managers and made money on the road. I remained with them one season.

While the company was playing in Chicago a music dealer who bore the name of H. M. Higgins gave the company a reception. The Hon. David Davis and James G. Blaine were present on that occasion. While the guests were sitting at the banquet table there came a far away look in Puss' eyes. He said to Mr. Warren, "Papa, we can't take that train tomorrow for

Cincinnati; the train is going to be ditched." I said to Mr. Warren, "You had better heed that warning; he saved the Forrest company from a dreadful steamboat disaster on the Hudson river." We did not take the train; it was ditched, a number of people were killed, while many others were hurt internally. Mr. Higgins laughed and said, "Puss, it wouldn't have done for you to have lived a hundred years ago."

We did not arrive in Cincinnati until the third day after the prediction was made. Mr. Warren got out dodgers and we played two nights more in Chicago. When the season was up and the company was disbanded in Philadelphia, I became Mr. Warren's and Puss' guest at Atlantic City, N. J. We gave two performances there during our vacation. We played "Little Jack Shepherd" and the farce, "Jenny Lind." I remained four weeks as their guest. When the time came for me to leave to go to Albany, N. Y., to become a member of the stock company, Mr. Warren and Little Puss were to sail on the following week for England. While shaking hands with Little Puss he said, "Rob, go by boat from New York and not by cars." I did as he requested. The day that I took the boat for Albany there was a smashup on the Hudson River Railroad.

Now I have acquainted you with some of the facts in your medium's life. There are many other incidents that I will skip and proceed to my spiritual experiences.

When I passed out of my physical body to cross the divide all seemed quite dark to me and I wondered what was the matter. All of a sudden a ray of light penetrated the darkness and I could hear voices. I wondered where I was. When I came to full consciousness of my surroundings I beheld Edwin Forrest laughing at me. I said, "What does all this mean and why am I here, when I should be at rehearsal?" He said, "Robert, my boy, you are a spirit now." I said, "A what?" He said, "A spirit; look at that physical, emaciated body. You lived in that, Robert. Look again; see how those cheeks have sunken, the nostrils have tightened up, the chin droops and the bones are marrowless; that is what the public looked upon when it was called the handsome Robert Meldrum; there you behold the artificial part of Robert Meldrum; take your last look on that emaciated piece of humanity that death has laid hold on;

see, decomposition has it in her clutches. Come, Robert, I will lead you to friends. Whiskey got in its work on that vile piece of humanity." He led me by the hand, describing the different spirits that we met; finally we arrived at a beautiful grove where many of my professional sisters and brothers were waiting to receive me; my greeting was a friendly one. After we had talked much a beautiful female spirit approached me, saying, "Robert, do you remember me?" I said, "Your face is familiar, let me think where I met you." She smiled and sang a beautiful little melody. I cried out with joy, "You are Ethel, the daughter of the magician, that queer looking man whose home I visited on earth when I looked upon the astral of Little Puss." I clasped her to my bosom and said, "Ethel, I love you; I loved you then when I met you in that home; you were in all my visions and dreams in after life. Now I meet you again a beautiful spirit; can you not love me some?" She said, "I do; I love you with a soul's joy, and we are spirit mates." I held her in a tight grasp, afraid that she might escape from me. She said, "Robert, do not hold me so tight; let us walk under the trees; there is no escape now from each other; we will work together, living in each other's love. I have waited for your coming. After you have rested and feel that you have gained your full strength we will return to earth and work among the fallen children of men that fell by that curse called whiskey. This afternoon we will attend a grand concert given in your honor by your professional brothers and sisters. You were kind to the poor and helped many a fallen creature. Finally whiskey and wine became your master, the flirtations of women caused your ruin. When you have paid the penalty for that part of your life, wherein your manhood fell to the depths of sin and misery, your penalty will be the uplifting of your fallen brothers and sisters who live in physical bodies. You committed no other crime, only the destruction of your physical body through fast living. I loved you from the moment I beheld you in my father's home. See, he comes this way. Let us meet him."

We attended the concert given in my honor for the good deeds I had performed on earth. My joy knew no bounds. Ethel was my spirit mate. With her and others I have worked among the fallen children of that great God's universe, the God of all

Life, that knew no beginning and knows no end; whose great power lies in electric motion throughout the universe.

I thank you for taking down my communication. If it is of any value to your book you are welcome to it. Give my love to Justin. Why he did so many peculiar things in life was through the influence of a spirit called "Bob," whose name in the physical body was "Sir Roger Hardcap," an English barrister who was paying the penalty for misdeeds when in the physical body. Robert Meldrum.

Helen Hulburd Placide

Chapter XVIII

Good morning, friend. I enter Searchlight Bower on a beautiful morning to make your acquaintance.

It is the desire of Charlotte Cushman that I should acquaint you with the fact that you and I are related. I understand your name is Ebenezer Wallace Hulburd. My maiden name was Helen Hulburd and I spelled the name as you spell yours. My mother's name was Barbara Amanda Hulburd. My father's name was Ebenezer Hulburd. So you see Ebenezer was a family name. My father and mother were cousins; my mother did not have to change her name. My husband's mother was a Jeanette Hulburd, a cousin to my father and mother. My mother was a cousin to the medium's father—Justin Hulburd—therefore, I think Little Justin and I are entitled to the name Hulburd. Justin's grandfather was my great uncle; his name was John Hulburd. They were the Scotch Hulburds. I was born in England. My husband and I came to America to become members of the stock company playing at the Chambers street theatre, New York City.

In the stock company I found a Miss Margaret Hulburd, who told me she was born in Gloucester, Mass. Her father, John Hulburd, was a cousin to the medium's father, Justin Hulburd, and also a cousin to my father and mother. Margaret and I became as sisters to each other. Our love grew stronger and richer with time. Our love was a devoted, rich love, such as one woman can give to another. Prof. Hulburd of New York City was her uncle. Horace Hulburd of Brooklyn, Long Island, was also an uncle—a brother of her father. He went to England on a visit and there married Phillis Glover Hulburd, cousin to the medium's father. She did not have to change her name.

Margaret Hulburt, my friend, told me she had a relation in Vermont who bore the name of Ebenezer Hulburt, who was connected with a Hulburt family in Connecticut. Margaret and I one summer made a visit to Connecticut; there we found sixteen relations that bore the name of Hulburt. There were others who changed their name through marriage.

William Hulburt Placide, the artist, was my son—my first born. I was the mother of fifteen children; fourteen of them returned to England and married there. One of my grandsons returned to America and was known as William Henry Placide, the broker, of New York City. My husband made a visit to England and passed out of the body while on that visit. I went to live with a cousin, Sarah Margerie Hulburt, who lived in Baltimore, Maryland; she and I made a visit to a cousin, Horace James Hulburt, in New Orleans, Louisiana. There I passed from my body at the age of eighty-seven.

The information that I have given you shows that you, the medium and I were related through the ties of the Hulburt blood.

When I met your medium sixty-seven years ago I did not know he was a Hulburt. He was a child actor and bore the name, "La Petite Blanche." The first morning that I made his acquaintance he and Joseph Jefferson walked on the stage holding each other's hands. He looked at me and said, "Leddy, are ye o' this company?" I told him I believed I was. He said, "You will have to gang and stand in the wing. I need the whole stage to rehearse my dance." I looked at the mite of a creature and laughed, saying, "You are a wonderful individual; pray will you acquaint me with your name and title?" He looked up at me in a peculiar way, saying, "Can't you read? Me and Charlotte stars it this week and she told me to come here early and rehearse my dance; it's funny you can't tell a star when you see them." Joey Jefferson, as we called him, said he was the Little One's guardian and they didn't want no back talk from deck hands. Mr. Scott walked on the stage. I bid him good morning and asked him who that little creature was that was putting on so much style. He said, "Oh, haven't you made the acquaintance of the Little One yet? Come, I will introduce you to his highness. He plays here this week with Charlotte Cush-

man; they say as the Duke's son he is fine." After he had introduced me the Little One took my hand, shook it and said in a Scotch way, "You've got too many rings on your fingers," which made Mr. Scott and I laugh. As we walked back of the stage Mr. Scott said, "That Little One is a strange being; he has what the Scotch call the 'second sight,' and makes predictions." Just then Charlotte Cushman walked on the stage. I shall never forget the first time I looked at her; she had such a queenly bearing. When she was introduced to the company her bow and acknowledgment of the introduction was beautiful and carried with it something grand; her smile was that of a queen to her loved subjects. She spoke to the Little One and said, "Have you rehearsed your dance for the fourth scene?" He said, "You bet." I made the discovery he had become acquainted with several Yankee phrases. I noticed Charlotte made a good deal of him.

When the curtain arose that night on the first act the Duchess and the Little One are discovered holding a globe. She said, "Now, my child, I want to inform you what part of the world India is located in." He said, "Your highness, I am tired of all this and want to play with cousin." She said, "You will sing for me first; then you may go and play. Go and bring me my guitar." He brought her a guitar, which she played on beautifully, then she said, "Now sing me 'Winter Winds.'" He sang a piece of music I thought was beautiful. I remember one line, "When the leaves turn pale and fall." My husband and I wondered where all that voice came from. He received great applause for his singing and I saw Charlotte Cushman was proud of him. As he was about to leave the mother said, "Do you think you could dance for me today?" He said, "Your Highness, if you like." The Duchess then said, "We will have a waltz." The orchestra played a waltz and it was wonderful to see that little creature waltz on his toes and as he kept waltzing and approaching a large window; when right in front of it he jumped out of the window into the garden. The curtain descended to the laughing of the Duchess at her child. They received big applause and both passed in front of the curtain. The gallery gods hollered for the Highland Fling. The Little One came back in front of the curtain, then requested the or-

chestra to play and danced the Highland Fling. Oh, how nimble and quick were those little feet. He received great applause. It astonished me much, for I had never seen such a little creature dance the Highland Fling. His toe dancing in the waltz was superb. Many larger artists and much older ones could not compete with him.

In the second act and third scene a villain is hired to kill the son of the Duke. A Scotch actor by the name of Lawson was cast for the villain. During the afternoon Mr. Lawson had indulged too much in beer. When he came on the scene to murder the child the effect of the beer was very apparent. The Little One said, "The old man has been at it today again." The villain looked around the room and was about to leave it when the Little One arose from the couch, went to the old man, tugging at his coat tail, saying, "Villain, don't you know this is the scene you murder me in? Stab me, then I'll go and lie down and they will find me dead." The old man said, "Go to hell, you brat, and don't bother me." The Little One snatched the dagger out of the old man's hand and brandished it in the air, saying, "I'm on the road to hell; the villain's drunk and I want to get there before him." That brought a big laugh from the audience. He laid down on the couch and commenced to cry, saying, "Farewell, father and mother dear; I have to murder myself, as the old man is chuck full of beer, and the world will no longer know me, I fear." He stabbed himself, stage fashion, jumped up and turned a somersault, fell onto the stage on his back, crawled down toward the footlights like a snake and said to the audience, "It's so slimy to be the son of a Duke." That brought big applause. He saved the scene. As the Duke and Duchess entered to look at their son they found no one was lying on the couch. The Little One jumped up and said, "Mother dear, scream—I'm murdered." He turned a tragic scene into comedy. The Duchess screamed, fell into the Duke's arms in a faint. The Little One said, "Pa, the only thing that will bring her back is a quart of beer. I must lie down now, as you found me dead." The drunken actor said, "You're the liveliest brat I ever saw. I sent you to hell—why didn't you stay there?" The Little One yelled out with a peculiar laugh, "I've got there, old man." The curtain descended to big applause. The Little

One had saved the scene. Charlotte Cushman became furious, knocked down the drunken actor and kicked him. In the next two acts my husband doubled up and played the villain, as well as his own part. When the curtain had descended on the last act Charlotte Cushman shook my husband's hand warmly and said, "Placide, Charlotte will remember this kindness. You and little sweetheart saved the play. I am sorry this happened on my first night. I am also glad to know my piece has scored a success."

Next day she sent an invitation for Mr. Placide and myself to take dinner with her at the hotel. There we found Little Justin and four of her other friends. The dinner was served in her sitting room; there I learned to love her. I found she had a heart for the human race. After the things were taken away from the apartment and the cloth removed from the table she took from off the back of a chair a maroon satin tablecloth, embroidered with gold thread. She placed it on the table and in the centre of the table she placed a large silver salver on which she placed bottles of wine, glasses and a box of cigars. She said, "Now, gentlemen, help yourselves." She led the way to the adjoining room where Little Justin followed us. She shut the door and said, "Now, Mrs. Placide, I am going to show you some beautiful robes. I will wear them in *Queen Elizabeth*." She took them out of her trunk, three of the most beautiful robes I ever looked upon. While she was explaining to me the beauties of the robes I noticed the Little One had a peculiar look in his eyes. I said, "See, Miss Cushman, I'm afraid the Little One is going to be sick." She said, "Oh, no, Mrs. Placide, he is a little witch and sees something." He got down off the chair, came toward Miss Cushman and taking her hand said, "Lady, you will never wear those beautiful garments; they will be burned up; but you will play a part in which there will be no costly robes worn; she is called an old hag and that character will make your fortune."

Between New York and Boston the baggage car which her two trunks were in caught fire and her wardrobe was burned up. She played *Queen Elizabeth* in Boston; her gowns were less costly than those she showed to me.

Afterward she got conception of the character of Meg

Merrillies; her makeup became a wonderful study. That became the greatest of all her characters and made her a vast fortune. In time she was called the Queen of the Stage in America and Europe; some thirty years afterward I became a member of her company in which she starred the United States.

About ten years after I became acquainted with the Little One, he, my husband and myself were members of the same company. My husband used to say to me, "Who does Little Puss laugh like—it is some one that we have seen during our life." I said, "The only one that laughed like him was that unfortunate woman, Mary Elizabeth Stuart. I hope he is no relation to such a woman as she was. It would be a dreadful thing, husband, to think that any of her blood would course through his veins. He laughs so much like her, if such a thing could be true it were better that he had died when she gave him birth." My husband said, "Dear, do not let us think of it any more. She was a sad creature and we will leave God to take care of her. I cannot and do not want to think he is connected with her in any way. What a strange child he seems to be. I asked him the other day who was his father and mother. He said they lived all over. I feel, dear Helen, there is a peculiar influence that follows that creature. Do you not see how he fascinates men with those dark blue eyes? Mr. Scott thinks he is the most perfect being he ever met, while to you and I he appears as a strange creature; just see how he predicted the burning of Miss Cushman's beautiful dresses." This happened, friend Hulburd, long before the days of the Fox girls and the spirit rappings.

One morning Little Justin came to rehearsal as radiant as a full blown rose and was merry as usual. During rehearsal all of a sudden he gave a scream, touched my husband's arm and said, "Oh, God, look there—he has murdered her, and by my soul, he shall swing for it." I came up to him and said, "Who is murdered, Little One?" He said, "Monroe has murdered his mistress and fled the city. If they hurry up they will find him hiding under the bridge. I must go and tell them where he is. I hate that man; he spoke cruel words about Estelle and also about Mr. Scott; he struck me one day and by Jesus, he shall pay for it." He hurried back to the hotel and told the authori-

ties where they could find Monroe. We hurried after him but could not keep up with him, as he ran so swift. Those days it looked as if he flew through the air, his limbs were so quick of movement. When we arrived at the hotel there was a good deal of excitement. The chambermaid had discovered Mrs. Monroe lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He had cut her throat almost from ear to ear and made a deep gash in one of her breasts.

In about an hour after we had arrived at the hotel the officers brought back Monroe, took him to the room to look upon his victim. It was a dreadful sight; there she laid upon the floor with a great gash in her throat and another in her breast; her head and hair was lying in a pool of blood. The sight was so shocking I could not play that night.

Monroe broke down and confessed he killed the woman. He said she had been flirting with the landlord and he saw the landlord coming from her room. That enraged him so that he killed her. He showed no remorse. It shocked my sensitive condition so that I withdrew from the stage for fourteen months.

The next time I met Little Puss was when I was playing an engagement in Baltimore. He came there with Mr. Warren and played "Little Jack Shepherd." After that they returned to Philadelphia.

I did not meet him again until the war was over. My husband and I played an engagement at Niblo's Garden, New York City, in "The Tempest." He played "Ariel," sang and danced in it. One day Mr. Warren invited my husband and myself to take a ride. We did so. When we had reached a part of the island called Yorkville, all of a sudden the Little One said, "Papa Warren, we must return. There is something wrong at the hotel." Mr. Warren turned around and drove back toward the hotel. When we got in front of the hotel Mr. Warren requested we should stay for dinner. He said, "Now, Puss, you take the friends up to our rooms. I will return the horses to the livery stable." They roomed on the second floor. As we approached the door of the room we heard a man's voice say, "Damn you, you'll carry more than that." My husband said, "There's thieves in that room, and I will hold the knob of the door until Mr. Warren returns; they cannot jump out of the

window—it is too high.” The man in the room heard what my husband said, and said to the woman, “God damn you, we are trapped for waiting so long, all through your cursed stubbornness.” He tried to force the door; that was impossible, as my husband held the knob so tight. We heard him drawing a table toward the door; he got up on the table, and at the same time Puss got up on my husband’s back. When the man looked out through the transom Puss grabbed him by the hair of the head, hung onto him, jumped off my husband’s back and when Mr. Warren returned he discovered Puss hanging onto that man’s head in space. The language that came from that man’s mouth was beyond anything that I can now describe. Mr. Warren and my husband pushed the door open and the table went out from under the man’s feet. There he hung inside of the door, with Puss hanging onto his hair outside of the door. Mr. Warren told Puss to let go; he did so and dropped to the floor with considerable of the man’s hair in his hands. Mr. Warren dragged the man down from the transom, struck him in the face and broke his nose. The poor man’s head was bleeding where Puss had dragged the hair out. Mr. Warren sent my husband down to the office for the landlord. In the meantime Puss and I discovered a woman sitting on the floor, sobbing and crying as if her heart would break. I discovered on her face and the breast of her dress blood where the brute had struck her in his fury. When the landlord came upon the scene he discovered in that man the hotel porter. The woman was one of the chambermaids of the hotel. She went over on her knees and said, “Oh, sir, he made me do it and told me he would kill me if I didn’t carry some of the things.” That brute made a kick at her. Mr. Warren tripped him up and he fell to the floor. The woman said, “You see, sir, he’s got me in the family way and says I must kill the child or he will kill me. Oh, please, sir, take me to jail where I’ll be safe, for I want to die. I was a decent girl, but he ruined me and made me steal for him; he has got some power over me and I don’t know what it is. Where he kicked me it pains so, and I feel I am going to die; if I could only see my mother before I die.” I said, “Tell me where she lives and my husband will bring her to you.” The landlord rang for a bell boy. He sent for two officers to convey the man

to the station house, as he was a strong Irishman and it would take two officers to land him in the station house. The woman fell on the floor in a convulsion after the man had been removed from the room. In about an hour she gave birth to a male child. Mr. Warren and I placed her upon the bed. Puss washed the baby, which surprised me. When the mother came with my husband and saw her daughter she fainted, then we had two invalids to take care of. Puss told papa Warren he would not give up the baby. He said, "I have dressed the navel string and washed it, and it belongs to me. I think the mother is going to die and I'm going to keep it." Mr. Warren said, "You can't do that; it don't belong to you and if the mother dies you must give it up to the grandmother." Puss said, "I wish the old woman had died before she came here." We gave the grandmother some brandy and water and brought the old woman around. When she got sufficiently strong to talk she said, "I told my daughter that man would be her ruin; he held a great power over her and compelled her to obey his will." The mother of the child died at ten o'clock that night while Puss, my husband and myself were playing at the theatre. The landlord had some woman in the hotel take charge of the unfortunate creature, as we had to go to the theatre. When we returned from the theatre we found the corpse of the unfortunate girl.

When they searched the man at the station house they found over fifteen thousand dollars on his person, consisting of jewels and money. He had stolen several dollars worth of fine clothing from the different rooms. The largest part consisted of Mr. Warren's clothing and Little Puss' wardrobe. He stole a beautiful necklace of rubies and pearls that President Buchanan had presented to Puss. In the man's possession were seven notes that had been forged. He was tried and condemned and went to prison for forty years. He died in Sing Sing. The little baby lived twelve years; during his life his body became deformed and he became repulsive to look upon. I was glad when I heard of the death of that deformed body.

When my husband and I were playing at the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, one afternoon Little Puss, a woman named Rosa and myself were sitting in Puss' drawing room when Little Puss said, "Rosa, I feel queer; pull down the curtains to

shade the room, lock the door and let us keep quiet." We sat there about fifteen minutes in the silence when a little hand drew down the heavy brocade curtains, a shadow formed in front of the curtain and there I saw the little deformed body, as it seemed. The woman Rosa screamed, as she said she was frightened. The astral of the deformed body dissolved into space, Little Justin came out from under the condition and we explained to him what we had seen. As Rosa went to raise the curtain she found a slip of paper lying on the carpet. She brought the slip to me and I read the words thereon. "Dear ones, I love you both; you were so kind to mother and me; it is only I that can appear." Puss and I both wept, we felt so for the little deformed body that once lived on earth. I asked permission to keep the slip of paper. Puss granted me that permission. When my husband and Mr. Warren returned we told them what we had seen and how the shadow had stood in front of the curtain. Mr. Warren said, "If I had been here it would not have happened. I break up all such conditions; I never allow the influence to control him if I can help it. If possible I break up all conditions. I do not want the spirits to hold him under their power." He said to me, "You must be a medium, and through your influence that shadow came; I have much trouble with those influences. I am afraid they will affect my Little One's mind. I break them up whenever possible." We dined with Mr. Warren and the Little One that day, then left for the theatre in the evening, I taking the slip of paper with me, which I looked upon as a great gift from the spirit side of life. We will continue at another time.

Saturday, November 4, 1905.

Laura Keene, Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Warren, Little Puss, my husband and I received invitations to attend a reception given by John Brougham. It was what you living in the physical world call a swell affair. There were many guests present and everything was carried out in grand style. I think the name of the place where the reception was held bore the name of "Maison Doree." While we were dining I saw Puss looking very earnestly at a woman and noticed him whisper to Mr. Warren. I saw Mr. Warren turn pale; he left the table, motioned to Mr. Brougham to follow him. After the repast was over

music was in order; then while the orchestra was playing a gentleman entered the room and spoke to that lady. She followed him out. I sat near the window, where I saw a carriage drive up; that woman, Mr. Warren and the other man entered the carriage and it drove away. In about an hour Mr. Warren returned; his face was no longer pale; he engaged himself like others in the party. Next morning the headlines of the newspaper said, "An English woman has been arrested, the one that robbed John Brougham of money and jewels; also Edwin Forrest." My husband read the lines to me while I lay in bed. It seems that when Mr. Warren and Little Puss returned from Liverpool on board the steamer that same woman was one of the passengers coming to New York. Through the captain's influence she was introduced to Mr. Warren and other cabin passengers. An old gentleman of much wealth by the name of Tyler was seen much in her company. Two days after they landed in New York that old man met Mr. Warren on Broadway and acquainted him with the fact that he had been robbed of a large amount of money, his gold watch and chain, diamond ring and diamond pin. The woman had fled the city. The detectives tried to get on her track, but failed. Five years had passed when she returned to New York. Her hair was dyed a blonde shade. She received an invitation to that reception through a friend of Mr. Brougham's, who bore the name of Henry Silas Miller. She tried to disguise herself as much as possible; through her disguise Little Puss made the discovery she was the same woman. On board the steamer she robbed Mr. Warren of a large gold pencil with an emerald setting on the end. He did not discover she had taken the pencil until they had been several days in New York City. The gold pencil was a present from a Mr. Meade, who afterward became one of your great generals in the army. She was tried and found guilty of many misdemeanors and sentenced to go to State's Prison for thirty years. In the courtroom she claimed to have given birth to a child and Mr. Warren was his father. She told him where he would find the child. Mr. Warren found it as she directed; he had a woman by the name of Margaret Blair take care of the child. In about a year a wealthy family who bore the name of St. Clair adopted the child. The man's name was

Irving St. Clair. I heard afterward the St. Clair family lived in Paris, France. They gave the child the name of Justin St. Clair. I heard he became somewhat of an artist, returned to America, married a young American lady and went to Havana; after that I lost all trace of him. As a young man he resembled his father so much that Mr. Warren could not deny being the father.

Puss was a strange being and his professional sisters and brothers looked upon him as uncanny, not understanding the position he was to take in life. Many admired him while others were afraid of him.

One day as we were crossing on the Fulton ferry boat to play in Brooklyn, Long Island, with the Warren & Clifford Company, Mr. Warren said, "Puss, let's all take the car; if you walk up to the theatre you'll be all tired out." Puss said, "Papa, I'm going to walk; there's a dark shadow around the car and I don't like it." Mr. Warren said, "Friends, I think we better not ride." When the car had gone up Fulton street three blocks a large dray with two large horses came dashing up the cross street, collided with the car, injuring several of the inmates; two of them died afterward. One woman who tried to jump from the car broke both her legs. She lived to tell the tale of the accident. A Mr. Roach, one of the company, cancelled his engagement that night. He told Mr. Warren and Mr. Clifford he did not think it was wise for people to travel in a company with Little Puss. Warren and Clifford said, "Why, Roach, he's our mascot. No accident has ever happened to the company since we've been traveling. As you feel that way, I think you had better leave. I do not want any members of the company to feel afraid of him, the world is so full of superstition and the Christian religion is made up of that material."

While playing in Newark, N. J., one morning about nine o'clock, at the breakfast table, as the waiter handed me a cup of coffee, the Little One said, "Mrs. Placide, do not drink that coffee; I see a dark shadow around the cup and saucer. That coffee has been prepared for some other woman, not you." Mr. Warren had the coffee analyzed and they found arsenic in it. The coffee had been prepared for another woman, a sister of the landlady, who had offended the cook. When the discovery

was made the cook left, leaving all her clothing behind her. She was found in Philadelphia, brought back and went to jail. Her trial was a remarkable one. It came out on the evidence of the principal waiter that several people had been taken suddenly sick, went home to their people and died there. One man who died at the hotel claimed he had been poisoned. They made an investigation and discovered arsenic in his stomach. They did not prove that that female cook had anything to do with the matter at that time. It came out in the evidence of the last trial that that man who died, whose stomach had been analyzed, was on intimate terms with the female cook. When she gave the cup of coffee to the waiter she made a mistake in which side of the room and table he was to carry it to. The table that it was intended for was on the opposite side of the room and the landlady's sister was the only guest seated at that table. The waiter made a mistake and carried the coffee to me. Puss, seeing the dark shadow around the cup and saucer, saved my life in that physical body.

While playing in Wilmington, Delaware, a man called at the hotel and sent up his card to Mr. Warren's room. Little Puss was lying on the bed. He cried out to Mr. Warren, "Papa, I see a dark shadow around that card. Send for the man to come here. You get Mr. Clifford and Mr. Placide to be present when he talks to you." The man entered the room before Mr. Warren, Mr. Clifford and Mr. Placide got there.

When the man entered the room without knocking he found only Little Puss. The influence called Bob said to the man, "We're on your track; now we have you just where we want you." The door opened; Mr. Clifford, Mr. Placide and Mr. Warren entered. Bob said, "Warren, old man, he came to shoot you," pointing to the man. "His daughter has given birth to twins, and you're their daddy, old chap. Call a cop; this gent is wanted in Philadelphia; he's the boss of a gang of counterfeiters." The man out with his pistol and attempted to shoot himself in the head. Mr. Clifford knocked the pistol out of his hand. He was arrested, taken back to Philadelphia, found guilty with six others of the gang; they all went to State's Prison. His daughter was a chorus singer and became the mother of twins. Mr. Warren said he was their father. Mr. Warren as-

sisted her to get a musical education. She crossed to England, there she made a hit, married a wealthy man and settled down in Kent.

We played four days in Wilmington. Sunday being a beautiful day, the company picnicked on the banks of the river. A number of the guests at the hotel were also present at the picnic. Minnie Weddle, a pretty girl of the company, said to Puss and myself, "Let's take a walk under those trees, they are so beautiful," pointing up the stream to a large group of trees. Puss said, "I want papa Warren to go with us." He called papa Warren and we strolled along by the side of the river. When we reached the beautiful trees we saw a horse and buggy coming toward the trees. In the buggy sat a large, portly looking man. Mr. Warren had gone off to one side of the grove. As the horse and buggy approached us the pretty girl gave a scream and got behind me. The large man jumped out of the buggy and said, "It's no use for you to scream. I came for you and I'm going to have you." Little Puss jumped up, kicked the man in the lower part of the bowels and said, "Not until I get through with you." The man dropped to the ground. Little Puss jumped onto his body and commenced to kick him, at the same time calling out for his papa. Mr. Warren came running to where we were, followed by a man he had met in the grove. Our pretty little one, who was clinging to me, cried out, "Oh, Mr. Warren, don't let him take me; he is a bad man and has been my ruin. He stole me away from my home. I ran away from him and joined this company. Please don't let him take me back; he's a bad man." Puss said, "For that he deserves another kick," and gave him three more, which he said was for good luck. Mr. Warren blew a whistle and a number of people came to our rescue. The clerk of the hotel recognized him as Alexander Blodgett, a big Baltimore gambler and a bad man. With their handkerchiefs they tied his hands and feet, placed him in the buggy. The clerk of the hotel drove the buggy back to the place we were to eat our lunch. They kept the man there all the afternoon and we had a good time, bathing in the stream. At six o'clock we returned to Wilmington, taking the man with us; they turned him over to the authorities, who took care of him. That evening our comedian said

to the pretty little girl, "Marry me and I will take care of you." She consented. They found the judge of the court and she became Mrs. Williams.

That evening the guests of the hotel gave her a reception. Next morning we returned to Philadelphia. Mr. Williams and his bride took passage on the first boat going to New Orleans. At the theatre there he and his wife became members of the stock company.

The Warren & Clifford Company played through the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, going to Chicago for one month, taking the same route back to Philadelphia, and there disbanded. My husband and I accompanied Mr. Warren, Little Puss, Madame Dorio and a woman called Rosa, to Atlantic City, where we became their guests. While there we had two beautiful yacht sails. That is the last time I saw Little Puss in the physical body.

When my spirit parted with my physical body and I had crossed the divide, I was received into a realm of music. My soul was constantly filled with music. I heard it day and night while living in a physical body. My soul at last revelled in that which I loved. It was grand, each performer was a master of his instrument. Oh, friend, the music that satisfies the soul's desire has to be superb; every note must blend with the feeling of your spirit existence.

After I had revelled for some time in that musical sphere a longing came over me to see my loved ones. Through will power I went to England and manifested through a medium to several of my children, who are quite mediumistic. Florence Marryatt was present at one of the circles. The medium's description of me was so perfect that Florence recognized me right away.

On many occasions I have visited my loved ones, bringing the harmony of music to their souls through which their homes became happy.

In the spirit realm where I dwell all is music. I often visit that man I called husband on earth. Here in the spirit realm we are not in the same location; his soul was not attuned to music as mine was. Music gave to me that perfect life that I longed for while living in a physical body. I could see its shimmering

effects manifested all around me on earth plane. Music and beautiful flowers were my ideal in life. Here I have them as a grand manifestation in nature. My whole existence is imbued and capable of describing it to you. You would hardly believe it. It is beyond anything you have on your earth plane. Here life is a perpetual summer and God's love is manifested everywhere.

I thank you for taking down my communication and leave my love for Little Puss, hoping you will enjoy part of it, as we were all Hulburds. Your loving and constant friend, Helen Hulburd Placide. Good day.

Poem

Chapter XIX

To E. W. Hulburd from his spirit son.

Justin Hulburd, Medium.

The light of soul through the sense of breath
Saves man from annihilation and death.
Gathering light from the soul of thought,
By man's inner intellect outwrought.
The life line through the soul of truth
Should be guarded by spiritual intellect in youth,
For the soul directs the impressions of the brain,
That makes the common sense organs sane.
The soul is the collector of the higher sense,
Feeds the mind with what it brings from thence;
For in the soul all grief has vent,
As through speech it makes lament.
In the corridors of the soul music and pictures lie
Where the deft fingers of artists wilily ply,
As through the soul they can mould minds
And sway them to and fro like leaves in winds.
The soul creates thought in brain,
As by high culture it can never wane.
To bring the sense of intellect light
Through which men can always be right.

Your loving son,
Lewis Justin Hulburd.

Thomas Gale Forster

Chapter XX

Wednesday, August 13, 1902.

Good morning, friend, comrade and scholar. I am a spirit that once lived in a body. You would realize that, could you but look upon me. If you had the clairvoyant power to see me just now you would say, "That looks like Thomas Gale Forster, somewhat more etherial than when living in a physical body."

When I lived in a physical body I had a great deal of patience with the human race. I have discovered here in spirit life that the patience of the soul is a wonderful teacher. When the soul is patient and permits the mind to relax it becomes a great treasure house for thought.

When living in a physical body and connected with newspaper business I found patience a beautiful master to work under. By constantly paying attention to the master patience I solved many hard problems and would assist others in their difficulties when I obeyed patience. Patience taught me to look upon life as a living emblem of nature. In every realm I found the master Patience would teach me how to discover all the intricate parts of those realms whereby they could not hold any secret from me. Patience taught me how to read men and women's lives as I would read a book. Men and women seldom deceived me for Patience would constantly impress me with their thoughts and I was what you would call a mind reader. My partner in trade would often say to me, "Forster, how is it that you discover those people are lying to us?" I told him I obeyed the master patience in all things. He constantly fed me with Reason, Intuition and Conception. That was my creed through life.

In the early days of spiritualism while living in Boston my family and myself were persecuted by church people because I did not understand their creed, but I understood the true creed of our Father and Mother God, Reason, Intuition and Conception. I discovered while a boy that the creed of the church was a dark and dreary one; it held people in bondage and made slaves of the human heart. I felt I must break away from such conditions.

I studied Theology to please my father and mother, but found it contained a dry rot, so my conscience told me. There was nothing in it to moisten a brain or quench the thirst of a natural student. I loved to ramble through the woods and study natural conditions in mother nature. The master Patience taught me how to absolve from all visionary conditions and come right down to facts in Nature's storehouse. Many of my friends said I was a dreamer. They could not comprehend that God and I were silent partners and Patience was my guide and teacher.

The world discovered later that I was endowed with some brains that mother nature had presented me with. I remember the first article that I ever wrote for publication. No publisher would give the people a chance to read it. They tore it up. They said it was the worst bosh they ever read and I was mad to think they would publish such trash. But, friend and comrade, the day came when the publishers sought my articles and quite frequently paid me large prices for the same. I was an individual that held my tongue and never permitted anyone to know my thoughts until they saw them in print. Sometimes I would smile with the smile of derision when I saw people in the street touch their companion and say, "That is Thomas Gale Forster." Oh, how my soul went out to them with pity, thinking of the time when they would not permit my children to attend the public schools, or even rent me a house so that I might have a covering over my wife and children. Patience taught me to smile and carry that smile with me westward.

I took my wife and little brood and we went west where I located an abiding spot for awhile, but conditions decreed it otherwise that I should always remain there. How surprised my wife was when I read her a letter one afternoon, wherein it

said by one of the principal publishing houses, "We would like to have you come back here and live amongst us. I think the people are getting to understand you." After awhile I removed my family to the east and for a time it was pleasant among the old friends, but my mind would become educated and my soul would grow in intellect. After awhile, I think it was a matter of six years, they could not stand me any longer, so we emigrated westward again. I think we had been west about three years when I received a long and beautiful letter from Andrew Jackson Davis. I was then connected with a paper in the west. Andrew Jackson Davis said in that letter, "Friend and brother Forster, the spirits tell me they want you to work in the field of spiritualism and require you to lecture from the rostrum, as they say you are one of the individuals chosen to give an explanation why the loved ones in spirit life have a desire to communicate with the loved ones in the body." I told him I had no desire to do so, as means were provided to me through my business qualities to keep my family in comfortable circumstances, but alas, it was in my fate, and in time I became a lecturer for our grand spiritual philosophy. I travelled around the world quite extensively, visited many countries that I became delighted with.

On my way back to San Francisco to the Eastern states, the voice of my guide said, "Get off at Kansas City. There you will find people that would like to hear you lecture and you will discover an individual that you saw once upon a time when he was smaller in stature than he is at present."

My wife and I stopped off, as we always obeyed the command of the voice. It was beneficial for us to do so, as we always found when we obeyed them they supplied our wants and also assisted us in making many friends.

The spirits led us, or I should say my guide led us, direct to Justin's home and there I discovered a person that I had seen at the White House, D. C., during the war. He was lecturing for the society of Kansas City. He lived on a street called Grand Avenue. There I met many friendly greetings from individuals that had never met me in the body before, but we had affiliated in spirit. When you grasp the hand of an individual that you are introduced to you can always tell, if you

are sensitive, whether that individual and you affiliate in spirit or not. I found many people affiliated with me in spirit.

My wife and myself were invited by many of the friends to enjoy their homes while we tarried there, but our stay was of short duration and we remained at the hotel.

I lectured for them on the Sunday evening that we remained over. Justin's guide gave a beautiful invocation, after which a Mr. Granville read a poem. Then a Mr. Judson, I think was the name, introduced me to the people present, after which I lectured to them. After my lecture Justin arose and his guide pronounced a benediction.

Many of the friends present, including my wife and myself, were invited by a Mr. Meyer that lived in Justin's home to partake of ice cream and cake. And we had a jolly time, I tell you, sir. A little Indian girl controlled Justin's forces; they said her name was Rosa. She kept us laughing most of the time with her witty jokes, of which she had many. My wife said to me, "I wish we had such a household pet as that with us all the time."

While I was in Washington with the friends that same little Indian girl controlled a medium there, getting off many of her witty jokes. She called me snowtop brave, telling me she met me in Kansas City, where I was trying to freeze up. She meant eating the ice cream. She called my wife "Shiney blanket squaw." While my wife was in Kansas City she wore an outside wrap that had a great deal of bead work on it, and Rosa called it the shiney blanket, so she addressed my wife as the "shiney blanket squaw." I shall never forget—neither can I forget while memory lasts, and they say it is immortal and lasts forever, it always was and always shall be—the two happy hours we enjoyed with those guests after the lecture was over; it shall always be a bright spot in our existence, or perhaps I should say a rainbow, clearing up the bright mist and showing us a happy future before us.

Oh memory, memory, thou art a delightful organ of the higher soul of time. When you look back through the shadow that has fallen and closed in that part of life that you have stored away with the happy memories of those loved ones that gave to you the greetings of joy while living in a physical body

and as mind expands in growth, embellishing all that there is in life waiting and watching for the proper time that the soul may drink it in and go forward on its march refreshed by the loved thoughts of the past and as you look at the light ahead you will always see a kindred part of that what you had been. Those recollections form themselves into an encyclopaedia of the past, present and future. The human life forms the alphabet by which you spell out duration and eternity governed by the master Patience. When you have thoroughly looked into the encyclopaedia of Nature you find every life line is straight. You cannot reverse one of them yourself, you can step aside. No crooked shadow can you cast upon those straight lines. You may remain for awhile in a gloomy condition, but your mind must straighten itself out again, then you can take up the march of progress, which is straight ahead in a straight line. There comes a glow of Nature that will surround the aura of your soul and make you feel you are one with God through all eternity.

We will continue at another time. They say they cannot permit anyone to control more than two or three hours at a time.

Thursday, August 14, 1902.

Comrade, I love your mornings here. The atmosphere is beautiful. It is grand and invigorating. It brings back to my memory a part of Australia that we visited, but I must say your atmosphere here is the superior one of the two.

When I lived in my physical body and was passing from one country to another, the changes were very perceptible to me. Old England held a loving spot for me always in thought. It came next to the glorious America, that gave me birth on its shores.

I was not at all disappointed when my spirit came to its normal condition in spirit life. I was happy and admired everything around me, especially the friends that met me with a spiritual welcome and invited me to their homes. I was happy to see the beautiful abodes that they lived in in spirit life, all built up by their good deeds done in the physical body. I was only five days in spirit life, or I should say in my spirit home, when they asked me to lecture for them. I consented and did so. I was

made happy by the thousands of spirits that came to hear me, who gave me a cordial greeting. The rostrum on which I stood was a bank of beautiful flowers, placed there by thousands of people who heard me lecture when living in a physical body. Mr. Gladstone introduced me to the assembly. He and I were great friends while I lived in a physical body and was one of the inhabitants of beautiful Old England. I have met Queen Victoria—that is, she was called so when she lived in a physical body on the earth plane. She is a beautiful spirit, her life and character has made her so. She always had a warm heart for her people and understood the beauties of the spiritual philosophy. She came toward me, walking hand in hand with her husband, who is her spirit mate. They had with them their daughter, who was the mother of the Crown Prince of Germany, and is now what they call the Emperor of Germany. She is a beautiful spirit and loves children. Her whole life is devoted to the education of the little ones. I went in company with her and a number of other spirits who are teachers. I was surprised to see the multitude of children and hear them sing. The blending of their voices was beyond anything that I can describe to you.

At another time I visited a floral dance given by the children. As they danced and sang they would form the letters of the name of their loved teacher. It was a wonderful exhibition beyond anything that I ever saw while living in a physical body.

Oh, comrade, I only wish you could have seen their happy faces. After they had passed through that part of the celebration they rested for awhile. While I was talking to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ingersoll, Theodore Parker and Bishop Brooks, we were speaking of the beautiful way in which they did the floral dance. While we were talking I heard a beautiful sound in the air, something like a call. I said, "What does that beautiful sound mean?" Mr. Colby, of the Banner of Light, said, "You will see presently." After a few minutes I beheld the multitude of children arise and take their positions, forming into companies. Each beautiful lady teacher stood at the head of her company of pupils, when all of a sudden the grandest music I ever heard burst forth on the air, playing a march, and it was something marvelous to behold the way those children marched

and kept time. If your spectacular plays in your theatres on your earth plane could produce such grand marching as those children did, your theatres would be filled every night to see them.

After they had finished their march and stood at rest, Samuel B. Brittan, as he was called in the physical body, asked me to address the children, knowing that I loved the little ones. I did so, and it just seemed to me as if the language rolled right out of my mouth. After I had finished, none of the little children took me to task, as a little girl did in Kansas City. She said to me, "Maybe you think you are the best speaker in the world, but you ain't—our Justin can beat you. He don't have to move around and make as many excuses as you did; he just stands up and the spirits talk right off through him. He don't put on the airs you did, either." So you see, comrade, Justin had one loyal friend in Kansas City. When she had finished speaking her mind of the difference between Justin and me I asked her what her name might be. She said it was Hadewith, but the other part of her name I have forgotten. She said her father was a doctor and would bet on Justin any time. "You needn't think, sir, because you came from England, that you know more than us Americans do." I also found she was loyal to America. She was a girl about ten years of age and had opinions of her own and was condescending enough to allow me to understand what some of them were.

After the children in spirit life had heard me speak they formed into what they called their star groups, which was very beautiful. They marched around singing, keeping the formation of the stars all the time. When I looked at that it seemed to me my happiness was complete, but I was mistaken, there was a greater surprise in store for me. After they had finished their star dancing and singing the children formed a great square and looked as if they walled it in with their beautiful spirit bodies. The teachers stepped to the centre of the square, forming a magnificent star. A woman known by the name of Lucretia Mott while she inhabited a physical body on your earth plane, stepped into the centre of the star that was formed by the teachers. Her spiritual body commenced to ascend until her feet were on a level a little above the heads of the teachers.

Then she remained stationary for a few minutes and the children all commenced to take the flowers off their spiritual bodies and throw them at the teachers who formed the star in the centre of the square; as the flowers were thrown they commenced to form a large bank of flowers, entirely hiding the bodies of the teachers. All you could see of the teachers was their faces. The flowers grew in height until they covered the feet of Lucretia Mott. As the flowers were thrown they still kept the perfect shape of the star. After that formation had become perfect Lucretia Mott raised her hands and held them in the air, when beautiful tints and colors came from the fingers like electric sparks, then she commenced to speak to the children and gave the grandest lecture I ever listened to. It was a masterpiece of oratory, not only in language, but in spiritual thought. When she had finished we heard grand music and singing. Oh, the voices rang out so rich that the music was heavenly and perfect, then a kind of haze seemed to cover the whole exhibition and everything seemed to pass away from our view.

Mr. Colby said, "Do you not think our children in spirit life are beautiful and their works are next to perfect? You see they are so perfect in everything they do that the harmony of the soul reigns throughout." I said it was grand and beyond my comprehension. An advanced spirit came up, taking my hands, saying, "Brother, you will understand it all in time; we work here in this location through the law of Love and when you are spiritualized far enough Harmony will reign throughout your condition, then you will understand the perfect condition of our work here in this locality; after you have the "Temple of Love" entered in and become imbued with all its conditions, then you will understand why we love to revel in Nature's bosom, for Nature has given to us the true principle of Love coming from the Father and Mother God of all time. We will continue the communication at another time.

Saturday, August 16, 1902.

Good morning, comrade. This is a beautiful morning such as the Gods like to revel in. This morning has been provided by the God of all Gods, the Father and Mother God of Nature; they have sent out their love to the whole human race, nothing brings us closer to the great elements in Nature as does such

a morning as this. We revel in the luxury of knowing that we are part of the means of producing such a morning through our love of God.

It is fortunate we do not always have such mornings, as we would not understand the changes that are passing through the mind of the human race. When a great storm approaches you, caused by the conflict of elements, ether and gases, then the emotion of the human mind is covered and the nerves of the human anatomy come into play with all the swift emotion of their condition. The ignorant and superstitious locate the dreadful storm in the wrath of God, as they call it; an elevated, scientific mind locates it to a scientific process in nature, in which the human race has a part to play, as their whole physical element is built on scientific principles and that which they are constantly taking on and throwing off plays a part in the terrible tornado, if they but understood it.

Now I will describe to you a location in spirit life which I passed into. There I found many spirits passing their time away in a gloomy despair of life and her elements. When I looked at them many of their eyes had a vicious expression in which my heart went out to them, hoping that the light of Reason might locate itself in their brain forces. Those individuals, or I should say unfortunate spirits, are what you call in earth life desperadoes, or murderers of the worst kind. They have to remain in that dark, gloomy abode until their soul can free itself from that horrible condition and learn to understand the true love of God is waiting for all. When they have paid the penalty of their crimes and the true reasoning power located within them must teach them that all there is in God is love and through that soul's love they can be brought up out of the worst condition of despair. Then they will understand that their love will go out to all the human race, both spiritual and physical. When once a spirit comes out of that dark abode, when he hates himself and every one around him, and sees the true light ahead of him he realizes and understands he must work for the benefit of others with all the Love that is in his nature. Oh, the condition that I beheld of the robber was hard and unrelenting. I mean the robber of the poor, the widow and orphan and those that had accumulated millions by grind-

ing out the life blood of the working man, whereby they accumulated their millions. It was terrible to look on their condition.

Those spirits that had suffered by the mercenary and unrelenting life of the millionaire they passed by and gave those suffering spirits a look of pity which became a living hell to their souls. They tried to shut out that look of pity but could not, they had to stand there as if riveted to the spot and receive the looks of pity and scorn from those that they had crushed down in life. Oh, comrade, their agony was something terrible to look at.

I passed along from that condition and looked upon parents that had become drunkards through wealth and society living, attending banquets and living a riotous life, a life of luxury and dissipation. The children they had marked in the womb, who became notorious drunkards and criminals. As they came toward those debauched individuals who had lived such a riotous life on earth the individuals that they had marked gave out their love and pity toward them, the dissipated debauches would cry out with agony and pain, begging and imploring God to annihilate them out of all existence. There was no annihilation for them and they had to suffer the penalty of their fellow creatures; they had a knowledge and sense there was punishment for it all, they try to blot that out from their memory by trying to make themselves believe there was no hereafter and that death finished all, but the monitor within them kept telling them there would come a time when they must pay the penalty of their crimes; they might escape the law of man, but they could not escape the law of God, which is Wisdom and Reason.

I passed on from them to another locality where there was a class of men and women horrible to behold. They were men and women that had taught the young to become criminals by stealing and other dreadful vices in life. They taught the young female to sell her virtue for a price, they also taught the young male to become dishonest through all his walks in life.

The suffering of those individuals was dreadful to look at, they had thrown their whole natures of vice and crime upon the youth in life. Now they were paying the penalty of the

crimes they had committed; they had sown the seed of crime and were reaping its reward by the persecution of those they had led astray while living in a physical body. Many of their unfortunate victims had died upon the gallows, in state's prison and the madhouse, while others passed away in the low brothel house of prostitution. They were the lowest class of spirits that I looked upon in spirit life.

There was another class of spirits that I looked upon. They were unfortunate spirits who took on physical bodies and through a certain condition became weak-minded. They were what you call in the body "religious fanatics." They hover together in large bands, waiting for God and his mother to come and release them from their condition. When they have woken up out of that condition and find the law of Reason will assist them to adjust things properly in their mind, they will break through that delusion that has held them so long; then they will come out bright spirits, understanding that nature unfolds her laws to the whole race of men and women alike. They will see the Father and Mother God in it all when their souls will sing with joy, crying aloud, "We are one with God and did not understand it until the light of Reason entered our minds. No more superstition can hold us down now into a lethargic sleep of delusion. Let us give out our love, at the same time working to break the bonds of other deluded slaves. Let us teach them all is Love and Love is God."

I looked upon another class of spirits who had persecuted others for their religious beliefs. They seemed to be an intellectual class of people, but hidebound in everything that was religious except a faculty in getting money. In that they were the masters of the situation. They were sycophants and dishonest, polished in hypocrisy, which they used upon all occasions. Their natures were such that they wanted to persecute every individual that did not believe as they did. There was nothing literal or generous in their nature. They had lived in a certain narrow groove while living in their physical bodies. They thought they understood all there was to understand about religion. There was no Love in their natures for those of other denominations. There are multitudes of just such spirits here in spirit life. They huddle together, telling each

other Christ will only come to us, when at the same time they have shut Christ out. They have shut him out by denying the same rights to others which they wish to enjoy themselves. They are a bigoted, deluded class of people, and I hope God will send the light of Reason into their souls and bring them out of that condition, for I think the worst persecution there is on earth is religious persecution; they feel the other one is always in the wrong, while they are in the right.

Oh, expansion of mind, thou art a great law in the Universe, bringing us nearer and nearer the Truth and Love which in time will solve the problem in human nature.

I went to another condition in spirit life, where I beheld Harmony reigned throughout. There I looked upon many spirits who had known each other in the physical body. They had not met each other to speak or look upon each other's faces, but they had met each other through true spiritual affinity; they were feeding each other; to and fro from the mind a wave of intellect was constantly at work educating their condition; they all accept each other's condition through the true affinity of spiritual government, that is now what you call "telepathy." There is a class of spirits that can read each other's minds a thousand miles apart, aye, even twenty thousand miles apart, and yet come in constant rapport with each other's condition and intellect; that intellect brings them up onto a high plane of spirituality, through which they feel, see and sense each other's condition. They are elevated above the common human race. They live constantly in each other's love and that is the true love by which their Father and Mother God governs them throughout all eternity. When I looked upon such spirits I beheld a grand sight, for they revelled in each other's love; the aura that surrounded them was a grand light of a violet hue, blending with that of black and white. There was a background that had a sheen of color in it, purple, gold and red. The influence that came from them was that of morality in its purest state. It seemed to me I was breathing in a divine atmosphere, then I knew and understood, I was looking upon one of the heavenly groups in spirit life.

There is so much to tell, comrade, that I will leave some of it for another spirit to give expression to.

I leave my love for all the children of men and thank you for taking down my communication. I passed from my body in Washington, D. C. Good day, friend.

Oh, leaves of grass,
Thou art superior to a religious ass;
God dwells in thy elm.
Thomas Forster is at the helm,
And every little spray that the earth doth produce
In cluny life is a sparkling ruse,
It laughs and smiles
At the same time the world beguiles.
If religious bigots could understand,
They'd have the love of God and man on every hand.
Life and nature is wedded to the human race.
Thomas has buckled on his shield and will
Battle for Liberty with spiritual grace.

Ella Judson

Chapter XXI

Wednesday, September 10, 1902.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. Perhaps you do not know who I am. Well, I'm going to tell you. Do you remember a little girl nineteen years ago called Ella Judson? Well, I'm that same Ella, only I've grown into a young lady now and had a desire to come here and communicate. When I was a young girl I used to call Justin, "Body." A strong love grew up between him and me. I loved him very dearly while I lived in my little physical body, and I love him more now in spirit life. Oh, I remember the pleasant walks we used to take together and how we used to romp under the trees at papa's and mamma's home. I remember so well when Rosa, his Indian guide, would control and dress me up like a little Indian girl. She would stick feathers in my hood and hair and braid leaves together, then decorate me all over with them and call me her papoose, little Pearly. Oh, how I remember it all so well; I can see Justin, now, standing up talking to the people about spirit life. I remember one Sunday afternoon papa and mamma took me to the hall to hear Justin speak. I always liked it best when Rosa would control and joke with the people. She'd tell them such funny things she'd make them laugh. On the afternoon that I speak of, while Justin was lecturing, he stopped and pointed at a lady, telling her, "By you, madam, stands a young man that has a scar under his eye. It looks like it had been done by a knife or some sharp instrument. He tells me you are his mother and that young lady alongside of you is his sister. He says, 'Mother, I am not in hell, as the priest told you, when he said to you he saw me in hell because I would not accept the mummerly of the Catholic church he told you he saw

me in hell. He lied to you, mother dear. I am not in hell, but with you most of the time. That dread of hell that priestcraft has forced upon their ignorant dupes has no location in spirit life.'” Then he gave the young man’s name, when the elder lady and the young lady commenced to cry. The oldest lady said, “That is my son you describe. Thank God he is not in hell, as Father Ryan said he was.” Then she cried so hard that I got a little afraid and commenced to cry too. I put my head on mamma’s lap because I felt so. I remember that the lady and her daughter waited until most all the people had left the hall, then she came forward and asked papa to introduce her to Justin. She saw he was the principal officer of the society. I remember that she talked to a number of people who remained after the lecture was over to talk with Justin and inquire about his health. She told the people that she begged her son to receive the rites of the church, but he would not do so and ordered the priest to leave the room. The priest then told her when he was dead—that is, they call it dead—he said that he saw her son in hell. She then said to my papa, “A horrible feeling came over me and I commenced to hate the priest and the Catholic religion.” She said she had always been a good, strict Catholic, and so was the rest of the family. If that did not count for anything toward her son’s condition, why she thought God was an unjust God, for she had prayed night and day to God, the Virgin Mary and other saints to release him from hell. She had paid quite a sum of money in order that they might say mass for his soul, “and just think of it, here he comes today and tells me he is not in hell. Now I believe my own prayers and the prayers of my family had more force in them than the mass of the Catholic church. Oh, friends, for now I must call you friends, you don’t know what a happy woman I am now.” Then the mother and daughter kissed each other and laughed with joy, saying, “Thank God there is a higher light than the mummerly of the Catholic church.” Then she invited all the friends to call and see her, as she wanted to learn and understand more of Spiritualism. Then she and her daughter bid the friends good bye. When she got to the door she turned around and said, “May God and the angels spread this light as fast as they can.”

What occurred that afternoon never left my memory. I remember what a warm day it was. As we were going home a thunder and lightning storm came on and oh, how the rain did pour down. I thought it would break the top of the carriage. I can remember, another occasion wherein he gave papa a good test. As you must remember, he lived at our home a good deal. We were sitting under the trees—those beautiful maples that I remember so well. While we were sitting there Justin received a shock, as if electricity had passed through his body. I have seen him get many of those shocks while at our home. After he had received the shock he said to papa, "Will, there is someone wants to talk to you; suppose we go up to the seance room, where we will be away from all intrusion." Papa, mama, sister May and I went up with him to the seance room. Mama set the music box to going and beat time with her fingers on the table to the different tunes that were played. After awhile he was controlled and a funny voice spoke through him. I could not understand all the voice said, for it spoke in broken German, but I remember the voice said, "I'm Peter, you remember me, Judson?" Papa said, "I've known several Peters in my life; which one are you?" The voice said, "Ach mein Got, the one where you play mit the billiards in Detroit." Father laughed and said, "Why yes, Peter, I remember you now. What have you got to tell me?" The voice said, "By shiminy, I want to tell you I'm just as good as any other man what's got here, and I didn't pay anything to the damned church to get me here."

I remember how papa laughed and said, "I thank you, Peter, for coming, for this is a good test to me." Mr. Hulburd, I cannot give it to you in the broken German dialect as the voice gave it, but I give you the principal substance relating to the test. The voice talked with papa as much as an hour, and his queer sayings made mama and May laugh, while I thought he was crazy, for I had never heard any spirit talk so queer through Justin before, for I was a little girl that took things rather serious.

The same afternoon a spirit who went by the name of Dick talked to mama and papa about some timber land that they were connected with, which turned out to be so. I remember they made the discovery that it was some land that had been

given to mama's papa by the government, and I remember that mama and papa went away on a long railroad journey to find out about it.

Another day while we were sitting under the trees a spirit controlled Justin and acted what mama called foolish and idiotic. The spirit talked a little while to papa, then he gave his name and told papa where he had met him. It came to papa's memory that he had met such a person while traveling.

I remember at another time a spirit came who claimed to be quite an ancient spirit. He gave a peculiar name that I do not remember. He talked quite a while with papa and during his conversation he predicted what is taking place on your earth planet now. I remember some of his predictions were so terrible that I crawled up close to mama for I felt I was safe then in mama's arms. He told about the dreadful railroad accidents that would occur and the terrible shipwrecks at sea and many great fires that would occur throughout our nation. I remember he said to papa that there would be many lives lost through fire on board of a ship near the land. I have realized here in spirit life it was that terrible catastrophe that took place on the Jersey shore where so many lost their lives. He also said to papa, "There will come a tidal wave that will inundate part of your coast whereby many lives will be lost through its condition." That meant, Mr. Hulburd, the tidal wave that struck Galveston.

I used to wonder why the spirits would tell such dreadful things through Justin. I could not see that he had anything to do with them, as I thought he was real quiet and minded his own business. I did not understand it then as I do now.

I remember one day Mr. and Mrs. Lee had come out from the city. As they drove up toward our house the carriage stopped and Mrs. Lee got out. She came into the sitting room where papa, mama, Charlie and I were. She sat on a chair near the door and I remember the first words she said were, "It beats the Dutch. I was to Justin's home this afternoon, when a lady came to get a sitting." She told the lady's name, but I have forgotten it. The lady said she wanted a sitting in private. Rosa, the Indian guide, controlled and said, "No, you can't have it. I'm going to talk to you here where squaw Lee is." Mrs.

Lee said that Rosa went on talking and told the woman something about her children and also about an uncle; that she was to get a letter from him, which she did, as Mrs. Lee told mama afterward. She received the letter in about two days. Mrs. Lee said while Rosa was talking about the letter the medium jumped from his chair; at the same time Rosa gave a terrible scream, saying, "God, ain't I glad Medy didn't see that; him so fraid when he see them things. The screecher and all them boxes go down in the water. They go right through them bridges. Plenty people killed and burned." The woman said, "Rosa, what has that got to do with me?" Rosa said, "You see squaw nex um day, make talk this um day, plenty big talk this um day." Mrs. Lee said, "Rosa went on and talked with the woman quite a little while, when all of a sudden she said, 'Go home, squaw; fix em up the birch blanket nice; morrow day you see.'" Then I remember Mrs. Lee saying, "When I was down at the office waiting for Harry to go home, the newsboys commenced to cry out an extra about a dreadful railroad accident. It beats the Dutch—I hope that poor woman has no one on that train that she loves."

I remember next day papa read about the dreadful railroad accident. I saw the tears come in mama's eyes and it made me feel bad, too. It seems in the list of names in the newspaper the woman discovered her sister's name, who had been killed in the wreck. Her sister was on the way to make her a visit. They brought her sister's body to her. After her sister's body had been laid away she came to see Justin, bringing the letter from her uncle. Mr. and Mrs. Lee and another gentleman were present. Mrs. Lee said she noticed the woman was dressed in black. The woman handed the letter to Justin, saying, "Please see if there is anything in that letter that will be connected with me." Mrs. Lee said that Justin held the letter about ten minutes, when he commenced to tremble. He said, "Madam, the one that wrote you this letter has passed from his physical body and stands by you now. He says that in his will he has provided for you. He tells me that he appeared to you last night. Is it so?" She said, "Yes, but I thought I only dreamed it." The woman raised her hands toward heaven and said, "God be praised—the two worlds are so near and no death can separate

us." She got up to leave, when she said, "Justin, will you permit me to kiss you, for I feel you are the postoffice between the physical and the spiritual." She kissed Justin and then bid them all good afternoon. So Mrs. Lee told papa and mama. She said it was fortunate that Justin didn't live a hundred years ago.

I remember at another time when we were riding around in the family carriage and were down on a road near the river. Justin was singing, when all of a sudden he stopped and said to papa, "Will, there is going to be a railroad running along this road which will go around the city." Papa said, "That will come, I guess, after I'm in the spirit world; it won't be while I'm in this body." Justin said, "Yes, it will, while you're living in that body." Papa then said, while he was laughing, "They're commencing to get off a lot of their visionary stuff now. Don't they see a castle built here? They are the darndest visionary curses I ever knew." I remember Justin said, "Ah, why don't they?" That railroad was laid around the city, so they knew whereof they spoke.

I remember the last summer that I passed in my physical body on earth we had some peculiar looking skies—some of them were quite red. One evening the family were sitting out on the front porch when Mr. Clark, the auctioneer, was riding past. He stopped at our front gate and hollered out, "Is Justin there?" Justin spoke up and said, "Yes, I'm here; what do you want?" Mr. Clark said, "You can tell so many things, now the other evening when I sat in the seance room with the Judson family, you gave me three very good tests, especially the one where you described the little boy that sat on my lap. Now, what I want to know is, if your guides can tell us what these peculiar skies mean." Justin laughed a kind of hilarious laugh, not his natural laugh. When he quieted down he said, "It means war between a light and a dark race." Mr. Clark said, "Will America be involved in that war?" Justin said, "Yes, she will be the principal attraction, playing the star part, as she always does, God bless her. She is the one that brings freedom to the human race." Mr. Hulburd, that meant the war between Spain and America, whereby she released Cuba from Spanish tyranny.

I remember that was warm weather and I passed from my body when the cold weather came. I remember Mr. Clark asked Justin to step into the buggy and take a ride out as far as the wine garden. Justin did so. When they returned Mr. Clark insisted on Justin's dining with them. He did so.

I remember after the dinner hour, which was five o'clock, Mrs. Clark and Mr. Clark came over to pay our folks a neighborly visit. We all sat out on the side yard under the trees, it being warm that evening. After the Clarks had been there a little while May, Kate and Otis said, "Justin, come, let us go down to the swing." He went with them, for as I remember it he was as fond of fun as any child, and when I would hear anyone say he is old, but how young he looks and acts, I thought what queer people they were to talk about him that way, for I never looked upon him but as that of a youngster like ourselves.

After they had been gone about five minutes Mrs. Clark said, "That Justin is a canny being. I'd be afraid to have him live in a house with me," which made papa and mama laugh. She said while he was sitting at the dinner table he described an old drunken washerwoman better than she could describe her. "She was an old drunken Irish washerwoman that used to wash for our family in St. Johns, when she could stay sober long enough. He gave her name and said she stood by me at the table, which made me feel creepy all over and once in a while I'd look sideways to see if she was there, but thank the Lord and his mercies, I couldn't see her," which made us all laugh. She said, "Oh, you may laugh, but just listen to what he told Mr. Clark. He'd have to move from that store on Ninth street to some other place, and he'd have to get rid of that man that was in the store with him, for he wasn't honest. Just think of that," she said. "Now if that comes true I'll put him down for a witch." Three days after she told that Mr. Clark caught the man stealing. In one month from that time Mr. Clark removed to another store on Main street. I remember Mr. Clark telling papa at the gate, "Well, it's true what Justin said. I commence to remove my goods into another store on Main street tomorrow."

I remember at another time one of our neighbor ladies said

while she was making mama a visit one afternoon, "Mrs. Judson, I should think you'd be afraid to keep that Justin in your house, all the people in the neighborhood are talking about him and declare he is a witch, and you know the bible talks against witches." Mama said, "I know the bible says witches should not be permitted to live. That was written away back in the age of superstition and priestcraft. I am sorry to see that you, too, are living under that delusion in this enlightened age."

The lady never called again and the witch went on still living in a physical body, where I find him today.

I remember another occasion when Mrs. Lee called at our home. She commenced to tell of another prediction that was made through Justin's forces. On one of her visits to Justin's home she said they were having a very pleasant time. Mr. Meyer was telling something of his German life, which made Mrs. Schroeder, his sister, laugh as it was all so natural to her. Justin was lying down on a sofa resting, while she was knitting a silk sock for Mr. Lee. They were laughing very hearty at something Mr. Meyer was telling, when a gentleman looked in at the door and said, "May I come in and laugh too?" Mr. Meyer said, "Certainly; walk right in," calling the gentleman by name. Mrs. Lee said he was a lumber merchant. While they were all talking together a lady called at the home, for you must know many visitors came to see Justin. About fifteen minutes, Mrs. Lee said, after the gentleman had been seated and felt at home, a lady called who wanted to see Justin. She was invited in and after being seated a little while she addressed Justin, saying, "I came to see if you could give me a sitting; that is, if you are not too tired. I'm in some trouble and do not know how to get out of it. Through my son I became involved in the trouble. He deserted me and has gone to Denver and left me to carry the whole burden on my shoulders. Now I want to see if you can't advise me some way to get out of it." Justin said, "Very well; come with me and we'll see if they can tell you of any way to get out of your difficulty."

After they had left the room Mrs. Lee said the lumber gentleman laughed and said, "That's what I came for—to get a sitting, but I always give way to the ladies. I am noted for that," which Mrs. Lee said was the cause of a laugh.

After the lady had received her sitting and Justin and her were about to return to the room the lady told them that Justin became very pale and said he must sit down, as he was very tired. After he had been sitting there a few moments a voice spoke to her and said, "Your son has been arrested and is now in jail in Denver, but he will be released tomorrow. He was arrested through a mistaken identity. That is, he looked very much like the description of a person that the police were looking for. That individual will be arrested tonight and your son and my son will be released tomorrow morning. I will impress him very strongly to return to you and assist you in your trouble."

She discovered that was not the man she was married to, but the father of her son who had caused her so much trouble and sorrow. She broke down, Mrs. Lee said, and commenced to cry, telling Mrs. Lee much of her sorrow. Mrs. Lee discovered in conversation that there had been some property left to this son and the mother could draw rent until the son became twenty-one. Now he was twenty-one he had deserted her and went to Denver with a woman, leaving orders with the tenant that the rent should be sent to him. The woman said she was poor and had seven children to raise; their father also being in spirit life.

The son came back, deeded the property to his mother, left for California, stopped off at Omaha and was killed in a row in a dance house in that city.

I will take it up tomorrow, Mr. Hulburd, if the medium is well enough. He suffers dreadfully from the heat and must get into the open air.

Friday, September 12, 1902.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. The reason I did not come yesterday to continue my communication, the clouds were heavy and the medium was suffering from the hot wave. It is much pleasanter here in the hammock under the trees. The heat weakens his physical condition and it is hard for me to give my communication under those conditions.

Now I wish to speak of a Sunday afternoon while I was still living in the physical body. At my father's home on that Sunday afternoon a spirit controlled Justin and gave the name

of Lucretia Mott. She said when she lived in the physical form she belonged to the Friends, meaning the Quakers. I think she was the most radical female spirit I ever heard talk. She talked terribly against men in the way that they were so jealous against woman's advancement. She said that they ought to be ashamed of themselves; their mothers were women, their sisters were women, their sweethearts and wives were women, and if it were not for advanced women where would the minds of men be? I should think she talked about two hours, and I never heard a female spirit talk as radical as she did. Oh, it made me feel dreadful to hear the way she went on. I was glad when she left his forces. She was followed by a beautiful female spirit who talked all the time in rhyme and said her name was Margaret Fuller. I loved to hear that spirit talk; her language was so beautiful. I heard her talk through Justin's forces several times in father's home and also at the hall. I was always delighted when she came.

I remember there was a spirit came and said his name was Thomas Clifton when he lived in the physical body. I liked to hear him talk, he had such a rich, musical voice. I remember one time he made a prediction about carriages and wagons going without horses. He said that horses would only be kept for pets and horseback riding, that all vehicles would move by electricity in time. He said there would come a time when most of the farm work would be done by electricity taken out of the atmosphere. I remember after he had withdrawn from Justin's forces how papa laughed and said, "What a visionary spirit that man is, for anyone to imagine that farm work could be done by electricity, taken out of the atmosphere," but, Mr. Hulburd, you have lived to see part of the prediction realized. Look at the automobiles you have on earth today.

I remember that same spirit said to papa and mama one day up in the seance room that they would discover this was the oldest continent on the planet. I remember that spirit was great for making predictions through Justin's forces. One day he sang through Justin's vocal power and he had a grand, rich, deep voice. Papa said it was a bass voice, and you know, Mr. Hulburd, Justin can't sing bass, for there is no such musical condition in his composition; all his vocal power lies in the so-

prano voice. I remember how timid I got when I heard those great, deep, bass notes rolling out. I never heard such a deep voice before. I was afraid it would burst Justin's chest. Mama laughed and said, "That won't hurt Justin, that is a spirit singing now."

One day we all went out in the side yard, or I should say evening, for it was after six o'clock by your time. All our family was sitting under the trees and also two young men whose names were Van and Shirley Millett. Van said, "Justin, won't you oblige us with a song?" When Justin commenced singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" several of them joined in. After they had finished singing, several spirits took control of Justin. They sang soprano, contralto and alto, baritone and bass. I remember Van Millett saying that was the best test to him of spirit identity that he had ever witnessed. I remember now how he held Justin's hand so long and said he never could doubt spirit return again. He said, "What I have witnessed tonight has really been marvelous." He kissed Justin and I got angry, because Justin belonged to me and no one else. I can remember, young as I was, I would get jealous if the people made a fuss over Justin.

One day Justin and I went into the city. We went in a stage. When we were walking along the main street of the city there came along a gentleman that Justin was acquainted with. I know him, too, but can't recall his name just now. He invited Justin and I to take lunch with him. We did so. While we were sitting at the table Justin got one of his electric shocks and he said to the gentleman, "You are going to receive good and bad news in the same letter." Justin didn't say anything about it to papa and mama when we went home, but I told mama what he said to the gentleman.

About two weeks afterward that gentleman called at our home and told papa about the wonderful test that he had had through Justin. He said in the next morning's mail he received a letter telling him of the death of an old uncle and that he was left twenty thousand dollars. While we were sitting at the table eating that gentleman said, "Justin, I would like to have you go with me to the Springs next week." I bristled up and said, "No, he can't go; he belongs to us," which made the gentleman

laugh. He said, "You are willing to lend him sometimes, ain't you?" I said, "No, we can't lend him; he might get sick," which made the gentleman laugh so hearty that a fat gentleman came over to our table and said, "Justin, can't you tell me what all the fun's about? I want to laugh, too." The other gentleman said, "Jim, allow me to introduce you to her young ladyship, Miss Ella Judson, who is Justin's guardian and protector." The fat man laughed and said, "I am glad Justin is so well protected by such a handsome young female." I said, "Get out, you fool." After we had finished our lunch and were walking toward the street door the fat man said to me, "Here's a paper sack, Miss Judson, go behind the counter and help yourself to candy." Then how I wished May was there to help me carry lots of candy. I took the sack and filled it up with nice caramels, then I told Body to come behind the counter and fill his pockets up, which made the two men laugh. Body came behind the counter and I put lots of candy in his pockets. I thought I was the richest girl then in Kansas City. The fat man kissed me and said, "Take good care of Justin—he might get lost out under those big trees out where you live. We all love him and can't spare him just yet." I thought he was the nicest fat man I ever saw. I told the other gentleman Body couldn't get to the Springs unless May and I went with him.

Mr. Hulburd, I remember that incident so well and it is as vivid in my mind as if it happened today, for that was one of the great triumphs of my young life to think those men looked upon me as the master of the situation.

I remember while walking up the street we came to a peanut stand and the man called Justin over and wanted him to accept some peanuts. Justin accepted them, but he wanted to pay for them. The man said, "Do you think I'd take any money from you after all the knowledge you have given me? I only wish you would accept some more." Justin said, "This is all I can carry just now." I told the man I would carry some, for Body had a weak back and couldn't carry very much. The man laughed and gave me a paper sack full of peanuts. I thought we were the richest people in the world and said to Body, "Won't Kate be mad when she sees all these things?" I remember that the peanut stand stood where two streets met.

We went back home in the stage and I slept all the way. I was just wishing that some children would be there to see our sacks full of candy and peanuts, for I thought that was the greatest day of my life.

Why I tell you of that, Mr. Hulburd, is to show you how vain children will become when they think they are of some importance.

When I passed from my physical body and my parents held the funeral in the parlor and Justin was talking over my body in the coffin I was sitting on the piano, held there by the spirit of my grandmother. I did not become unconscious when my spirit left the body; if I did it could only have been a few minutes, for I realized my surroundings right away.

When Rosa gave her poem I liked it the best of anything that was said that afternoon. I could not comprehend all the beautiful things Mr. Clifton said.

My grandmother took me to her spirit home and after a while I mingled with a group of beautiful children who were taught by beautiful lady teachers and I became so happy in a little while. All the teachings we receive of thought and elevation came through love. All our surroundings were that of love.

After I had been there awhile there came a desire in my nature that I wanted to go back and see my mama and papa, sisters and brothers. Oh, I used to think May was the dearest sister any little girl could have and I thought there was nothing could compare with mama, papa and Charlie. When I was a little girl and learning to talk good I used to call brother Charlie, Chocha, and used to call brother Otie, Oatsey, and used to call Kate, Katesy, but I always called May, May, and I love to think of those happy days. I am now a young lady in spirit life, twenty-four years old, and teach other children the law of Love.

I leave my love for Justin, Mr. Meyer and yourself. I remember you very well, Mr. Hulburd, especially on one occasion when you and Justin took me a walking away out the road where there were some springs. There were a number of other children with us—I can't remember how many.

They say I must withdraw, as I have held the medium long enough. I thank you, Mr. Hulburd, very much. Ella Judson.

One time while Justin was stopping at Mr. W. W. Judson's

home on Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., they were holding a circle upstairs in a front room. After the circle had been going on awhile Rosa, his Indian guide, controlled and said, "Break up the circle and go down stairs quick. There is a terrible storm coming." They did as they were told, went down stairs and out onto the front porch. When they looked at the sky they all commenced to laugh and said it was a trick Rosa had played on them, for the moon was shining brightly and the sky was clear.

Justin was still controlled by Rosa. Mrs. Judson said, "Rosa, this is a nice trick you have played on us. You wanted to get out to look at the beautiful moon." Rosa said, "Squaw, I can see the moon when I don't control medy any time I want to, but you wait and see." They all commenced to laugh and were about to return to the house when Rosa said, "No go in the wigwam yet—you look a little while." In about five minutes a large dark cloud came sailing through the sky. She said, "Look there." Mrs. Judson said, "I see the cloud, Rosa, but where is the storm you said was going to be so terrible?" "She come pretty soon; she 'em behind the clouds," then they all laughed at her again, for it seemed to clear away and the sky was clear again. Their daughter May said, "Rosa, you are pretty good at making predictions, but I think you have failed this time," when all of a sudden came a big flash of lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder. The storm came from both ways; it looked as if it came from the north and the south. They met and then one of the wildest storms of the season was upon them. They rushed into the house, got down into the cellar just in time, when the powerful and terrific wind commenced to rock the house to and fro on its foundation. Mr. Judson had the cellar fixed up for such emergencies. The big elms and oaks were bent to the ground by the power of the wind, while the branches of the trees lashed the ground. Then came the heaviest rain of the season and the water rushed into the cellar alongside of the foundation. After that they paid attention to what Rosa said about the storm coming. That storm took place in August, 1883, and was followed by a number of others.

I, Ella Judson, give you this. My father was the secretary of the Spiritual Society at the same time.

Papa and mamma I come like a family spark,
Not out of the myths of Noah's ark.
I come from the light of Truth,
Not like the mythical biblical Ruth.

To express my thoughts to you,
Which I hope you will never rue,
Some think my words very harsh,
But I am a living tree, no bog or marsh.

My thoughts cannot be pricked by a church burr,
Nor howled at by a Pope's cur;
For the light of Reason must always shine,
No matter how much they cry and whine.

It is time some old bones are polished to shine,
And that sense may reach the brain through the spine.
The war cry from every hill top
Must squelch this popish slop

And leave this world like a soul from a sot
To be boiled down in nature's pot.
Just look at the minds of women and men—
They are as superstitious as an old hen;

Filled with the poison of priestcraft,
To cringe at every religious waft,
And is willing to die since they have been sapped,
Bowling to a priest's cowl and cap.

I cannot be silent on this part of speech,
As I looked upon it as a religious breech
That will open up the forts of hell
And much of their old spurious trash quell.

Since it is claimed that man by woman fell,
What a low priestly diabolical sell.
Shame on all who would believe in this,
Such souls as this can hold no bliss.

Where education makes its eternal mark,
It is impossible to sail a priestly bark.
The mind will rise above such sloth
And kill that popish eating moth

That has held woman in slavery too long,
Now they demand their rights and strike the gong.
Woman holds the highest part in life,
All honest men know this by their wife.

And to deprive them of their right
Is a low, ill bred, currish slight.
When women gain that which is theirs,
Then all human kind will get their share,

As there will be no homes desolate and bare,
For mothers will look after their offspring with care.
Let the truth be given to each and all,
And woman's voice will be heard in legislative hall.

As man by woman never did fall,
This is some of their accursed priestly gall.
She must take her place in all halls of state,
As from the truth you cannot make her segregate.

To become one of the brilliant stars is her fate,
Just let the church wait and wait.
Now to man I do not wish to be unkind,
But woman you cannot always hold blind,

No more than you can keep mould from a cheese rind,
Since any other idea I decline;
For I tell you the cry passes on every wind,
As it searches into the hearts of womankind.

Does the world think they are only pivots and blocks,
To fall and twist at men's knocks,
Because the cursed church had formed such plots,
Since now they must mold in their own rots.

They say the brain of woman is smaller than of men,
Like the auld Scotch woman, "I dinna ken,"
For the smallest I ever saw are in some men,
If they ever had any to lend I'd like to know when.

The greatest thoughts that came to earth,
Came to men through woman's birth;
Such was the opinion of Joseph Kirth,
As he believed Jesus had a natural birth.

When parochial schools were the only place
Women were held as slaves in the race,
But now they have risen in intellect's grace,
So the church and the mind will have a race.

Let aspirations from the higher life
Banish all low bred popish strife;
Then every man will give his best thoughts to his wife,
And the kindest feelings will reign in the planet's life.

Evolution has always the first start,
And priestcraft cannot ride in its cart,
Such reflection cast on the church a dart
That some day will bring it forth to the mart;

As in its embers you see a dying spark,
That cannot crush the singing skylark,
As woman must steer a president's bark
She will do it without craft, misnamed art.

We have shot the arrow to the tyrant's heart,
Since progression has lit the vital spark;
So now let priestcraft howl and bark,
And all go back with the Christian God to Noah's ark.

To Mr. and Mrs W. W. Judson.

Your loving Ella.

Poem

Chapter XXII

November 22, 1889.

Justin Hulburt to A. W. Hawley and wife.

As I lay here upon my sick bed
And think of the many hours that are sped,
With two dear friends that are not dead,
Allen and Olive Hawley, who are happily wed.

They have gained knowledge by loving to read
And do not believe in any sectarian creed,
For they look upon that as a rank weed,
That has spread so much superstitious seed.

Now this loving, gentle man and wife
Have lived a pure and moral life,
And to all pleasure on earth have a perfect right,
Since they have raised a large family in this earth life.

They are Unitarians and live in that belief,
But have quite a knowledge of Spiritualism to give relief,
As their opinions on all religions are very brief,
While they hold respect for others' thoughts and belief.

But death on some made an early call,
They laid their bodies away under earth's pall,
But now their spirits are glorified in God's hall,
Where nothing can keep their loving thoughts back, even a wall.

I hope the mother of life will be kind,
And leave the rest here on earth behind,
That the parents may many a happy hour find
In their gentle children so loving and kind.

There are three generations of them today,
And the little ones are winsome in their play.
I wonder if grandpa and grandma will come today,
That is what some of the prattling tongues will say.

The children that live in the spirit life,
Must look upon it as a loving sight
To see this domestic man and mother wife,
And shower upon them much of their spirit life.

And as they walk along side by side,
This manly bridegroom and motherly bride,
I hope the angels will their footsteps guide,
That their honeymoon will be long and wide.

And all the generations may partake of it side by side
And be benefited as through earth they glide.
Then from all evil they can step aside,
And on the moral waves of time can ride.

Now on this earth there are lives that are sublime,
And like true gold they are hidden down deep in a mine,
For like wine they become rich with age and time,
Such have been these two human minds.

I send these few lines to my dear friends,
If I have committed an error I hope to make amends,
As all my best wishes to them I do send,
For I know they are good and truthful friends.

Justin Hulburd.

Aunt Rachel Nooness

Chapter XXIII

Monday, February 3, 1902.

Good morning, sir. My name is Aunt Rachel; that's what my people called me. I was a Jewess. Perhaps you remember I called the other evening at your home. The spirits say it is called Searchlight Bower.

In the spirit world I met a man who says when he lived in the body he was called Doctor Rush. He tells me that in Philadelphia there is a medical college that bears his name. They call it the Rush Medical College. When I lived in the body after I came to New York I never left it, so you see I never was in Philadelphia and don't know anything about its institutions. There was another spirit that met me and says when he lived in the body he was an officer in the Union army and he was called General Warren. I think he said his name was General George Warren. Well, they asked me to come here to this place and give a communication because they thought I knew a good deal about the human race and the different natures that the human race was made of. They thought it would be well for me to tell something about what I know about children and grown up people. So I came along with them the other evening to get accustomed to the medium, but I want you to know that I am no scholarly woman and can't give a scholarly communication like some of the spirits that's been here. I was a midwife among my race, the Jews, and for awhile among the Christians before I went back to my own people, the Jews. Now I guess I'll tell you something about my people—that is, my father and mother. My father's name was Solomon Noness. He spelled his name Noness. He was born in Nice, France, down on the Mediterranean, they tell me the place is My mother's name was Ham-

mershlough. She spelled her name Hammerslough. She was born in Berlin, Germany. My mother gave birth to me in Rome, Italy. My father was there studying the fine arts. He was what you call a landscape painter. When I was four years old my father sailed with his family for New York City, where he thought he would do better, but it was a mistake, I think you look at it in the body. I passed into the spirit world at the age of ninety-two, and I have been in the spirit world twenty-six years, by your way of counting, so now you can count back and tell how long ago it was when we came to America. It was 114 years ago. My father did not do well, as it was hard to sell his pictures then, so he went around trying to sell books. He caught a bad cold which went to his lungs and he passed to spirit life after we had been in New York six years.

My mother then took in sewing for a living. She was a good looking woman and married a year after my father went to spirit life. She married a sea captain and became a Christian. She joined the Roman Catholic church. When her husband went away on his second voyage after they were married she passed to spirit life and left me all alone in a strange city. At that time the landlord could sell your furniture if you didn't pay the rent. The landlord sold my mother's furniture and I never knew whether she owed him any rent or not. There was a Jewish doctor that lived then in New York City on a street called Maiden Lane. He found out about my condition and asked me to enter his home and become one of his family. He said I could help to do some of his housework, which I did. I lived with the family six years. During that time I watched very closely what he said to the people and also what he prescribed for the patients. He took a great liking to me and when I would ask him any questions he would willingly answer them, as he saw I took an interest in everything around his office and helped him when he performed operations on some of his patients. I paid a great deal of attention to women giving birth to children. When I first entered the family when there was a case of childbirth he always took his wife with him to attend the woman and quite frequently I went with them to assist her in order that I might help to wait on the woman. When I became about fifteen years old and there was any poor woman to

be attended to he took me alone with him, when he did not expect much of a fee. His wife would only go to the better class of people. He became very much attached to me, saying that I performed my duties well. His wife discovered that he had a strong fatherly feeling for me and took quite an interest in my welfare. She became very jealous and accused me of a crime that I was innocent of. She raised quite a fuss in the home and would not listen to reason, neither would she listen to her husband nor me. She declared we were guilty and that I must leave the house. He said, "Where will the child Rachel go?" She said, "I don't know, nor I don't care, but out of this house she's got to go."

That evening about eight o'clock the doctor was called out to a Jew who had taken poison. His wife gathered all my belongings, which were not much, and tied them up in an old table cloth. Then she brought them to me, saying, "Now you must leave this house, you vile creature," but I said, "I have nowhere to go." She said, "You can go into the street; that's where you belong, anyhow, you young harlot." I said, "Madam, I am innocent of the crime you accuse me of." She laughed, opened the door, thrust me into the street, threw my bundle after me which knocked me off the sidewalk into the dirty gutter, for the gutter and streets were dirty those days in New York City. I picked up my bundle and wandered along the street, not taking any notice of where I was going. It mattered little to me then. I had no home and was accused of being a harlot. I must have wandered up Maiden Lane onto Broadway without knowing it. It had grown quite dark and they were shutting up the shops. Out of one of the houses came a woman who seemed to be in a great hurry to go somewhere. As she was passing by she stopped and looked at me; finally she said, "Girl, can you tell me where I can get some one about your age to do housework? We had a hussy who left us all of a sudden without giving us any notice she was going. I am attending on a lady who expects to be confined in a day or two." I said, "Madam, I am looking for work where I can earn an honest living." "Well, then," she said, "come with me." I saw also she was under a good deal of excitement. She led the way up a flight of stairs into a back room; she lit a candle and said, "Place your bundle down there

on the floor and get to work and try and cook something for us to eat. You will find things within the buttery, while I go to the front part of the house and see to the lady." In about fifteen minutes she came back again, saying, "I will take some tea and toast to the lady." As she was preparing things I said I would like another candle, so that I could find things in the buttery. When I had lit the candle and held it up toward my face in order that she might see into the buttery she dropped a saucer on the floor, saying, "My God, you are a Jewess. Why didn't I see that in the street?" I said, "Is it a terrible crime to be a Jew?" "Oh, no," she said, "but these people here are such strict Presbyterians and you know how Presbyterians hate the Jews. I was so excited I did not even ask you for a reference from your last place. Just look at your dress, how dirty it is." I said, "Yes, I know it. I fell into the gutter with my bundle." She said, "How unfortunate, poor child." I said, "If you will give me a little time I will change my dress and put on a clean one." I did so and I washed my face and brushed my hair.... When I had finished she said, "Girl, you have a pretty face and I like it. It looks so honest. What is your name?" I told her my name was Rachel Nooneess. I was a Jewess and loved the Jewish people. She said, "Why was it that you were walking the streets carrying that bundle? There are several Jewish families here in the city: could you not procure employment from some of them?" I said I had not asked anyone of them yet. She said, "Very well, now you will help me to carry the things to the lady's room. I will introduce you by the name of Elizabeth, for Rachel is such a Jewish name." I said, "No, you will do nothing of the kind. My name is a respectable name and if you think they would not like to have a Jew cook their food I will tie up my bundle and go on my way." She said, "I could not think of letting you go now until I get another to take your place." I carried a number of things on a tray for her to the lady's room. She introduced me to the lady as the new girl and said my name was Rachel. She said, "Mrs. Somerville, I think this girl will answer the purpose very nicely." The lady said, "I hope so, Mrs. Gordon." I bowed and withdrew from the room, went back to the kitchen and commenced to prepare the evening meal for the family, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, two

sons and Mrs. Gordon. After the evening work was over and I had put away the dishes and tidied up the kitchen I sat down to rest myself, for I was tired and weary, at the same time thinking where will I go next. I had no reference to show to any one. Just then Mrs. Gordon entered the kitchen, saying, "Rachel, the men folks were pleased with your cooking—you got up that meal very nicely. Now tell me, where do your parents live?" "Madam, I have none. I am an orphan." She said, "That is too bad." Just then we heard quick steps coming toward the kitchen door. Mr. Somerville entered, saying, "Mrs. Gordon, come quick to my wife and bring the girl with you." When Mrs. Gordon and I had entered the room we discovered that the labor pains had commenced. She commenced to give Mrs. Somerville advice what to do and how to do it, Mrs. Gordon being a professional midwife. While she was advising Mrs. Somerville I slipped to the side of the bed and commenced to treat the lady's head magnetically, for I had done so to others and they claimed it helped them wonderfully. Mrs. Gordon smiled and said, "Rachel, you have been in attendance at childbirth before." I said, "Yes, madam, I have." Finally the child came into the world. It was a healthy little boy. I said, "Now, Mrs. Gordon, I will wash the baby and oil its little body with the olive oil while you attend to Mrs. Somerville and her wants." "Why," she said, "Rachel, have you ever done such a thing before?" I said, "Oh yes, madam, on several occasions." After I had washed the baby, dressed it and held it up for its mother to look upon, she smiled and said, "Rachel, you are a handy girl." Mrs. Gordon said, "You did that like a woman of mature years. Why, you are only a young child, and yet you performed that duty as if you had always been accustomed to it." I remained silent and said nothing only when I was asked some questions. We remained all night in the room with the mother and baby. When the day broke I said, "Now, Mrs. Gordon, you go and lie down and take a sleep; it will rest you. I will attend to all the duties that are now required." She looked at me and said, "I have a feeling that gives me confidence in you, Rachel, but I never before left such a young girl with a mother and a new born babe. It will do me good to get some sleep, so I will trust to you in everything." She withdrew from the room and I sat at my post

until ten o'clock in the morning. She returned, saying, "That sleep did me good and I feel rested. Now, Rachel, you go and get some sleep and when I require you I will come and call you." I said, "Hadn't I better cook some food for the male portion of the family?" She said, "Oh no, the gentlemen of the family will dine at the hotel for two days. I have prepared some tea for you, and so now go and get a little to eat and a cup of tea, then find rest."

She did not call me until eight o'clock in the evening, when I arose and prepared some food in the kitchen. At about ten o'clock that night she led me to an adjoining room where there was a door that opened into the room where the mother and babe lay. She said, "We will keep no light in there. When Mrs. Somerville requires any attention we will carry this candle in and wait upon her." After we had become comfortably seated she said, "Now, Rachel, tell me something of yourself." I told her how I had lived in the doctor's family, and there is where I had learned to assist in midwifery. I told her how the doctor's wife became jealous and thrust me into the street, throwing my bundle after me, which knocked me into the street, or I should say into the gutter. "That's why my dress was so filthy when you had discovered it by candle light." She said, "Now, Rachel, I am going to tell you something of my history. I, too, have Jewish blood in me." "But," I said, "you do not look like a Jewess." "Nevertheless," she said, "I am of the Jewish race. My father's name was Joseph Hammerslough, my mother's name was Ruth Campbell. She was a Scotch woman and became initiated into the Jewish religion, or I should say, became a Jewish convert, in order to marry my father, Joseph Hammerslough. They sailed from Liverpool, England, and on board of the ship while out on the ocean I was born. Just as we reached the Narrows, or I should say the ship had reached the Narrows on her way to New York City there came up a violent storm, the ship was wrecked and my mother and I with a few others were washed ashore on some kind of an improvised arrangement where we were all lashed to it. People on the shore looking at the wreck watched this raft coming toward the shore. As soon as it got near enough they threw a large coil of rope. Mother says quite a quantity of it reached the raft. Someone

on the raft fastened it to the timbers and by degrees we were pulled ashore. My father and many others went down with the wreck and we never saw him again. When we reached New York after mother had recovered from the terrible ordeal she asked to be taken where there was a piano, and to the admiration of all present she surprised them with her musical ability, she sang and played for them. After that she became a music teacher. She is now living at my home and is sixty-eight years old. When I leave here I am going to take you home with me for I can see you will be a big help to me in my profession."

Midwifery was called a profession then. Many of the people preferred a midwife to a doctor then, as they could secure their services much cheaper. I went with Mrs. Gordon to her home and assisted her in her profession. In conversation with her mother I discovered that her husband, Joseph Hammerslough, was the brother of my mother, Sarah Hammerslough, so Mrs. Gordon and I were cousins, which made her mother by marriage my aunt. Raphael Gordon, the husband of Mrs. Gordon, passed out during a cholera epidemic in New York City. He was also a Jew and kept a pawnshop while he lived. He left them the sole owners of a nice house and lot, so they lived very comfortably and I became one of their family. I never married. I remained a maiden lady and became a professional midwife. Now I have given you somewhat of a history of my life as a midwife. I acted in that capacity among the Christians for over twenty years, but there came a longing in my soul to go back and live among my people, the Jews. The remainder of my life was passed among my race, and they called me Old Aunt Rachel, the Israelitish midwife.

We will continue our communication at another time, when I will tell you what I know of the human race. I will bid you good morning for this time, as I know it must tire your fingers handling the pencil so much. We will take it up again. Good day.

Tuesday, February 4, 1902.

Good morning, sir. I am pleased to see that you are looking well and I hope that I will not overtask your strength, for now we are going to deal with children of smaller and larger growth, but first we will speak somewhat of the father and mo-

ther condition. When a mother becomes pregnant and the father is a manly man, one of nature's gentlemen created for the purpose of protecting the female sex. When the mother is in this condition such a man as that will make her happy and surround her with many beautiful things such as lays within his means; for illustration, he will hang pretty pictures on the walls, no matter how cheap they are, the design will be of beautiful children whose lovely little forms will be of perfect symmetry. Then he will see that there are pretty flowers placed in vases or in glasses set around the room for her to look at. Nature's gentleman will bring joy to the mother's heart by telling her of pleasant anecdotes or recite some beautiful poem and then if he has read some beautiful story that he thinks will please her, then he will describe it with a great deal of feeling in his words and manner, because all his thoughts and actions affect the mother and she throws that condition upon the child in the womb. Where all is harmony and joy they will produce a child with a beautiful nature and its disposition will be that of love and friendship to the human race. But if the father is cruel, gross and licentious in his nature and does not try to provide some happy conditions for the mother, but is constantly nagging at her and finding fault because she is in the family way, saying, "I hate children and don't want them—try and get rid of it if you can, for I don't want to raise any more children," he throws ugly conditions upon the mother and she unknowingly forces them upon the child. It comes into the world hating all humanity and in time becomes a criminal of the worst kind, and has no hesitancy in committing murder.

Now, sir, I want to tell you one thing, and that is, when the human race is highly developed through education and the law of Reason they will get to understand that they can produce children as the two parents desire; that is, when they place their natures, mind, soul and body en rapport with each other's condition they can produce a child from two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one". That is true love coming through spiritual growth. Then they can produce a child almost perfect, when they have perfected their own spiritual condition. When men and women realize there should be perfect harmony in sexual intercourse, their souls blending, as

it were, as if they both belonged to a beautiful flower and that flower created them to fulfill the perfection of the human race, when the parents have learned to live in the law of Wisdom and the glories that surround it, filling their souls with adoration and reverence for God's beauties in nature and the perfect divinity that lays concealed in the human race awaiting the higher development of the perfection of the father and mother whereby they can give to the world a higher race of human beings not coming through the channel of licentiousness, but conceived and born through the womb of righteousness, then the children of such men and women is a perfected condition, glorifying itself through a manifested condition wherein they can realize that they are the angels of the coming race.

Now when the father and mother are both low, licentious and gross and in the habit of drinking strong stimulants, they bring forth children with diseased minds, born drunkards, for their whole make-up is that of weak lunacy, forced upon them by their parents. They too often commit dreadful crimes and must finish up this embodiment in states prison for life or hang on the gallows as a murderer. Oh, that terrible curse of liquor that has been forced upon the human race. But the worst of all is that low, licentious, degraded condition and animal passions of those low, beastly natures, low men and women. They are a curse to themselves and also a curse to their offspring; they are a curse to those that associate with them, for they leave their sting and degraded, immoral condition on all they come in contact with. Their degraded lives have humiliated them so much that there is nothing too low in life that they would not perform or consent to do in order to get money to purchase the curse called whiskey. That has made men and women raving wolves, ravenous with the madness of their own condition and if death is not kind enough to release them from their accursed bodies they will end their days in a madhouse or perhaps worse, in a low brothel, where all shades and colors abide together and revel in the destruction of their human intellect. My friend, if you will allow me to call you so, for you are a friend to the spirits that come here and give their communications by performing the work of taking them down, now I understand that I was a medium when living in a physical body. In my time

they called it the earthy body. Well, I want to tell you when I performed the work of a midwife after I had washed and dressed the child and held it up to my bosom a little while—for I loved all new born babes—there was a feeling came upon me whereby I could tell just what kind of a woman or man that child would grow up to be. When I found a mother that was intelligent and understood somewhat the law of Reason and Progression, I would tell her of the impression I had received of her little babe and if I saw she received it in kindness I would give her some advice concerning the life of the child as far as my knowledge would permit me to go. I would advise her how to guide the footsteps of her child and watch its reasoning powers in order that she might develop them in the right direction.

Now I will take up the male element in its different grooves or lines of life. When a man is thoroughly and perfectly formed in all his physical conditions and has the true nature of a manly man, sobriety being one of his higher principles and a generous nature for the female sex, one that is constantly adding a higher development to the law of his thoughts wherein he finds his spiritual nature is superior to that of the physical and one day will be with God and like him. A woman that is fortunate enough to marry such a man and has the true mother nature within her realm, loves such a man with all her soul and becomes the mother of manly men such as we see in the leaders of our nation. That is, I mean the higher natures at the head of our nation which forms a combination of spiritual and physical conditions—men with brains and clear intellect, a clear conscience formed and fashioned so that it may unfold to the higher officers of the nation and the people at large, reasoning powers and conditions such as will lead them up to Truth and the welfare of their nation. Such men were Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley and your present ruling officer, Theodore Roosevelt. There are many officers and generals, colonels of your army and lesser grades of officers that I could name who were built up and produced through the organization of manly men and women, but space forbids me from mentioning many of the names that I would like to.

Now there is a class of men that lives on this earth plane and inhabits physical bodies that are built up of narrow minds;

they are misers, avaricious to gain wealth, for they covet that which belongs to their neighbor. Those men produce a miserable class of creatures that have to exist for a time in miserable bodies. I will tell you why. It is like this, friend: women that marry such men often degrade and humiliate themselves by becoming small thieves in a sense. When they have conceived and understand their condition it is their great desire to make up pretty things for the coming child to wear; they appeal to their husband's generosity, which is at a very low ebb in humanity. They would like to become the possessors of several little sums of money whereby they could purchase the articles to beautify the body of the coming child. Such men in most all cases refuse such demands. In order to gain the money the mothers have to resort to theft, as the world would call it. It is not a theft in the light of reason, for the law of our land says that which belongs to the husband also belongs to the wife, but to keep peace in the family the mother will lay awake until the father goes to sleep. When she thinks he is fast asleep she will slip out of bed and go to his pockets, taking therefrom some of the small pieces of money. She will do this quite frequently. By doing so she marks her child, not having a proper understanding of the laws of heredity. The child is a born thief in purloining small things. When it grows up it becomes a kleptomaniac. There is where you get what the world calls shoplifters. When they enter a store and see so many pretty things they cannot keep their fingers off them, and when they think there is no one watching them they will steal several of them, if they possibly can; quite frequently they are caught in the act by floorwalkers or some of the clerks. The unfortunate creatures are arrested, taken to jail, or as you call it, the station house; in the morning they are brought into the court room, stand their trial, are found guilty and sentenced to prison. The father of such an unfortunate creature is a curse to the human race. Through his greed and avariciousness for wealth he has compelled the mother to become a thief, as the world looks upon it. She has cursed her child through the love of finery that is in her mother's heart to adorn the body of her coming offspring. Her womanly weakness compelled her to resort to picking her husband's pockets while he was fast asleep, if you would call

it so. Little does the judge in the court understand that he has sent the innocent person to prison, while the father and mother are the guilty criminals, since they have made the child what it is.

Now there is another class of men that are rather effeminate in their makeup. Many of them are quite often wealthy and become what the world calls fashionable dudes or men of leisure. Fashionable young ladies court their society, for girls with a well developed brain and thorough moral sense, brought up under proper surroundings, would detest such fashionable butterflies as those men have become. There is no part of a sensible girl's nature could affinitize with such walking tailor's signs calling themselves men. It is only those fashionable, weak-minded girls that marry such male creatures. Why do they marry them? In order that they may bear the name of some prominent family that is high up in society and it gives them a chance to gossip with other weak-minded women over a cup of tea about their husbands and the darling's position in society, but they forget there will come a time when some of their womanly nature will assert its rights. Then this love that is only imagination in a fashionable woman's makeup will grow cold, they will commence to see the error they have made, when they will become disgusted with this effeminate creature calling himself a man, when they look around them and see other sensible girls wedded to manly men, Gods in nature, whom they honor and adore for the manly qualities in the makeup of their husbands. That is the time when those fashionable girls curse themselves for being such idiots as to marry such milk and water men. They hate their children while they are in the womb and hope they will never be born, for shame has come into their heart to think their child should live to call such a creature father. They have cursed the child in their womb and when it comes to life in the world it is either a weak-minded creature or a criminal. If it is a criminal it values the virtue of a girl at a very low price and grows up to be a libertine of the worst kind, either that or a weak imbecile, providing it is a male.

If it is a female she is either a devil or a weak-minded creature and becomes the plaything of a man, constantly at his beck and call. If the mother does not look after her condition or

place her inside of proper surroundings the tendency is she will be led astray and end in a brothel house. There is where those places get and receive their fashionable prostitutes, from just such parents and homes that I have described come those unfortunate creatures, cursed by effeminate dudes called fathers, cursed by weak, fashionable women called mothers; blots on the race of humanity, as the world is compelled to look upon it. But there is another side to the question, my friend. What were the conditions that made these fashionable creatures, the puppets of society living in an atmosphere where moral brains do not rule, but empty vessels walking around filled with vanity where their egotistical conditions ruled their normal intellect, had it been otherwise and that intellect had been raised on a spiritual plane it might have been otherwise, but they came from conceited fathers and mothers whose wealth and pride were more to them than the love of God. We will continue at another time.

Wednesday, February 5, 1902.

Good morning, sir. This is a lovely morning for February. Your winter here is like April or May in New York City. I think the air in your mountains here is delightful, it is so sweet and balmy. Anyone that would find fault in this sweet, beautiful atmosphere must be people of diseased minds and nothing would please them or allay their morbid minds, for I think your mountains here are beautiful and your climate is so sweet and balmy. If one wished to possess health I think they would find it in this mountain retreat, for I think it is a perfect climate to live in and your little valley here is a perfect paradise, surrounded by the mountains. Looking through the outlet of the mountains the scene that one looks upon is grand and inspiring. Now I wish to talk upon the lives of some of the middle class of people who live in happy homes where the husband adores the wife, and the wife loves the husband and all her thoughts are for his welfare and the children's.

Such happy homes produce great minds which fulfill the positions of lawyer, banker and merchant, and also the President of the United States. Many of their sons become stock brokers on the Board of Trade on Wall Street, New York, and

in other large cities where they have a Board of Trade. Now, the minds of such people are quick and alert and yet withal many of them possess happy natures. The female part of such a family are always intellectual, bright and smart, as well as the male portion. That is because the parents are always harmonious and the children come into the world under those loveable conditions. Men that come out of such families and have the advantage of a good education make the best presidents of your nation, and also senators and congressmen. Look at your late lamented president, who had a grand mind, and was cut down by an unfortunate tool who was the servant of a degraded class of men and women. President McKinley was a noble soul and had a grand, manly character to carry him through life. He was the son of honest parents and possessed an honest character that carried him through life while he remained in the physical body, but in an unguarded moment the assassin's bullet found lodgment in his body. Such is the fate of great men that come from honest and worthy parents, but it was his fate to pass out of his body through the instrument of an assassin's bullet. He was a martyr to the cause of manly rights and liberty of the nation. His soul looked on that poor, unfortunate man with pity, whose lot it was to fire the fatal bullet, as he had drawn the number that compelled him to commit that rash act. In spirit life a noble soul like the President of your nation would be the first to greet his assassin, an unfortunat being who drew the unfortunate number that compelled him to commit that rash act. If he had not done so they would have put him out of the way for being a childish coward, but unfortunately that man that drew the number and committed the deed was an unfortunate character and your noble president, Wm. McKinley, was the first to take him in his arms and forgive him, knowing he was a weak character and unfortunate enough to draw the number that compelled him to fire the fatal bullet, and I would further say that such weak minds can only find the proper education on the spirit side of life, for we are all taught to forgive our worst enemies as we expect to be forgiven by the God of Truth. Mr. McKinley was a noble soul, born of true, hard-working parents. Of such stock come our greatest men and women. We see nothing but freedom of nature and character

coming from such great souls, born of such parents that knew only the humble walks of life. Many of the leading characters in this country come of parents in the lowly walks of life. They receive a good schooling, where common sense is taught to them. They only know hard work and honest ways, that they have been guided through by honest parents. Such are the sinew and struggle of your nation. Their souls are attuned to honesty of character and freedom of speech. That is why your nation is such a glorious one and the colors of your flag are beautiful to look upon; they are the emblem of freedom, inviting the whole world to come to your shores and bask in the beautiful sunlight that shines upon your nation. Your flag is the banner of freedom. The red stands for solidity and the noble character of manhood and womanhood, holding out the hand of freedom to all nations. Blue is purity of Love, Strength and Courage coming through the law of virtue; it holds open the door of freedom to all nations and race colors, saying, "Come and tarry with us;" this is the home of freedom and blue is the emblem of Charity. White is the perfection of angelhood, come tarry with us and through the chastity of our color you will find freedom of mind and speech, for this is a glorious nation that gave birth to George Washington, the son of freedom, whose name will be immortal through all time. The great shining light of Truth was Abraham Lincoln, the son of Freedom whose nature and soul knew no cause but that of Liberty. All God's children were born free and equal. No race color held a part in his soul; they were all alike in the sight of God. His life was sacrificed and he became a martyr to Truth. All men and women were born free and equal, as their souls were all from God. No tint and color had a part to play, as they were all the children of the Father and Mother God; one in thought, one in life, embellished in the life of the creator of Time. There are individuals that take on bodies and come into earth life for a purpose. Their original condition is that of the female element, they are so constructed and wish to gain knowledge of the highest degree or element in time. They watch their opportunity when a female mind is undecided while the condition is placed upon her of that which you call pregnancy. While conception was taking place through the male and female ego

a progressive soul that has a desire to reach an understanding of both natures. They come en rapport with such a mother who would rather in her desire that it should be a male child, but not thoroughly decided on that line of sex, a progressive female awaits the opportunity; when the sexual intercourse takes place she enters the womb, being a female spirit and desires in her soul to take on a male body. The husband of this wife, caring not what the sex of this child shall be, permits this individual spirit to enter the womb of his companion. He cares not what the sex shall be, and she has not fully made up her mind. This female spirit takes advantage of the condition, is conceived in the womb, comes into life with both natures, male and female. In most cases the female predominates, as it does in the individual I control now. Some of those individuals that take on a body have quite a sufficient quality of the male condition to marry a woman, but they are not born of a happy disposition. There is always something in their nature that is dissatisfied. They are always dissatisfied with their own condition and that of the woman they marry. In many cases the woman gets to hate the man that she has taken for a partner through life and when she thoroughly gets to hate this effeminate man and conceives, she brings murderers into the world. In the first place, she hates this creature she calls husband. She hates the child that she is carrying in her womb. She hates herself for permitting this semblance of a man to become the father of her child and wishes she could kill both father and child without being brought to account for murdering them in the eyes of the law. She has committed murder in her soul and marked the child with a desire to commit murder and when it is born into the world it grows up to become a murderer of the worst type. She hates the father and the child in her womb and hatred becomes the prominent part of the child's nature, let it be male or female.

They are only happy when they are afflicting their fellow beings through some cruel condition and finally become murderers of their fellow beings. The mother cries out in her agony and wonders how she ever gave birth to such a child. She forgets that she has marked the child in her womb with those murdering propensities, forgetting that she would have murdered

its father if it were not for the law of the nation that would bring her to justice and she would have to pay the penalty of her crime. She creates the desire for murder in the child that she is carrying in her womb. The child is born into life with a desire to murder. It grows up, commits murder and has to pay the penalty of its crime. When in reality the mother is the real murderer because she has fed and marked the child with a desire to murder.

Then there is another phase in life, I mean the material part of life, where spirits inhabit material bodies. For illustration, one of these effeminate men will marry a woman who is weak enough to accept him as the semblance of a husband. That woman thinks she is marrying a man that she will mould in time to her condition and thoughts. She becomes pregnant and bears children to this effeminate semblance of a man. For illustration, if most of the children are females, it is hard for them to get husbands. The reason is this: They are so dissatisfied with their condition in life, coming through such a channel as an effeminate man for a father and a woman for a mother that is willing to marry most any kind of a creature who wears pants, for a husband. Through these conditions it is hard for those girls to get husbands—their nature is such that young men soon tire of their society. On the other hand or condition, or I would say the side of life that I will picture, wherein the sons coming from such a condition, especially if they are effeminate, girls will marry such semblance of men before they lose their chances of getting married, for you know old maidhood is not looked upon through a brilliant light; quite frequently women marry such effeminate men before they lose all chances of getting married. The origin of those effeminate men is that of a female spirit. Women will marry them before they lose all chances of getting a husband. They have something to look upon. It is a figure of humanity dressed up in male attire. Something that looks like a man, and the girl that marries him has the pleasure of saying, "This is my husband," and he passes for such in society, but children that are produced by such conditions always feel there is a void in their life that never can be filled up; they never seem to understand where the affliction lies. On the other condition or side of life, there are individuals ushered into the

world whose slight outward appearance is that of a male, while all of the internal organs are that of a female. Generally those individuals are very artistic in their make-up and conditions and are all musically born, music becoming highly developed in their natures. Many and most individuals of that nature live in female attire because their walk and manner seems awkward in male attire. They marry men through a contract marriage, assume female attire and live in most cases very happily with their husbands, while others grow up and practice the art of walking manly, but in many cases their forms are so constructed they betray the female element in their nature. Those individuals have a work to perform, and in most cases carry it out to the letter. Such has been the case of the medium I now control. There is very little male formation in their make-up. It is only the exterior part of their form that is male, while the interior part is made up of all the female condition. Such is the make-up and construction of the medium that I now control. The female is the largest part of their nature; they take unto themselves male partners and in most cases live very happily. They both join hands with all the fervor of their souls to guide their bark through life. Such hermaphrodites as the one I now control take on a body to carry out a great work that will become a benefit to the coming race and the instructions received through his mediumship will become a beacon light to poor humanity, lighting its way into the realms of instruction, harmony and peace and is one with God for all time.

Those individuals that I have just described where the female nature predominates and who accept real male companions for partners in life generally come into the world with highly developed gifts which they display to the human race, as this one did through life on the stage and as the private spy of your beloved president, Abraham Lincoln. They were willing to take on all those conditions before re-embodiment took place. Through that work they perfect their condition and in time purify their souls by working for the liberation of the human race held in bondage by taskmasters no better than themselves. They are all human beings, children of the one father creation. It is immaterial what the tint of the skin may be, their souls are all alike, awaiting development to come nearer to their father

and mother God, the ruling principle of the universe, the eon of all time.

In my next communication I will take up the female side of life and give you some ideas of the versatility of the female element or race. There is much that lies in the female condition whereby it built up manhood and his works. Man can never deny the great sensibility through which woman works for his benefit and upbuilding. Woman is the constructor of the human race from the foundation up to womanhood and manhood. Where the female life stands poised in space holding the torch that lights the whole human race into equity and peace, becoming one with God, for they are the Gods of Light, lighting the male part of nature into the realms of peace wherein they can glorify the divinity of the human race and become one with God for all eternity. The beacon light of the human mind is male and female and its torchlight is Truth, ever glorious in the sunlight and at one with God where Love, Peace and Joy rests in the soul. Good day, friend. I am not permitted to keep the medium any longer. I will finish up at another time.

Thursday, February 6, 1902.

Good morning, sir, or I should say friend of the human race. The sun shines bright this morning. To look at your hills and woods it must be very inviting to those that live in a body to go forth and explore nature's realm, praising the beauties that the sunlight shines upon.

Now today, friend, I will take up the female side of the human race and deal somewhat with their traits of character and the element that lies in their nature and controls their physical body during their life in that re-embodiment. There is the natural and beautiful mother whose beauty shines throughout her natural motherhood. She is all love, gentleness and grace. Her natural mother condition makes her graceful to the eye of the human race. She is the queen of the female realm. Her whole love and devotion goes out to her husband and children. A natural, loving mother is the most beautiful creature on the face of the earth. She may not have a pretty face, such as men like to look upon and admire. That is of very little consequence in comparison with the beautiful soul that lives in the mother body. She is the queen and empress of the human race and no

one can steal that royal nature from her true motherhood. She may be poor in earthly wealth and yet be proud of her true motherhood, for it is the greatest thing that the God of Nature ever gave to the human race. Her clothing may be in rags, but those rags are royal when worn by a true, virtuous mother. There is nothing on the whole face of your earth that can compare with true motherhood. She is the sunlight of Heaven and Earth, who holds the door open to all intellect and intelligence. Without her the world would never have known the beauties of life. It is only through her brain forces that the human race ever knew what it was to become intelligent and intellectual. It is only through her that elevation came to manhood and womanhood; she being the solar principle of the human race, guiding the intellect and intelligence of the male sex. Through her he receives his brain forces which makes him an intellectual man. She is the guiding star of all planets. Without her nothing could exist. Male man is only an attachment to her condition. She is the ruler of the universe, the con of life, and through her gentle condition and self will power, she has forced egotism upon the male portion of the human race whereby man in his own conceit thinks he is the head of the house or the principal part of the human race and the true motherhood of all time has permitted her male child to speak of God or the great principle in nature as a He, designating him the God of all. Such is the conceit of manhood.

Now I will take up the condition of a foolish, fashionable, unwise mother, who laces herself up and deforms her body by forcing it into unnatural shape that nature never intended it should be so. She laces herself up in what she calls a corset in order that her waist may look small and wasp-like. Such a fashionable mother, or a mother in any walk of life, be she rich or poor, that will lace herself up in such a condition that she no longer looks like a natural being, all the natural symmetry that nature has provided her with to look like a human being, she has contorted out of all shape. Such mothers are a curse to the human race and especially the coming generations. Such mothers produce deformed natures and dwarfed intellects. She is the cause and production of softening of the brain of the human family and through her condition the majority of the simpletons

are born. She is the cause of the idiocy in its worst form and provides idiotic individuals for the madhouse. If you will trace back those unfortunate beings that commit suicide you will find in most cases their mothers were individuals that laced themselves out of all semblance to the human form. By deforming their own bodies they deformed their intellect whereby they could not recognize all the beauties in nature that makes healthy men and women. If you will trace back the lineage or genealogy of the race from which your great statesmen and generals come and most prominent lawyers with large, developed brains, you will find their mothers and grandmothers did not lace up their bodies out of all recognition of the human form, whereby their bodies had none of the puppet look to it like the wasp-looking women that look more like bisque dolls walking around than they do like natural human beings. The mothers of all your great men and women lived in accordance with natural conditions and in most all cases were very sensible women, knowing right from wrong. There are many women in the world that are in the habit of taking a great deal of patent medicine. Such mothers produce drunkards. They stimulate their whole system by the alcohol that is in the medicine to keep it from spoiling. Such a mother creates a desire in the child that she is carrying in her womb for stimulants. She is also a curse to the human race and children that come into earth life through such a mother live to curse the day that she ever gave them birth. Her name and memory to them is like a cursed brimstone flame out of a Christian hell.

There are other women in the human family who are very negligent in the care of their offspring. While they are carrying them in their womb they will gorge and gormandize, filling their stomachs with much animal food, which stimulates their whole system with a strong, brutish animal heat. Children that come from such mothers are low and degraded in the scale of humanity. They are beastly in their actions. They look upon the lives of human beings as only on a level with that of the brute animals. Such make desperadoes and burglars, outlaws and murderers of the worst kind. They are brutal in all their make-up and from such a class of creatures, comes the worst type of burglars and footpads. They do not value human life

above that of a dog or any other animal. There are many dogs that are much more intelligent and refined in their natures than those human brutes. Dogs, when well treated, are kind and gentle in comparison with those monstrosities in human form. When such men locate their seed in the womb of the female element they produce the worst kind of creatures in the human race. You can trace back all sea pirates as coming from such origin. Female children produced through the conditions of such human brutes either become notorious thieves or murderers, the truth is not in them. Their whole human anatomy is nothing but a degraded piece of human flesh. There is no virtue lying in their human anatomy anywhere. Their whole nature is made up of low licentiousness and they become the victims of the low brothel house. Either that or female highway-men is their destiny in that embodiment. You will find all women that assist men in murder or crimes of the worst kind come from such mothers. There is no such thing as a moral respectability lies anywhere in their nature. They only revel in the beastly brothel house or when they are notorious liars or committing crimes on the human race.

There is another class of namby-pamby women just as there are namby-pamby men in the male sex. Those namby-pamby, feeble-minded women who think they are too pretty to do any kind of hard, honest labor. They set themselves up as the dolls of society and namby-pamby, feeble-minded men follow in their train, whose brains are mushy and soft and if you would squeeze them a little hard they would go to pieces like a ripe tomato. Those female dolls of society whose brains I can only compare to so much cornstarch, well sweetened with idiotic flattery, compels a strong, natural mother to blush with shame to think there are creatures belonging to her sex that are little above a sucking pig that loves to see its mother wallow in the mire, just as these feeble-minded women wallow in dudish mens' flattery. I blush to think, as an old maiden lady, that we have such simpletons in the female sex, but there are there, nevertheless. They put me in mind of pills that have a thick coating of sugar over them. We are compelled to swallow them by our parents, whether we will or not. And so it is in female society. We have to swallow the empty, feeble sayings of such women, who have

no more sense than the little girl whose whole desire is, when she becomes a woman she is going to have a bonnet covered all over with flowers, feathers and ribbons, then she will be the envy of all the other girls in her set. So it is with the daffodil women. They think all other reasonable minded women are jealous of them because they do not laugh at their superannuated sayings. So through their feeble conceit and egotism they laugh at their own feeble sayings. Sometimes they get soft-minded men to laugh with them. My whole soul goes out in pity for them and I wish I could reverse conditions with them in order to help them on to a higher plane in life. But they are creatures of circumstance and it ever will be so until the children of the true Father and Mother God are made perfect and they become the shining lights of the Universe.

Now, there is another class of women that I wish to give full expression to their life and character in the human race. They come into the world with masculine natures and when they grow up into womanhood they hate the female part of their anatomy. As little girls they like to play with boys. All dolls and such things are hateful and distasteful to their nature. They love and enjoy to romp with boys and play at boys' games, such as tops, marbles and other games. They are happy when they are astride of a horse like a boy and the highest element of their nature while young is to holler out at the top of their voice, "Gee," and "whow," and "get up, there." They love to jump over a fence or a ditch, sitting on the back of a horse. Sometimes you will find some of them more daring than boys. One of their greatest ambitious thoughts is frequently to wear pants, a vest and a coat and pass themselves off for boys or young men, according to their height. Such women have no love for the male sex and get to hate a man if he tries to make love to them. All their love goes toward the female sex. They are what I call men living in female bodies. You will find them frequently in a fight with boys when they are at the age of nine, ten, eleven and twelve, and so on they show all the tendencies of a boy's nature. When these girls grow up to womanhood, they fall in love with other women or girls that are thorough females, they make love with all the ardor of a young man. They and other girls live together as man and wife. Their whole life

is like young sweethearts. Some of them don male apparel and learn a mechanical trade whereby they support the real female and themselves. In most all cases they live very happily, for each other becomes congenial to one train of thought and that is they live in the love for each other's welfare. I knew three physicians in New York, to my personal knowledge, who were masculine women dressed up in men's clothing and were never detected or any suspicion was attracted to their condition. They were skillful physicians and no one suspected their sex, but in an unguarded moment one of them told me of his love for me. In time he revealed his true sex, that he was a masculine woman living in men's garb. She told me of her love for me and said she would make me a happy woman. She passed, or I should say lived, under the name of Doctor Charles Henry Knowles, physician and surgeon, who lived at 226 Cedar street, New York City. I told her or him as it seemed to be, that I never intended to take up my tent with anyone living in the body at the present. The man that I loved was a Jew. One of my own race, the husband of another woman, therefore I should remain as a maiden woman for the rest of that embodiment. Perhaps you wonder why it is that there are so many maiden women in the world. Many of them fall in love with men that are husbands of other women. And there are many other causes in life why women live to be maiden ladies until they pass out of their physical body, but it would take too much space and time to describe such conditions.

Now I will give you a description of a star actress called Madame Angelo. She paid a visit to America, or I should say made a visit to America, under an engagement to play at Niblo's Garden in New York when it first opened its doors to the public. This woman, Madame Angelo, was six feet and a half tall. All the characters she played were those of male characters. I went one evening with some friends to attend one of her performances, which was great. She played the male character to perfection, and sang in a beautiful tenor voice to the delight of her audience. The applause she received from the people became so great it was deafening to one's ears. She brought to America with her a beautiful young lady, who played the princess in the play. In one scene she fights a tremendous duel with a large,

heavily built man whose name I have forgotten. It was the greatest piece of swordsmanship that I ever saw in my life. They fight this duel for the love they both bear for this young princess. The papers said at the time that this same Madame Angelo fought a duel—a real duel—in male attire, with a French count in France. The papers said the duel was fought in consequence of both their attachment for this young actress who played the princess in the piece. This woman Angelo came off victorious and the young actress accepted her love and went to live with her as a companion and wife. While they were in New York and boarding at the St. Nicholas hotel the real female caught a heavy cold returning from the theatre one night, was laid on a sick bed and this Madame Angelo, as she was called, would not permit a male physician in attendance on the sick lady. I was sent for and came to their rooms. Madame Angelo asked me if I understood my business and could wait on a sick lady. I told her I thought so. She said, "Well, now, bring your medical skill into practice and see what you can do for this lady. If you save her life and make her a well woman I will amply reward you for your services." I attended to her and brought all my skill to bear that I possibly could in such a case as hers. In two weeks I had her sitting up again in a chair. In three weeks I had her thoroughly on her feet and what you would call a well woman for her condition. She and I became well acquainted during the time. She told me much of her life and also that of Madame Angelo. She said one evening to me, about eleven o'clock, "No doubt you wonder, Aunt Rachel, why my partner is called Madame Angelo. It is like this, dear friend. She was betrothed as a child to a man and compelled to marry him at the age of sixteen. She hated and loathed the sight of him because she had no love in her nature for a man, but her father compelled her to marry this man, whom she called Count Angelo. After she was married three years she fled from him and secretly lived in male attire. She sent him a letter wherein she said the Count had insulted his lady love on the Champe de Elysee and challenged the count to fight him a duel. The count came on the ground, accompanied by two seconds. The other young man made his appearance alone and unaccompanied by any one. The count asked him where his seconds were. He

said he required none, as he had manly skill enough to defend himself in a duel parrying swords with a libertine. They fought the duel, the young man wounding the count. Two months afterward the count died from the effects of his wounds. After the duel she immediately left France under the name of Henry Bordeaux, crossed into Germany and studied for the stage. She became the greatest swordswoman that the stage ever knew, or you might say, the greatest swordsman that the stage ever knew. While in America Edwin Booth received several fencing lessons from this Madame Angelo. Why she took the name of Madame Angelo on returning to France was that she might become heir to part of the count's estate. No one had any suspicion that she was the young man that fought the duel with the count."

Now, there is another class of women that I wish to describe. They are women that have a great deal of hair upon their face, and especially quite a mustache. They keep it in check by constantly cutting it off with scissors made for the purpose. Many of these women have hair upon their breast and limbs like a man. Those women are generally barren and never give birth to children. There is a class of men born into the world who fall in love with such women, marry them and make them their wives; generally such men and women are very happy and congenial to each other in all things.

Now on the other side which we call the male side there is a class of men born who fall in love with what I call female men and become happy individuals in the partnership of each other's love and life. On the female side of the human race those masculine women, I call them female men, you see the great Father and Mother God has provided partners for each other through all the walks and grooves of life. Medical works do not inform you of the particulars and conditions of the human race that I have described. At a medical college the students only receive certain instructions that come under the comprehension of the medical profession. Some are more intelligent than others in divining the secrets of the human race, but when the students are left to book education and what accomplishments the professor may be capable of understanding and coming under the different conditions as they do under the different teachers in

college education and wandering through the mazy field of Materia Medica, little understanding and gaining but little knowledge of the true resources of human anatomy and building up of the life principles therein. The human race and life embodiments of that great living principle can only be gained through the law of Reason and progressive knowledge that is taught to men and women by coming en rapport with life and all its phases taken on through reincarnation and the different embodiments wherein it is taught. "See that you love one another, for you are your brother's and sister's keeper, demonstrated through the power of progression." No one must condemn another, for we are the children of nature and our parents are the Father and Mother God of all time. We are all beautiful flowers, if we only understood it properly. We come through different grooves bearing the different tints and colors embellished in the sunlight for we are one with God, no matter through what groove or strata we make our appearance on Earth. All lines lead to Truth, which is the highest religion of the human soul.

I could describe many other phases and degrees of the human family, but it takes up too much of your valuable time. So what I have said, let it suffice for the time.

So thanking you for your kindness in passing through the ordeal of taking down an ignorant woman's communication, that is, ignorant of book learning, but p̄retty well posted in human nature and its laws. Old Aunt Rachel gives you this communication with a willing spirit and perhaps may give you more at another time. Thanking you again I bid you good day.

F. K. Hulburd

Chapter XXIV

Monday, January 19, 1903.

Good morning, brother. Perhaps you have often heard the old saying, "Speed the way and speed the plow." I sped here this morning with all the alacrity in my nature. I was summoned as a witness in the case, so you see I am here. I will present the questions instead of having them presented to me. You will be the court reporter, while nature and the spirits will be the judge and jury. Now, brother, I am in the witness box and will swear to speak the Truth and nothing but the Truth, so help me Franklin Kellogg Hulburd.

If you remember, the last time I conversed with you I gave you the information that I was requested to come here and give a communication in which I would speak concerning Little Justin and what I knew of him in the years that are past and gone. Now for a bonafide action in this case concerning Little Puss.

Before I commence I will say you have a beautiful spot here. I will not praise it up, as the climate and surroundings speak for themselves and that is the best evidence in Nature's lower court. (Raps.) 'They rap for you to acquiesce in what I said. Now to deliver that ponderous tome and manuscript relating to Puss' past career.

When I first saw Little Puss it was in the city of Buffalo, state of New York. He was a little bit of a fellow then and I am very sure that very few in the audience thought it was a boy, and if put to the test to give a truthful expression to their thoughts they would say it was a girl. I went up from Medina, New York, with two other young friends, to visit the city of Buffalo and also to perform a duty for father. We saw a large poster on the fence announcing that the Little Comet would appear for one week only, with a change of bill every night. The

young men and myself had never been inside of a regular theatre during our lives in that embodiment, so we thought we would take it in. We paid our shilling and got a seat in the gallery. The programme, after we had read it, conveyed to our minds that the Little Comet would appear that evening in two plays, "Little Jack Shephard" and "Nan, the Good-for-Nothing." In both he would sing and dance. When the curtain went up we discovered there was a little mite of a creature who stood on a plank placed on two wooden horses with a mallet in one hand and a chisel in the other, a little leather apron on him. He was singing and professing to cut letters over a doorway. The program said Jack Shephard, the dreadful house breaker and burglar.

A man sitting back of us in the gallery said, "If that is Jack Shephard, the housebreaker, I could carry him away in my pocket." As the play went on he sang and danced several times. The actor that played the part of Blueskin, as it was called, must have been at least six feet three or four inches tall, so you can imagine what a contrast there was between Blueskin and Little Jack Shephard. Jack Shephard was about four feet tall and Blueskin looked like a giant alongside of him. They were pals in housebreaking. The actor's name was Jackson. I saw him afterward when our family had moved to Warren, Ohio. The Buckley Serenaders came to Warren and gave one night's performance. Little Justin was a member of the company. I made the acquaintance of the Buckley family and also of Little Justin. Those days I could play the flute and also the clarinet. Unknown to my family I played the clarinet that evening in the Buckley Orchestra. They only carried four musicians with them at that time and I swelled the orchestra to five. The Buckley family were the greatest musical family I ever met. They were all singers of a high order.

After the performance was over they invited me to take supper with them. I did so and had the pleasure of holding Little Puss on my knee. I tell you, brother, I thought I was a big man then. I did not understand or have any idea at the time that I was holding a little Hulburd on my knee. He gave me permission to kiss him and I must admit I took several, as you know good artists are fond of an encore. I did not believe

it was a boy then sitting on my knee. Brother, I wish you could have seen those eyes then, and that beautiful head of hair. I was sorry when I had to bid him good night, but you warrant I was there in the morning to bid them good bye again.

Those eyes were the last thing I thought of before going to sleep and the first thing I thought of when I woke up in the morning. I went direct to the hotel without partaking of any breakfast, as I did not wish to miss that one more good bye. The Little One walked with me around the square while the others were packing up and getting ready. Every once in a while I had to kiss something off those lips that I saw there. I wanted them to leave the town with a clean impression upon them.

The next time that I saw Little Justin was in Columbus, Ohio, several years afterward. He came there with the Buckley Serenaders, and they played at the Old Theatre. The new Capitol Theatre was not built then. They boarded at the American House on the principal street. I became very well acquainted with the Buckley family and passed many pleasant hours in their society.

This time that I speak of was when I was connected with the bank. Little Justin became strongly attracted to me and I to him. On several occasions the Buckleys permitted me to take him out riding, and I was a happy man then.

One day we had dinner at a country tavern. In the sitting room of the tavern there was a long looking glass. We both happened to look in the glass at the same time. Then I made the discovery that his face resembled mine very much, although the features were much smaller. I weighed him while we were at the tavern. His weight was 85 pounds, and he was the most perfectly developed little creature I ever looked upon. He used to call me Mr. Frank Franklin.

We sat down on an old fashioned sofa in the sitting room. He nestled up to me, saying, "Mr. Frank Franklin, I just feel as if you were my brother; ain't that funny?" You know the old saying is, "Blood is thicker than water," and little did we think then that the same blood coursed through both our veins. He went to sleep with his head upon my lap.

While I was talking with the landlady, the lady said to me,

"How much your boy looks like you, Mr. Hulburd." I said, "Madam, he is not my boy, nor any relation to me whatever. He belongs to the troupe that is performing at the theatre."

She said, "Is it possible that that little creature is an actor?" I said, "Yes, madam, and one of the most brilliant ones in the company." She said, "For pity sakes, what can he do?" I said, "He sings and dances and acts." She said, "When he wakes up do you think you could get him to sing for me?" I said, "It may be possible that I can." After awhile he woke up and said, "Mr. Frank Franklin, I want to go home now." I took him on my lap and said, "Oh, won't you please sing for this lady? She would like to hear you." He said, "I will if she will give me some of those red apples out there on that tree." We could see the red apples through the open window. The lady said, "You shall have some if you will sing for me."

He sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and before he had finished there was quite an audience in the room and also outside at the window. When he had finished the song they applauded him and he sang "Home, Sweet Home." He sang it with so much feeling that I saw some of the people wiping their eyes with their handkerchiefs.

After he got through singing the lady said, "You can have every apple on that tree if you want to. But let me tell you one thing, Mr. Hulburd, that voice was never intended for a boy. There is some mistake somewhere."

I ordered my conveyance to be brought to the front door, after which he went out into the orchard, where he loaded me down with red apples, filling all my pockets, even putting one in each of my vest pockets (small ones), filling up his own pockets. We carried a few and placed them on the seat between us in the buggy. He said, "Now I can give all the folks a red apple," meaning the troupe. The landlord said, "Get in, Mr. Hulburd. I want to lift the Little One up and place him on the seat." As he did so he stole a kiss. When the others saw what he did they cried out, "We want a kiss, too." He said, "Come and I will kiss you for your mother." The landlord held him in his arms while the people passed by and kissed him. Then the landlord placed him on the seat alongside of me. As we were starting off the landlady commenced to sing a hymn, the rest of the peo-

ple took it up, the Little One and I joined in and sang a few lines, then we drove off toward town.

That evening there came to town a big hay wagon loaded with people and drawn by four horses to see the Little One perform at the theatre. After one of his kicks at the end of a song a gentleman walked down the aisle and handed to the leader of the orchestra a pretty basket, all decorated with flowers and filled with beautiful red apples, which the leader presented to the Little One on the stage. When the Little One had received the basket he broke out into song:

"I love the merry, merry spring time.
It makes my heart feel gay.
Look at those red apples blushing—
I wonder what they say.
Oh, they have smiles plenty for me,
And now we must go on with the play."

He ran off the stage with the basket of apples, while the people were applauding.

The Buckley boys permitted me the pleasure of walking home every night with the Little One after the performance was over. It was a grand condescension on their part, as they so seldom allowed him out of their sight. Frequently I would take supper with them at the hotel after the performance.

Now I have a confession to make to you, my brother. I was in love with the Little One—as the boys say, "Head over heels in love." I tried to resist it, but those eyes were so fascinating that I fell a victim to their power (rap.) I loved another one at the same time who was really my honest love. That individual is now my spirit mate, but Little Puss fascinated me in such a manner that while at business I used to wish for the banking hours to be over that I might see that creature again, and yet when things did not please his lordship he would slap me in the face and kick me with all the vim that was in his little body. That was a frequent occurrence, as I think he had the worst temper I ever saw in a human back?" E. I called one day at the hotel and had on a new high silk hat which I thought made me look quite dressy. I must have said something that was not to his liking. He jumped up, kicked the hat off from my head, saying at the same time, "Take the damn

cady off or I'll bust it." I had to take it to the hatter's again and have it dressed up in order that it might look respectable again. While I was in the room he jumped up, straddled my shoulders, grabbed me by the hair of the head, saying, "Now let's make a race for hell or New York. Don't care which." I coaxed him to come down off my shoulders. When he had done so I sat down in a large rocking chair, taking him on my lap. I said, "Now, Little Puss, I want to talk to you like a father." He said, "Oh, gee, can't you make it a grandfather?" which made me laugh. Then I pretended to become very solemn and wise, talking in a quiet manner. I told him that he had insulted me acting both cruel and crude, and if I did not love him so much I would not forgive him for that insult. He commenced to cry, and cried so hard I thought he would burst a blood vessel and I had quite a time to get him calmed down and become perfectly quiet. After he had stopped crying his little breast seemed to heave so much that it frightened me. He laid his head on my breast, saying at the same time, "I haven't cried so much, Mr. Frank Franklin, since I was at the grave of old Tim Norton, who died because he couldn't breathe any more." I laughed and said, "You are indeed a born soubrette." He put his little hand inside of my vest and went to sleep. Then I heard rapping in different parts of the room. This was on Sunday afternoon. I had to wake him up when they knocked on the door and said, "Tea is ready." Then he went and bathed his face in cold water, brushed his hair back from his forehead, came over and placed his hand in mine, saying, "Now, Mr. Frank Franklin, we'll go to tea." I then drew him down on my lap, saying, "Little One, I want you to call me Frank, for I love you very dearly." He said, "Great Caesar's ghost." I said, "You must not call me Frank Franklin." Just then came three distinct raps on the back of the chair close to where my head was. He laughed and said, "Old Splithoof is after you." I said, "What do those raps mean?" He said, "It's old Beelzebub wants you to ke out, We around." I had never heard up till that time and some onterward, of the "Rochester knockings." I said, "Do you think they will knock for us again?" Just then a peculiar rasping commenced on the table, which sounded like a groan coming from an old person wheezing with asthma. When that

rasping sound had stopped my hat was placed on my head and we went down stairs to tea. Afterward we went out and took a walk, passing by the church where my uncle preached; we heard them singing. He said, "Let's go in here and see what kind of a show they give." I laughed and went into the church with him. They were singing, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." We both joined in the singing. Many of the congregation turned their heads to see where the voice came from. After the singing was over we sat down. In the next pew to us was a little girl and she and Puss commenced to play "peek a boo," so I had to take him out of the church.

My cousin Hiland followed me. When we got outside he said, "Frank, who does that pretty little child belong to?" I said, "He belongs to the troupe that's performing here. They leave for Dayton in the morning and I must take him home in order that he may go to bed early and get a good night's sleep." He said, "Who is it, and what part did it play?" I said, "This Little One played the part of Cinderella." He said, "You don't say." He stooped down, taking the Little One's hand in his and said, "Pet, tell me what's your real name?" The Little One said, "Just the same as yours, you long-legged gander." Hiland said, "What is that, Little One?" Little Puss said, "Hulburd, of course, you old bruiser." Little did he think then how he had spoken the truth. He said, "I don't think you give a very good show in there," pointing at the church. Hiland laughed and said, "Cousin Frank, I'll walk to the hotel with you; I want to see more of this little curiosity." When we started off the Little One stepped between us, saying to cousin Hiland, "Give me your hand, old chap, and show the people that you know how to walk on Sunday." Hiland said to the Little One, "I'd like to carry you part of the way, if you have no objections." "All right," the Little One said, "carry me pig-a-back." Hiland stooped down and the Little One got on his back. Hiland laughed and said, "What would the family think if they saw me now, carrying one of the show children on my back?" Little did cousin Hiland think then how well acquainted he and the Little One would become in after years, in Washington, D. C.

When we arrived at the hotel the Little One slid down from his back, came around in front of him and holding out his little

arms said, "I want to kiss you. That was a good long pig-a-back ride." At the same time he gave me a kick on the leg, saying, "This fellow ain't no good at pig-a-back riding. He don't carry me far enough." Cousin Hiland picked him up, kissed and hugged him, saying, "You have winning ways, and by George, those are not a boy's lips. You kiss like a girl, and they're sweet, too. Cousin Frank, what does this mean. Is it a boy or a girl?" I said, "Hiland, it is a freak in nature. The female predominates."

The next time I met him was in Cincinnati. The company was playing there; that was about three months afterward. I spent several days very pleasantly with the company, and especially with the Little One. Two months after that they came back to Columbus. One afternoon I thought I'd take the Little One around to the engine house and introduce him to the firemen, as many of them had expressed their desire to see what the Little One looked like in the day time. He was introduced to the boys, who placed him up on top of the engine. They wanted to see what he looked like standing up there on the engine. He had a pair of boots on and ordered me to get down on my knees and stick his pants in his boots. He said he wanted to look like a real fireman while up there on this engine. He took off his jacket, threw it to one of the firemen, saying, "Hold that, partner." Then they placed him on top of the engine. He commanded them to let him have the trumpet. The foreman handed it to him, saying, "Now you're a member of our engine company," to which the boys all cheered and applauded. He held the trumpet up and sang a tally-ho song through it. After he had finished there was more cheering by the boys, then the foreman asked him if he would please sing a song without the trumpet. He said, "All right, my hearties." He placed the small end of the trumpet on the engine, sat down on the large end and sang "We Won't go Home 'Till Morning." The yells of the boys, I am confident, was heard two blocks off. Then he straddled the engine—the upper part of it—held the trumpet up and yelled through it with all his might, just as if the engine was at a fire, and he was the foreman over the boys. They took him down, stood him on a bench and each one of the boys in turn kissed and hugged him.

I was afraid the exercise would tire him out and that he

would not be in good condition for the night's performance. I said, "Now, Puss, we must go home to the hotel so that you may rest before night comes." They always called the hotel their home. He declared that I'd have to carry him pig-a-back. The foreman placed him on my back and I went forth to the sidewalk on my mission. Brother Wallace, you can imagine me, your dignified brother, walking up the main street of the city, carrying that youngster on my back, he at the same time calling out to the people, "Come to the theatre tonight and you will see the tamed tiger (meaning me) go through his great feat of jumping through a hoop, lighting out through a window and leaving town in the morning, forgetting to pay his board bills." And when I did not walk to suit him he kicked me on my back anatomy. Brother, I was so ashamed I did not know which way to look. I felt my face must have been scarlet, it was so hot. I think there was at least fifty or sixty children following along behind us, hollering out, "Three cheers for the show kid and the man that works in the bank." I never was so mortified in my life. It shows what a fool a man can become when he thinks he is in love, and in love, too, with a child. Then he was eighteen years of age, four feet tall and weighed eighty-five pounds. He had fascinated me in such a manner that for a time I became his slave. It was the female influence that was at work.

Afterward in life I made the discovery that others had shared in the same fate.

After the company had finished their engagement there they went to Cincinnati. I followed on the second day after they left Columbus. I remained the rest of the week in Cincinnati with the company.

The next time I met him was in Pittsburg, Penn. I laid over and called at the hotel where they were stopping. I passed the afternoon very pleasantly. While we were sitting in the room I heard the raps on a door that opened in a closet.

That night I took a train for New York City, and was fortunate enough to get a position in a banking house. After I had been in New York about two weeks I saw in the New York Herald an advertisement in which it said the company would play at the Atheneum in Brooklyn, Long Island. After I had

performed my duty for that day I went to Brooklyn, found the hotel where they were stopping and went to dinner with Justin. After that I attended the performance, remaining in the dressing room most of the time.

Two months after that I saw him in New York City. That was the last time we ever met in the physical body.

After that I heard the Little One had taken up his tent with a military man by the name of Warren. I have met said Mr. Warren in spirit life. He tells me that they lived together twenty years. Part of that time he was Lincoln's private spy between the Northern and Southern armies.

I have been surprised since I came here to find out that the Little One was our cousin and of our own kin. Mysteries, as you call them, are all revealed here to the true sense of the soul. We will take it up at another time.

Wednesday, January 21, 1903.

Good morning, brother. We will now take up part of our Little Justin's life, who has been very dear to you and me and also to Mr. Warren and others in life. He has always been a pet with many people in his profession and others outside of it. I made the acquaintance of a number of ladies who vied with each other for his kisses.

I wish to make a remark here before I go any further—not because he is of our blood.

When I knew him in the physical body I think he had the prettiest little face that I ever saw on a human creature. That was long, brother, before you met him.

When I saw him as the page in Lucretia Borgia with Madame Anna Bishop in New York City I heard many remark in the audience that he was the prettiest page that they ever had the pleasure of looking at on the stage. You could see that Madame Anna Bishop was proud of the Little One.

While living in New York I made the acquaintance of Mr. Conway, who was a gentleman and a fine actor. He was a member of Edwin Forrest's company at the Broadway Theatre down near Pearl street on Broadway. In conversation with Mr. Conway while visiting a club house we were speaking of actors and actresses, their manners and ways. I mentioned Little Puss' name and asked him if he had ever met him. He said, "Oh, dear,

yes; he is a lovely little fellow, but they can't make me believe it's a boy. Look at that face and those lips like cherries. Look at those little hands and feet. That is a face, hands and feet of a little girl, not a boy. Edwin Forrest talks of adopting the Little One by the process of law, but it seems the little creature belongs to an old Scotch woman and she won't give him up because it seems he is her only support now in life. As I understand it, Mr. Forrest has promised to allow her so much a year to live on if she will give the little creature up to him, but she won't do it. Mr. Hulburd, I believe there is a secret connected with that Little One's birth and that is why she won't give him up. I do not think that he is of common origin. There is something about him that appeals to my reasoning power and that tells me that he is away up in the line of family matters. Who or what he is no one seems to know and the old Scotch woman will reveal it to no one. I called upon her one day in the interest of Mr. Forrest. After I had questioned her some time she said to me in her Scotch dialect, 'Now gang awa, you'll nae be speerin aboot my business.' She opened the door and told me to get out. After I had stepped out on the landing I heard her scolding the Little One for bringing me there. She said, 'The deil tak ye for a bad bairn that brings all the men here to talk with me. I'll hae no mair o' it and ye can tell the auld mon Forrest that ye'll never be his bairn.' For the life of me, Mr. Hulburd, I can't see what Mr. Forrest wants that Little One for. He is a sweet little creature, but has the worst temper I ever saw in a child. Oh, how he can curse when he gets angry. He makes some of the ladies just shudder and shake. It's really a puzzle to me how Mr. Forrest can have the patience with the Little One. The other day he said to Mr. Forrest, 'Old man, I'm going on a picnic and all hell won't stop me, do you understand that?' Madame Ponisa said, 'For heaven's sake, let him go, Mr. Forrest.' Mr. Forrest said, 'No, I will not; I'm going to take him down the bay this afternoon for a sail.' The Little One spoke up and said, 'If you want me to go down the bay with you, you've got to buy me figs and peanuts, so it will look like a real picnic.' Mr. Forrest said, 'All right, Pet, you shall have figs and peanuts; now you go and sit down and be patient and wait till rehearsal is over.' About five minutes

afterward I heard him say to Lizzie Weston Davenport, 'I know how to bring the old man to time,' and you can just gamble on that, Mr. Hulburd (a rap) he does know how every time. That little creature has the faculty of winning your affections. No matter how much you try to resist him. It's only three days ago that I told Mr. Bradshaw he could not fascinate me like he did others. Mr. Hulburd, you may have my head for a football if I wasn't kissing and hugging him that night in the dressing room. If that little creature ever grows up and would live in woman's clothes I believe the curse would weave a spell over men and they would make cursed fools of themselves. When I had kissed the thing once I wanted more of them and each kiss seemed sweeter than the other. I don't understand the little creature, and I don't believe there is anyone that does. Edwin Forrest thinks he does but I doubt that. What in the name of heaven will become of that little creature if he don't grow up to a good sized person like other people in the world?" (Raps. The spirits wish me to say to you that they had him in their care; that is what the raps mean that you heard just now.)

When I had told Mr. Conway that I had known the Little One for several years. He had fascinated me and I was his slave. He laughed so loud that several of the gentleman looked around to see what was the matter. He grasped my hand, saying, "Mr. Hulburd, by the living God, I am his slave now. If there is such a thing as witchcraft in the world, that creature is a witch, and if he had lived a hundred years ago he would have been burned at the stake for being a witch. Would you believe it, Mr. Hulburd, the beautiful Lizzie Weston Davenport thinks he is an angel. How she can think so after hearing him swear the way he does sometimes, I am at a loss to understand. As the saying is, 'It beats the Dutch,' and me, too. Would you believe it, the little curse makes predictions and they come true. It is only yesterday morning he said to Mrs. Allen, 'Be careful, you're going to lose something. It looks to me like it was money that you are going to lose.' Well, sir, she had her pocket picked while shopping; when she put her hand in her pocket to get her purse it was gone. She said, 'I have been robbed.' One of the clerks that stood near by said, 'Mrs. Allen, that woman that



E. W. HULBURD

DR. F. D. C. MEYER

JUSTIN HULBURD

stood so close to you, with a black dress on and black hat and feather, I believe, picked your pocket. She stands at that counter.' He informed the floor-walker just in time, as the woman was about to leave the store. He went up to her and said, 'Madam, I wish to speak to you.' Pointing at Mrs. Allen he said, 'That lady and I wish to hold some conversation with you in the private office.' She said, 'I have no time—I am in a hurry.' He said, 'Come and make no fuss. I have given one of the clerks the wink and he has gone for an officer.' Then she was willing to walk back to the private office. He spoke to one of the lady clerks as they passed by. She followed them to the private office and there examined the woman's clothing. She found five different purses that the woman had stolen. One of them was Mrs. Allen's purse, which contained over twenty-five dollars. It turned out that the woman was a regular pickpocket and shop-lifter. The officer arrested her and conveyed her to the New York Tombs. That beats all your Rochester knockings. Look in this morning's papers and you can read the full account of the whole matter. Madame Ponisa says he has the Scotch second sight, such as the people of the North Highlands have. It happened in A. T. Stewart's establishment."

I told him that brought to mind something he predicted in Cincinnati. One day we thought we would cross over into Kentucky. As we were about to enter a boat he commenced to shake and shiver, saying, "Oh, my; I don't like that wind. I shall not go in the boat." I said, "Why, there is no wind whatever. You see none of those pieces of paper on the ground moves." "Well," he said, "I don't care. I feel the wind and there's going to be a storm. Damn you. Go if you want to," and with that he commenced to walk up the levee toward the city.

In less than one hour from that time the wind commenced to blow a regular hurricane, signs were blown down and things were blown over in the street that stood out from buildings. Thunder and lightning came, followed by a big rain storm and some of the streets for awhile looked like a lake. There was great damage done to the steamboats and smaller craft in the river. The boat that we were going to cross in was upset in the middle of the river and four of the party were drowned.

One of the party that was drowned was Carleton, the beautiful singer who said he did not believe in any such warnings as that. "Why, just look, Mr. Hulburd, it is one of the most beautiful days that God ever made," and so it looked to be.

While we were sitting in the room at the hotel and the storm was in full blast, I said, "Puss, tell me how you felt when you were shaking that time?"

He said, "I felt cold, Frank, and could hear the wind whistling all around me." I said, "But there was no wind." He said, "I don't care. I heard it and if you say another word to me I'll kick you, damn you." He jumped up and screamed at the top of his voice, "Great Jesus Christ, there goes Carleton with the rest of them." I said, "Goes where?" He said, "Down to the bottom of the river." Mr. Conway said, "Poor Carleton, he was a handsome fellow and could sing for all there was in it." We got up here in New York a benefit for his wife and children, through which she realized a good sum. She has now started some kind of a store on Third Avenue, where the rents are much cheaper than in the Bowery. Mr. Hulburd, isn't it strange how that little creature can foretell things that are going to take place? It is fortunate for him that he didn't live in Salem, Massachusetts. There is something very peculiar about him. I have noticed at certain times he will talk and act like a grown person, while at other times he will seem the most innocent child you ever looked upon." He said, "Now how do you account for that?" I told him I gave it up, for it was more than I could comprehend. I called him my little box of mysteries. Sometimes he will pray like a very devout individual and will talk solemnly to the people. I remember one Sunday night in Columbus, Ohio, he sang and talked to the people beautifully. They seemed to be delighted with his conversational powers and acted as if they held him in reverence to the common class of people.

Two hours after that he was cursing and swearing at me like a pirate. I sat down and laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks. He brought me back to my senses by saying, "I've been very pious this evening and I know Jesus will forgive my sins, but I say, old man, didn't I whoop it up when I was singing about 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul?' I wonder why

the old man don't come around and show himself to such poor, deluded sinners as we are, waiting for the judgment day to come to us over in the Bowery in New York?" Just then he fell all of a heap on the floor. I raised his head and placed it on my thigh. I could not raise the other part of his little body, for it seemed to weigh two tons. I was sitting there thinking what I should do, when all of a sudden the table cloth was dragged from off the table, the raps came and as I was listening, my eyes were fastened onto a map that hung on the wall of the room. While I was looking at the map a face came on the surface of the map very distinctly. It remained there several minutes and it bore such features as resemble his now at the present time. Since I came to spirit life I have made the discovery it was the face of our great grandfather Hulburd. He tells me that I also was very mediumistic and through our condition he could show his features to me.

We will take it up at another time as they say he must get the sun before it is all gone.

Tuesday, February 17, 1903.

Good morning, brother Wallace. It will be four weeks tomorrow since I communicated last. I am glad of this opportunity to communicate again. Justin has suffered dreadfully. It would almost be impossible to describe his aches and pains, so much coughing seemed to tear his body to pieces and with the blood he spit at different times it weakened his physical body very much. You pretty near lost him that time. One more such attack and he would be compelled to bid his physical body good day. This wind brought on a hemorrhage at five o'clock this morning and his physical body is rather weak.

While I was visiting Justin in Cincinnati I was annoyed very much by a peculiar noise that seemed to follow him and myself wherever we went. It seemed as if some one was constantly whistling in my ear. At other times it would rap severely on the back of my head, which would become very painful at certain times. I said, "Justin, can you account in any way for these raps that come on the back of my head? They are getting so painful that I do not believe I can stand it much longer." He laughed out loud and said, "Frank, old Splithoof is after you. He wants to tone you down and make you a bet-

ter boy." Just then my hat was shoved over my eyes. I said, "In the name of Christ, let's get back to the room at the hotel." Just then little raps came all over the bosom of my shirt. I said, "Justin, if this is kept up, I'll go crazy." He laughed and said, "You won't have far to go, Frank." We reached the hotel and went directly to his room, for I was getting weak. When we entered the room and closed the door behind us we heard a loud laugh, as if it came from the ceiling. I was so exhausted that I threw myself across the bed with my boots on. Then Justin was controlled, the first time I had ever seen him in that condition. The voice said to me, "Franklin Kellogg Hulburd, I am your grandfather, Ebenezer. You are very much like me in many ways, and I am with you a great deal, but what brings me here today is that I bring a female spirit here to look at you. When she lived in the body her name was Rachel and she loved you very dearly. She is too weak and cannot control the medium. She passed from her physical body at half past eleven last evening. Her desire was to see you and I have brought her here in order that she may look upon you."

Now, brother Wallace, I must tell you something of the history of that female spirit, and why her great desire was to see me. At one time when she was a young lady I waited upon her, or in other words we were sweethearts and were engaged to be married. She got religion and felt it was her duty to marry a young clergyman so that she might work with him in the vineyard of souls, as she called it. She gave me the mitten and went to Buffalo, New York. There she met a young minister in society, became engaged to this young minister and in two months they were married. They had a beautiful wedding. I was told the bride received many beautiful gifts. After they had been married a year he commenced to treat her coldly and was often away from home in the evening, returning at a late hour. She gave birth to a son. He took but very little notice of the baby and that worried her a great deal. In time she gave birth to a baby girl. After that baby was born she would only meet her husband at meals.

He was looked upon by his congregation as a very pious and noble man. One day he brought his coat for her to mend the lining of it. After he left the room she held the coat upside

down to examine the rip in the lining. A number of things slipped out of one of the pockets onto the floor. She picked them up and laid them on the table until she would mend the rip in the lining. As she went to put them back into the pocket she naturally looked at them, and while turning them over she came across the picture of a lady—one of the leading lights of the church, whose husband was a wealthy man. When she saw that picture her curiosity was aroused. She read several letters that were there among the other things, and one of them she discovered was from that lady to her husband. She called him all the sweet and dear names that poets speak of, making great protestations of love. She placed all the other things back into the pocket except that letter and picture. When he called for his coat she handed it to him; at the same time she said, "What does this letter and picture mean?" He commenced to swear and curse at her in the worst manner possible that a minister can do. He said, "Give me that letter and picture." She said, "No, I will not." Placing them in her bosom she said, "I will hand them to the lady's husband, to whom I think they belong."

He struck her in the face and knocked her down. After that he kicked her while she lay on the floor, from the results of which she became a cripple for life. In the height of his ministerial frenzy he forgot to take the letter and picture from the inside of her dress.

That night the "servant of the Lord" and his concubine eloped, she robbing her husband of considerable money and valuables. They took the steamer *Oceanic* of Liverpool, which went down in mid-ocean with all on board excepting the captain, two of his officers, an English lady and gentleman and three children by the name of *Turnbull*. They were in a boat and were picked up by a passing ship that brought them back to New York. The captain said the agony of that woman and "Jehovah servant" was terrible to behold. He wanted to take her in his arms as they were going down, but she thrust him from her and spit at him as she would a cur dog. She cried to God to witness what she had to say, "This licentious brute ruined me and got me to leave my husband. He has ruined five other women in the church and three of them are about to

become mothers. Oh, God, he is only a fit subject for hell. Dear Lord, must I go with him?" And they sank out of sight under the angry sea that covered them.

The poor wife, who now was a cripple for life, sold what furniture they had, returned to her father's home with her two children. She educated her boy, trying to make a man of him, but it was otherwise decreed. He was a low, licentious brute like his father and his grandfather. His room-mate at college had received several hundred dollars. He invited his room-mate to go and take a sail on the lake in a row boat. While in the rowboat he struck his room-mate and knocked him senseless, robbed him of his money and threw his body into the lake, but the act was witnessed by a party in a sail boat. He was arrested and had a trial. He was sent to the penitentiary for life, because he was a minor, only seventeen years old. In the penitentiary he committed suicide. His father's father was a man that possessed much wealth, a libertine of the worst kind. He was well known in those days in Wall Street, New York.

The mother-in-law told Rachel that their son was too lazy to do anything whereby he could earn money and they thought the best thing they could do with him was to make him a minister of the gospel, so they educated him for that profession. She said she understood that wealthy parents educated their lazy boys for the ministry.

Brother Wallace, that was the sad life of a beautiful girl that I once thought I loved, who felt it her duty to become the wife of a minister. I think some of the worst wretches that ever walked this mundane sphere were so-called "ministers of the gospel." If their crimes had been exposed to the light of day many of them would have hung on the gallows for committing some of the most abominable crimes that civilization has known anything about.

This religious craze that many people seem to feel has been the means of filling insane asylums and sending applicants to state's prison. I think a religious craze is the worst curse that the human race can live under.

The "Old Testament" and its teachings has been the cause of more crime in the world than any other book that ever was printed. It is the most licentious and degrading book that was

ever put into publication for the children of men to read.

No wonder so many young men and women have gone astray after reading that filthy publication called the "Old Testament."

You know as well as I do, brother, that our home was never made pleasant in the evening for us to remain at home, so we sought company in other places outside, which you and I would be ashamed to associate with now. We would not like to have some of them come up and tell us how we played cards with them in such a place at that time. Who was to blame? Our father and mother. They never interested us in games to keep us at home in the evening. If we were to speak of cards they would claim we were dealing with the devil.

That cursed superstition, called "Jehovah's religion," held them in its grasp, and you and I suffered in consequence of that condition.

In church we constantly heard those demented preachers crying out, "We were born sinners, and if we did not come to the seat of repentance through the Lord Jesus Christ, who washed away all sins, we were goners and our lot was cast with the damned. We could not enter heaven until we were washed in Jesus' blood." Just think of it. We had to go to the slaughter-house to get annointed and take a bath in Jesus' blood before we could look God in the face. Oh, such rotten rubbish the Christian world has to look upon, and the stench of that slaughterhouse has become unbearable to the nostrils of enlightened minds.

There is no God, brother Wallace, but the living God of all nature, which is the highest Infinite part of the Infinitude of your soul. Your soul is the God of Reason, Wisdom and Power in all Life. Outside of that all things are physical as they should be to the physical mind and body. When your higher intellect understands the perception of Infinitude, then you are commencing to reason with the God that is within you. All things will become beautiful and blossom to your inner sense. It is then you will comprehend the eternal life, for soul measure will divine your path and make it beautiful for you to walk upon.

The Omniscient and Omnipresent that is within you, will lead you to the sociability of Divine Nature. The great Soul

of all Life and Light is unified in your soul, your soul being an outgrowth of the great Divine Soul that governs and directs all planetary conditions. No hair that becomes loose from your head or a feather from a bird's wing that falls to the ground but is known and recognized by the great Divine Soul. That great Divine Soul is in everything recognized and understood by the great emotion wave of Time, space and eternity. The eye feeling and expression of Love recognized in what your world calls Sin. That Sin in time becomes purified by the highest elevation of Soul Thought and becomes the great bulwark of litigation in the human mind, whereby the Soul expression becomes the beacon light of Intellect and the souls of men and women are installed as creators working in harmony with the great Divine Soul called God.

Truth is the sunbeam that shines in the home of every soul whose great Love is manifested for the human race and the upward and outward growth of all that is beautiful to make the children of men happy.

Brother, I thank you for taking down my communication. I leave my love to you and the rest of the family. A large share of it must go to our Little Justin, who is a mouthpiece that delivers messages between the seen and the unseen. I bring you the love of mother and father, sisters and brother and all the well-wishers that know of Searchlight Bower.

Your loving brother, Franklin Kellogg Hulburd, who should have been named Ebenezer Hulburd.

Take care of the Little One—his physical body is now a piece of fragile humanity. Good day.

George Knight

Chapter XXV

Tuesday, March 10, 1903.

Good morning, friend and scholar. I believe I have entered the sanctum sanctorum of Searchlight Bower today, realizing by your manner of counting and also by your popular calendar which calls it the tenth of March. On the tenth day of March, or I would say on the evening of the tenth day of March, I made my debut in my profession as a German dialect comedian, singing and dancing and also reciting in the broken German dialect.

I am well known to the theatrical profession, that is, to the past generation and perhaps to a few of the present generation, as George Knight. My wife and I starred it in a play called "The German Count." My wife's maiden name was Sophy Worrell, the eldest one of the three sisters, Sophy, Irene and Jennie Worrell. They were stars in the musical field. Today the plays such as they played in are called "comic operas" by the present generation. They played in Ixion, Sinbad the Sailor, Lalla Rookh, The Elves and Bellalings. When my wife and I were traveling in our German play the Bostonians had launched out into comic opera, as they called it.

It is my desire before I proceed any further to give you that little explanation who and what I was while living in a physical body.

A spirit who said his name was Franklin Kellogg Hulburd conducted me to Searchlight Bower. I was acquainted with him during the time we both inhabited physical bodies. He said you were a brother of his and that your name was Wallace Ebenezer Hulburd.

While your brother lived in New York, he and I had many a sociable chat together while smoking our cigars. Frequently

he accompanied me to my dressing room and looked upon life behind the scenes.

One evening while we were walking up Broadway together we met Billy Otis, of Laura Keene's company. The one who played Lord Dundreary after Sothorn had withdrawn from the company, I should think about seven years. He traveled with her all over the states. I said, "Otis, come join us in a little supper at my room at the hotel." He said, "As you wish, George." Mr. Hulburd and Otis accompanied me to my room.

After we had finished our supper we indulged in a cigar. While we were smoking a knock came upon the door. I cried out, "Come in." The door opened and there stood Joseph Nagle, an old actor, for many years a favorite at the Bowery. I jumped up and gave him a chair, as he was no longer a young man. I poured him out a glass of wine, saying, "Joseph, drink that; it will do you good." After that I handed him a cigar and a light. Otis said, "Joseph, in the name of goodness, where did you come from?" He said, "I have just arrived from Philadelphia, and as I was passing along the hall with the bell boy who was to show me where my room was I recognized your voice—Otis talking pretty loud and the transom over the door being open." Billy Otis had a peculiar voice and anyone that was well acquainted with him would recognize that voice anywhere. Mr. Nagle said, "After I'd placed my grip sack in my room I locked the door and returned here, thinking I had struck a bonanza in actors," which created quite a laugh. I said, "Joseph, you have struck two humble actors and a gentleman who deals in handling coin; permit me to introduce you to him. This is Mr. Hulburd, who is connected with one of our banks here in New York. Joseph, what brings you here?" He said, "I open Monday night as support to the Dashing Blanchard at the Museum. She opens in a new burlesque called 'Yankee Tars on Shore.'" I noticed that when he pronounced the name "Dashing Blanchard" that Mr. Hulburd's eyes seemed to light up. Mr. Otis said, "That Dashing Blanchard is a strange creature. While I was playing in New Orleans with Laura Keene, the Black Crook company came there. He or she, whichever you choose to call it, was playing under the name of the Dashing Mazareah, from Naples, Italy. She was supposed to be an

Italian who did not speak any English. She was traveling at that time in women's clothes.

"One day as I was walking down the street I saw two small ladies coming toward me. One of them smiled and said, 'Billy, how are you?' Almost in the same breath she said, 'Senor,' and laughed out loud, saying, 'Billy, I'm imported from Naples and can't speak English.' I said, 'You did that very well for a new importation.' She said, 'Billy, allow me to introduce Mdlle. Jovetti, one of our premier danseuse.' I said, 'Puss, who will you be next?' She said, 'For a big, fat salary I am anything that the manager requires'" I said, "Little Puss is a strange character, gentlemen, and I doubt if anyone has ever understood him." Mr. Nagle said, "Gentlemen, the Little One is a spiritual medium. I have seen him while sitting on a chair levitated up into space, all the while singing some strange song in a strange language which sounded to me like an incantation." I said, "Joseph, is that really so?" He said, "It is as true as that I am looking at you now. When he comes into the presence of Doctor Van Ame and Doctor Jennings it is wonderful what will take place. Manifestations of all kinds. But a spirit said through a medium present that all those physical manifestations would cease and that in time he would address the public through his vocal organs." Mr. Hulburd said, "Gentlemen, I became well acquainted with Little Puss while living in the West and was a witness to several spiritual manifestations that seemed wonderful to me. The most wonderful one was where a face appeared on a map hanging in the room. The lips parted and smiled at me. That face resembled the face of Little Puss, only the features were larger."

Mr. Otis then said, "Gentlemen, I was one day sitting in a physician's office in Philadelphia when a military man entered holding Little Puss by the hand. They took seats and waited for the doctor to return—he being absent at the time. In about five minutes I should judge, I heard a peculiar noise as if some one was scraping the wall with a knife. The noise seemed to draw close to me. I was sitting by a table whereon laid some books. All of a sudden I heard some peculiar raps on the table. I looked up at the military man and said, 'Can you hear those raps close to my right arm here on the table?' He said, 'Oh,

yes,' in rather a peculiar way. I said, 'Justin, can you hear them?' He said, 'Otis, old Splithoof is after you,' I said to the military gentleman, 'I wonder if these raps can be in any way similar to the Rochester knockings?' He said, 'The same.' Just then he said, 'Come, Justin, let's take a walk and we will return in about half an hour.' As they got to the front door they met Doctor Hassenplug. I heard the three laughing together in the hall. When they entered the room Doctor Hassenplug was holding the Little One by the hand. He said, 'Now, Puss, I want you to look at Mr. Otis and tell me what you see around him.' He stood in the centre of the room still holding the doctor's hand. Then came in his eyes a peculiar look and he seemed to look away beyond me. After a little while he was taken with a violent fit of coughing and between the spasms of coughing he uttered these words, 'William, my boy, I am always with you and love to be near you. I am your grandfather, Asa. Do not go on that trip to Niagara Falls. I can see some accident will occur to the train. If you go, wait three days later,' and then he was taken with another fit of coughing. It just seemed to me as if his little body would be all racked to pieces, but he came out of it all right. Then the doctor said 'Billy, heed the warning, the Little One is a servant of the spirit world.' Gentlemen, the train that I was to take was wrecked near Williamsport, Penn., and a number of the passengers were severely hurt." Joseph Nagle said, "It beats hell how those mediums can tell things like that," and then we all laughed and took a glass of wine, for I was afraid we would begin to feel spooky.

After I realized that we were all in our normal condition, I said, "Now, gentlemen, I am going to unfold a tale. It is worse than when Lincoln split a rail. It is this, gentlemen: I was in love with Little Justin at one time. Then he bore the name of the 'Dashing Blanchard,' or she, if you wish to call it. Gentlemen, that Little One is a freak in nature, and I do not believe the freak is two days alike.

Now I will unfold my tale. A New York company produced at the Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, "The Forty Thieves." The Little One played Morgiana and was also one of the premier dancers. She did a wonderful feat. She would

stand on one toe while her other foot was almost as high as her head. She would do a pirouette and fall into the ballet master's arms. At that time, gentlemen, how I wished to God it was my arms she fell in. I had fallen in love with Little Morgiana. I was then fourteen years old and one of the gallery gods. I took my seat in the gallery every night during the engagement of "The Forty Thieves." I was desperately in love—as I thought then—with the Dashing Blanchard. She was the ideal of my dreams. She was before me in school, flitting across the stage from one toe to another. I had a vision of her in the street. She belonged all to me, at night in the gallery, at home in my room. She was the goddess that I worshipped. The last night of the play I and some other schoolboys waited at the back door of the theatre to see her come out. While standing there we saw the ballet girls and the principal members of the company come out of the stage door, two and three at a time, wending their way to their lodgings. When we had become quite tired of standing there, the back stage door opened and two military men came forth with a little person walking between them, wrapped up in a traveling shawl. The old man that attended the back door stepped out ahead of them, held the carriage door open while they entered. One of the gentlemen thrust his arm out through the window of the carriage door and placed in the old man's hand a piece of money, for which the old man thanked him. As the old man stepped back toward the stage door I intercepted him and said, "Will you be so kind as to tell me how long it will be before the 'Dashing Blanchard' comes out?" He laughed and said, "Why, bless your heart, boy, that's he that went off in that carriage with his father." "He," I said, "what do you mean by that?" "Why, you see," he said, "he's a boy in the daytime and a girl at night when he's at the theatre." That was the cause of a big laugh by my school companions, and I thought I'd wilt right there. My goddess, the idol of my dreams—a boy. All I had left in my pocket was a dime. I fished it out, putting it in the old man's hand, thanking him for his information. He said, "It's like this, boy. They're having a big time at the Continental hotel tonight and all the prominent members of the company are invited and that is why they've got him wrapped up so, be-

cause they're afraid he might take cold on the road." We bid him good night and walked away to our different homes. My dream of love was over, the castles that I had builded were scattered on the ground. My goddess was a boy and wore pants. Oh, horror of horrors. I was disgusted with myself. I never again would fall in love with anything that I saw on the stage. Little did I think then that I should break my vow and marry an actress. We all had a hearty laugh. Mr. Nagle and Mr. Otis bidding us good night, Mr. Hulburd and myself disrobed and crawled into bed, after which he told me of his experience with Little Justin, which is too long to tell here.

I met Little Justin at Hooley's theatre in Brooklyn, where I played a star engagement in the "Persecuted Dutchman." He played a young lady.

Hooley got up a company and sent me out on the road. When we got to Cincinnati I begged of Mr. Hooley to let me have Little Justin. He consented. He started from Jersey City Saturday night with the fast express. When we opened at the theatre I told the girl that had been playing the part in other towns to stand in the entrance and watch Justin, that she might pick up several points that she was lacking in.

Friday morning I received a telegram from Mr. Hooley, saying, "I have advertised the company in Chicago for one week. Justin goes with you. The company will leave Cincinnati Sunday night for Chicago." I tell you, sir, I was then a happy man to think I was going to have Justin with me in Chicago.

We did a big business in Cincinnati and also in Chicago. We had in the company Nellie Pierce, the great soprano. While we were playing in Chicago Mr. Hooley came on and said to me, "I guess I will play the company in St. Louis for a week," which turned out satisfactorily to both parties.

Justin's father, as he called him, accompanied Justin to all places. His name was Warren.

After we played in St. Louis we returned to Cincinnati for three nights. There Justin, Mr. Warren and Mr. Hooley left us, returning to New York, while the company and I went south.

I said one day while we were in St. Louis to Mr. Warren,

"How old is Little Justin?" He said, "He is in his thirty-sixth year." I said, "Heavens almighty, that can't be possible. He don't look any older than eighteen or twenty at the furthest." He said, "He was born in 1828, so you can count it up, Mr. Knight." I said, "Well, Warren, that beats the Dutch." He said, "My Little One will look young as long as he lives. I hope that he will go before I do, so that I may lay his little body away from the gaze of the people. He doesn't know how to take care of money; I have to watch him, that the professional vultures don't borrow it all from him. A good deal of the money that they have borrowed from him, Mr. Knight, has never been paid back, so I have to call a halt on that business. He is good in his profession and has great conception of character. When left to himself he is only a child, as you can see, with childish ways. It will take a long experience and many years of growth to get into his condition that he is a person growing up in years."

The day before they left Cincinnati I purchased a beautiful ring, consisting of a diamond and two pearls. I presented it to Justin before the company as a token of my appreciation for the way he played the character, and my personal love and respect for him. I selected it a little too large for his front finger and had to place it on his little thumb, at which the company enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense. He thanked me kindly for the ring. Addressing the company he called them sisters and brothers and spoke to them very kindly, when he burst out crying. After he had a good cry—at which the company felt bad—he turned and kicked me and called me an old fool, saying I was the worst actor he ever saw, jumped up, threw his arms around my neck and his legs around my waist, then he kissed and hugged me, at which Mr. Hooley, Mr. Warren and the company roared with laughter. I think their laughing and applauding could have been heard quite a distance. He was a creature of emotion and loved his professional sisters and brothers. They could get everything he had. He was of such a generous nature, and no doubt some of them would leap over the bounds of generosity if not prevented from doing so by Mr. Warren, who protected him through all his walks in life as he, Mr. Warren, lived in a physical body.

Wednesday, March 11, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Wallace Ebenezer Hulburd. You see I am on deck again in order to continue my communication.

The next time that I saw Little Justin was at Hooley's Randolph street theatre, Chicago. I played a star engagement of three weeks, producing three different comedies. In each of the comedies Justin played my wife. He was then much older than when I played with him before, but it was wonderful how young he made up for the stage. He wore a blonde wig in each of the comedies, which made him look quite youthful. I remember in the first comedy he wore a green and white striped satin, trimmed with expensive Duchess lace. It was low necked with a flowing sleeve of lace, which gave the people a chance to look at his handsome arms and little hands. I think he had the most perfect neck and shoulders I ever saw on a human being. He had a Greek, classic looking face. I have been in company of ladies and gentlemen when I lived in the physical body, and it was amusing to hear the ladies speak of his beautiful neck, breast and arms. I remember a Mrs. Thompson wrote a beautiful poem on Justin, in which she described the gods and goddesses must have visited his mother while she slept to leave such a beautiful form.

After I had finished my engagement Justin went to San Francisco to play an engagement at Mr. McGuire's theatre, where I met him about three months afterward.

My wife and her sister Irena and myself were stopping at the Occidental Hotel for several weeks. We went to the theatre to see the company play one of John Hart's comedies. The comedian that played the character that John Hart played in Chicago was a dead failure and of course, the comedy went off flat. Justin played his part as good as usual, but it was impossible for him to make the comedy go as it did in Chicago.

I remember one time attending the Clark street theatre in Chicago to see Justin and John Hart in "That Husband of Mine." I think I looked upon one of the most perfect pieces of comedy that I ever had the pleasure of looking at on any stage. I think that John Hart and Justin were born comedy actors.

In "That Husband of Mine" Justin played the wife while

John Hart played the husband. They kept the audience laughing from the beginning of the comedy until the curtain went down, or I should say fell, on the last scene. That is a word we use in the theatrical profession.

After Justin returned from California Mr. Hooley secured his services to play the "Goddess of Liberty" in the Centennial piece, while I represented George Washington, the "Father of his Country," in the field among his Continental soldiers. They went through an army drill and sang at the same time a song called "A Hundred Years Ago." They say the spectacular part of it was grand as the audience looked at it from the front.

In the last scene a curtain rose up and brings into view Justin as the Goddess of Liberty in the clouds. The army comes to present, while I knelt as George Washington offering up my sword for the cause of Liberty. The Goddess looks down on me and smiles. She then strikes a tragic position in the clouds, grabbing the American flag in one hand, with the other she defies the whole world.

They say the tableau was very grand to look at. Mr. Hooley had engaged a large number of singers who were invisible to the audience. They sang the "Star Spangled Banner" while the Goddess of Liberty stood there in the clouds defying the whole world to touch the American flag.

The piece drew crowded houses. Justin then, if I might be permitted to say it, was the admiration of the people as the Goddess of Liberty.

After I had closed my engagement with Mr. Hooley I did not see Justin again until 1877, in New York, at the Broadway Theatre. That was Justin's last engagement. He was playing under the management of Mr. Bryant. One day I was passing up Broadway and as I got in front of the theatre there stood Mr. Bryant, Mr. White and Francis Wilson. I noticed that there was an open barouche standing in front of the theatre. While we were holding conversation together, in about twenty minutes after I had been standing there, Mr. Hamilton, the baritone singer of the Kellogg Opera Troupe, came out of the theatre and joined in the conversation with us. In about ten minutes more Justin came from the stage by the front way of the theatre, when Mr. Hamilton said, "Well, Little One, are you

ready?" Then he said to us gentlemen, "We are going to take a drive in Central Park. Don't some of you want to join us in the drive? It is such a lovely day." Mr. White said, "Why, yes, I can go just as well as not." This Mr. White is an old stage manager that had known Justin for many years. When the driver opened the door of the barouche Justin jumped in first, like a young boy. The other gentlemen followed after.

When the carriage had drove away Mr. Bryant said, "Knight, did you notice the Little One as he sprang into the carriage? One would think he was only twenty-one." Francis Wilson said, "For heaven's sake, gentlemen, how old is that person? I have heard old actors talk about him so much one would think he had played in Noah's ark. Why, I would not take him to be a day over thirty." Mr. Bryant laughed and said, "He is pretty near fifty." Francis Wilson said, "Is it possible? In the character of Jennie Chatterbox in the 'Crushed Comedian' she skips around like she was about eighteen." Mr. Bryant said, "I saw him play the character of a little cabin boy in a play with Charlotte Cushman at the old Chambers street theatre many years ago, and you know I'm no chicken." I spoke up and said, "Bryant, it beats me how he can make up so young. Why, I heard Mr. Jones, of the old Bowery, say that the Little One played with him nearly forty years ago, and you know, gentlemen, he is a white haired old man now."

Francis Wilson bid us good morning, Mr. Bryant and myself went over to the New York Hotel and had a glass of wine and a cigar. Mr. Bryant said to me very confidentially, "Knight, the Little One is a spiritual medium, and I believe, between you and me, that has something to do with his looking so young." I laughed and said, "Bryant, where did you hear that story? I heard the same thing from Joseph Nagle and Billy Otis, also from Madaline Hendricks and Josie Orton." Bryant then said, "I had a sitting with Charles Foster, the spiritual medium, and he told me that Justin was a medium and some day he would speak on the spiritual rostrum."

One day while I was crossing on the ferry boat to Brooklyn I stood out on the open part of the deck, conversing with Charley Thorne, of the Union Square Theatre, when Justin came out from the ladies' cabin. He approached us and said, "Gen-

tle men, I hope you don't think you own the whole boat?" Charley Thorne clasped him in his arms, saying, "Oh, Little Puss, Little Puss—it is so long since I have een you. I haven't seen you since '68. Where are you going?" "I play in Brooklyn this week at Hooley's." Mr. Thorne then said, "I'm not in the cast this week and will come and see you tonight. Do you dance on your toes tonight?" He said, "Oh, no, Charley; I'm a little too old for that now. You see I am getting much stouter than when you saw me last. Dick," meaning Mr. Hooley, "has me play characters where I show my shape now." That made us laugh. We walked up Fulton street, Brooklyn, and as we were drawing closer to Hooley's Theatre we met Mr. Richard Hooley, who said, "Gentlemen, I am going to lunch; come and join me." After we had taken our seats in the dining room, Mr. Hooley said, "Justin, why wasn't you at rehearsal this morning?" Justin said, "I was on my way to rehearsal when I met those two gentlemen," pointing at Thorne and myself, with a plate in his hand, saying, "They have kept me talking ever since and I thank God you have rescued me from their clutches." Mr. Hooley laughed and said, "That's the way you have of getting out of it. When I left the old man White he was walking up and down the stage like a wild bull, declaring if he ever got his hands on you he'd chain you up in your dressing room." He addressed us, saying, "Gentlemen, it's almost impossible for Puss to get to rehearsal at ten o'clock, for there are so many store windows to look at." He threw his arms around Justin, saying, "Well, Little One, it will be all right in a hundred years hence when you and I will be angels flying around heaven and other planets. It will do the old man White good to rave and fume some and let off a lot of steam. You and him will harmonize better tonight." Charley Thorne laughed and said, "Puss, you've got a record for not coming too early at rehearsal; that's where the female predominates. You have to see all the new patterns hanging up in the windows for show," which caused a laugh. When Mr. Hooley drew the Little One up toward him, saying, "Don't mind, Puss, what any of them say—you've got old father Hooley to back you up and I guess he's boss of the shanty. Don't you think so, Little One?" Justin looked and laughed into Mr. Hooley's face.

saying, "You bet old man, you just run things and I help you," which brought a laugh.

After we had finished dining and Mr. Hooley had paid the bill, he addressed us, saying, "Gentlemen, let's take a ride. I don't think it's any use for Puss to get to rehearsal now. My watch says it's half past one." We walked over to the City Hall, where Mr. Hooley found a carriage that suited him. We rode through many of the principal avenues of the city. Afterward we entered the Park, as Mr. Thorne had never seen that before. We returned about six o'clock, accompanying Mr. Hooley to his hotel, where we took dinner in his private rooms. After we had finished dinner Mr. Hooley said, "Now, Puss, you go in and lie on my bed and take a nap, so that you will be able to fight old man White tonight, for I expect there will be some brimstone burning."

After he went and laid on the bed in the other room Mr. Hooley got up and shut the door very quietly. When he had resumed his chair he said, "Gentlemen, I love that Little One. He is to me just like one of my children. He has played for me so long that I feel it my duty to look after his welfare. He has got one of the worst tempers that I ever saw, yet withal he is the sweetest little mortal that I ever met. When he gets angry with me he calls me a bad second violin player and says between me and old White we'd ruin the best show that the world ever got up." Charley Thorne laughed so at that that he had to go and lie down on the sofa. Mr. Hooley said, "The Little One and Mr. White had quite a quarrel the other morning. The Little One finished it up by saying to Mr. White, 'You old brute, you ain't fit to carry swill to the hogs, damn you,' then he sat down and commenced to cry. One of the company came to me in the private office, saying, 'Mr. Hooley, you will have to come back to the stage and try to adjust things to their proper places.' I said, 'What's the matter now?' 'Oh,' he says, 'the Little One and White have had a row. The Little One is sitting on a chair crying, and says he won't rehearse till that old brute begs his pardon, but I think, Mr. Hooley, the shoe is on the other foot this morning. The way the Little One talked to Mr. White this morning was shameful.' I went back to the stage to see what I could do. I met Mr. White as I pass-

ed through my private box onto the stage. I said, 'Mr. White, what is the matter this morning?' He said, 'Puss is intolerable this morning. I can't do anything with him. He cursed and swore at me as if I had been a pirate. He finished up by calling me an old brute and said I was not fit to carry swill to hogs. Mr. Hooley, that is more than I can stand from anyone in the company.' I said, 'Mr. White, it is strange that the Little One is always to blame for these rows—don't you think that sometimes the fault lies on your side?' He said, 'Possibly, but I was not at fault this morning. We were rehearsing the scene where the heroine jumps from the dock. He jumped this morning at rehearsal from the end of the dock nearest the audience. I requested him to jump from the other end of the dock. Perhaps I did not speak as pleasant to him as I should have done. I had some difficulty this morning with Mr. Meldrum. As usual, he has been out last night drinking, and shows the effect of it this morning. I ordered him off the stage and told him to go and see you. When I spoke to Justin no doubt I spoke somewhat cross. He told me he'd jump from that end of the dock if he went plumb into hell. You know, Mr. Hooley, that will not do to have him speak to me like that before the company at rehearsal.' I went over to where Little Justin was sitting and said, 'Puss, what is the matter this morning?' He said to me, 'Ah, go and lie down and die.' I thought Charley Thorne would go into a fit with laughter. I said to the Little One, 'Come, come, that's no way to talk. Let's see if we can't straighten out things. Here's the whole company waiting to get through rehearsal.' He looked up at me, surprised, and said, 'Oh, are they? I thought they'd all gone home to dinner,' which brought a smile from the company. Cool White, who had gone down in front and taken a reserved seat, jumped up and roared out, 'If he don't beat hell, my name's not Cool White.' I said, 'White, come; get up on the stage here and let us go through the rehearsal.' When Mr. White had got onto the stage the Little One went up and shook hands with him, saying, 'How goes it, old man, and how's all the little Whites?' which caused a big laugh from the company. White threw his arms up into space, saying, 'Ladies and gentlemen, of all the people I ever met in my professional career, this one

takes the cake.' I said to Mr. White, 'You hand me the manuscript and let rehearsal commence over again.'

'When we got to the part where the heroine jumps from the dock into the river, may I be eternally beeswaxed if Puss wasn't right, after all. It was from that corner of the dock she was to jump. I called Mr. White's attention to it, when he said, 'Well, I'll be damned—the Little One was right, after all.' We both burst out into a hearty laugh, when White said, 'The Little One nor I did not understand just which corner she was to jump from. You see, Mr. Hooley, I got so upset and confused by the actions of that Bob Meldrum that I had to order him off the stage and did not look at the manuscript at the time when she jumped from the dock.'

'After rehearsal was over, Mr. White went to the Little One and apologized, saying, 'You were right, Puss, and I was wrong.' The Little One looked up at Mr. White and laughed, saying, 'Kiss me, you old galoot.' Mr. White sat down on a chair, took the Little One on his lap, kissed and hugged him, saying, 'You'll forgive old uncle White, won't you?' The Little One said, 'Of course I do.' He slipped his little hand inside of Mr. White's vest and went fast asleep. Mr. White carried him in to my private box and sat down in my easy chair and held the Little One until he woke up out of his sleep. They both came to my private office, holding each other's hands. My brother John laughed and said, 'They are just like two old sweethearts.' Why, gentlemen, Mr. White wouldn't think of producing a new piece without Puss had a character in it to play. They quarrel quite frequently, but I know that Mr. White thinks as well as I do that Little Puss is one of the sweetest creatures in the world. Gentlemen, he is a freak in nature, but God has given him a soul as pure as any angel in heaven. I love the Little One with a father's love and hope the spirit of Mr. Warren will come back, protect and guide his Little One, for that man Warren would willingly sacrifice his life for his Little One.' We all said Amen, and drank to the health of Little Justin.

We went from the hotel to the theatre and occupied Mr. Hooley's private box for the evening. Justin played a character in the comedy called "Little Sauce Box," and a saucier individual you never saw on the stage.

We will continue at another time, as they say the grip has left him somewhat weak, so that I cannot finish today.

Thursday, March 12, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. What a lovely morning it is. Everything looks so green and fresh. Now, if your ground was dry it would be well for your medium to take a nice walk. It is strange to see him walk so feeble. When I look back, how quick and energetic he was; Mr. Hooley named him "Steam Engine," he was so full of life and vigor. Here he lies upon this couch, a feeble old person of seventy-five years. His hair is white and his eyes are dim. That bright luster that used to light up his eyes and give such expression to his face I see is dim and faded now. I never thought forty years ago that his physical body would live to the age of seventy-five. His life was such a strange one, sometimes it was brilliant and at other times cloudy. It is wonderful to think how much a little physical body like his can endure, but Mr. Hulburd, if you could see, realize and understand it all as I do, then you would see he was held in his little physical body by spirit power. They had a work for him to do and the span of life in his little physical body is almost run out now. Did you ever stop to think how they led him through the rebellion between the North and the South? The ins and outs of his workings would fill a volume itself. Little did I think when I gazed upon that "Goddess of Liberty" in the fall of 1876 that I was looking upon Abraham Lincoln's private spy. I wondered that I had never seen anything in the newspapers about it. Mr. Warren and Mr. Lincoln tell me in spirit life it was held a secret between them. Mr. Lincoln said, "My closest friends, not even my wife, knew anything about it. I had given my solemn oath to Mr. Warren that I would keep it a secret, and I did so, even after I had left my body. I also kept it a secret until the medium's band had a desire to give a history of his life. Then Mr. Warren and myself were willing that the public should know Justin was my private spy. I gave my communication as an understanding between the band and myself that it would not be read to the public until the book was published."

You see, or at least you understand, perhaps a Southern bullet would yet reach his heart—that is, a bullet fired by a

Southern fire-eater. There are Southern men and women living today that if they knew he had been Lincoln's private spy they would attempt to kill his physical body in some way, either by a dagger, poison or a bullet. The spirit world is a great place for settling up accounts, and his spirit band knows what is best for him. They will endeavor to keep him in his physical body until the work is finished.

No doubt the reading public will wonder why he did not write up his own life, but they have yet to realize that he is no scholar. You and I realize that, and also did the theatrical managers realize it.

While I was playing an engagement at Hookey's theatre I was surprised at rehearsal by listening to Mr. White reading the Little One's part for him, and the Little One repeating the lines after him. When rehearsal was over I went to Mr. White and said, "Why don't you let him read it himself?" He said, "Oh, bless your heart, George, he can't read writing; he has no education." I said, "No education—how comes it that he pronounces his words so perfect on the stage?" He said, "You've got me, George. I nor anyone else seems to be able to solve that riddle." I said, "And is that the only way that he learns his part, by you reading it each morning at rehearsal?" He said, "He knows it now—you will see tomorrow morning he will be letter perfect. I only read it for him once, as the boys say he seems to have a memory like a horse. You will find that he can prompt anyone in the piece at night, if they should forget any of their lines." I said, "That is marvelous. I have never heard of any such thing before since I entered the profession." He said, "Nor I; Little Puss is a mystery to us all. Did you pay attention to that peculiar laugh he gives in the mad scene this week? Isn't that heartrending?" The first night he gave that mad laugh it sent a cold chill down my back. Lucille Western said she believed that sometimes the spirits played through Puss. You know Edwin Booth thinks his father has a strong influence over him in his acting and the old man has been dead for a good many years. You watch Little Puss tonight in the scene where she tells of her love to the count, and he is surprised to think that a peasant girl dare speak to him of her love. Watch when he insults her—how she rises

to the dignity of a queen and calls him a low born, base wretch. That God had made a mistake and placed him in a castle. When the count asks her why God had made a mistake and placed him in a castle she said, "It was one of many of the mistakes that God had made, since hell was too good for such a brute as him." George, my boy, let me tell you, that is no common piece of acting." I watched her that night and when the scene was finished I wondered how all that force of character had got into that little body. In the mad scene when the count tantalizes her about her virtue she gave the most fiendish laugh I ever heard, then stabs him. When he falls upon the marble terrace then the people rush in and the king demands, "What does this mean?" She says, "This means what you call death. Feed the carcass to the swine, for he was only a hog when he lived." She gives another one of those fiendish laughs and kicks the count's body.

Then the king cries, "Sieze her and place her in the dark, dungeon." Just then she gives another fiendish laugh, which terrifies them, and the curtain falls on the scene. As Mr. White said, it was no common piece of acting. It was wonderful how much vim and fire could come from such a little person. The world and its history speaks of strange freaks in nature. Little Puss was one of those strange freaks.

I went to his dressing room afterward. There he sat curled up on a lounge, eating a cheese sandwich and drinking a big schooner of beer. I said, "Puss, can you get away with all that beer?" He said, "Of course; big folks have to have big things to keep their strength up." He laughed and said, "Oh, how I will sock it to them now in the last act," and he did as he said.

When they called for him to come out before the curtain, he threw kisses to all parts of the house, saying, "Divide that among you," then she walked forward to the orchestra and said to the leader, "Fiddle, John my boy." They played a dancing tune and she danced off the stage, while Mr. White held the curtain back for her.

Now it is my desire to speak of myself. When my spirit left its body I was not as crazy as they thought I was. I recognized those present in the room. They did not understand it and my spirit passed from its body. It went through the tran-

sition called Death. When I came to a realization of myself and my surroundings in spirit life I had the pleasure of looking upon many of my old friends that I had known when living in a physical body. I addressed them and said, "Is this what you call Heaven?" Sher Campbell said, "George, this is spirit life. What mediums call the spirit world, there is a great variety of locations here and you must build your own Heaven and choose your own location. Soul attraction is the great power here. We, your friends, came to receive you on this side of life. Now, George, we will conduct you to our location. When you have rested then it will be decided to which group you belong." I said, "But where are all the angels that have wings and are constantly flying around in space?" My friends laughed and said, "We have discovered none yet. George, you must have been reading the bible or looking on some of those demented pictures produced by a weak brained artist where you saw on the canvass a group of angels with wings hovering around a haggard looking saint, only fit for the madhouse." They all laughed and said, "Come, leave your visionary ideas behind—we will lead you into the presence of true angels without wings, but lots of will power; men and women that performed good deeds while living in their physical bodies and are now enjoying their reward by living in a true Paradise here in spirit life."

I was led to a beautiful location where a group of true angels resided. I saw they had a great power, and they put it into use by helping others. I felt this is indeed the true Heaven of the soul. I shall abide here for a time and become a pupil of the great Master's life. I made the discovery that the soul within me only understood true religion. That religion that I had learned and witnessed in earth life was only man made religion without any true God in it. I had come here to spirit life to realize what true religion was and found it was the religion of the soul, "See that ye love one another."

I thank you for taking down my communication and will leave my love for Little Puss. I bring the love of your family. I have met them all in spirit life and we are listening to the great teacher, Searchlight. I once more thank you and bid you good day. The next spirit that will follow me will be Rose Conklin.

Rose Conklin

Chapter XXVI

Wednesday, March 18, 1903.

Well, old man, do you think you can accommodate me by taking down what I have to say? If you think you can, why, I'll go right ahead. Mr. Warren said if I came here he thought you would be capable of giving to the public what I have to say.

Now, I want first to tell you about my family and myself. My maiden name was Rose Conklin—that is, if I ever was a maiden. I sometimes think I was born grown up; I went through so much while I lived in a physical body. My father's name was John Conklin. He was born at Perth, Scotland. His parents brought him to New York when he was ten years old. His father, Robert Conklin, was a bookkeeper in the old Astor House, New York City. His mother kept a fashionable millinery establishment on Broadway, near Maiden Lane. It was called Madame Conklin's fashionable millinery establishment. That was over a hundred years ago.

My father, John Conklin, studied under an English artist by the name of Wells. When he grew to manhood, he became a scene painter and painted some of the scenery for the old Chambers street theatre. Afterward he painted scenery for the Bowery theatre. His father and mother left him considerable means, but he became a great speculator and lost most of his fortune in that way. My mother came from a Connecticut family by the name of Hulburd. Her great grandfather's name was Horace Hulburd. Her grandmother's name was Flora Smith, whose ancestors came from Dundee, Scotland. Her father's name was Hiland Hulburd. Hiland Hulburd brought his family to New York City and went into business somewhere on Chatham street, New York. My mother, whose name was El-

mira Hulburd, was born in Hartford, Conn. I was born on Broome street, the fifth door east of Centre street. The number I have forgotten. My father, mother and I were a very happy, and you might say a jolly lot. A kinder man than my father I do not think ever was born, and my mother tried to please his every wish. I was the idol of their hearts. Before my father passed out of his body I received a pretty fair schooling. When I was a girl about ten years of age I was always skipping and dancing around. One day at the dinner table father said, "I guess we will have to send our girl 'to dancing school." When father spoke those words I was one of the happiest girls you ever saw. I was sent to a dancing school that bore the name of Brook's Academy. I was one of the students in that school for three years. His tuition in dancing did not suit me—it was too old-fashioned. Then I became the pupil of Henrietta Lang, a magnificent dancer.

My father passed out of his body when I was fourteen years of age. Henrietta Lang educated me for a stage dancer. I made my debut at the old Broadway theatre during one of Mr. Forrest's engagements. Mr. Forrest became smitten on me—or in other words, he professed to become fascinated with my appearance and dancing. I bore him a child, a son, one month before I was sixteen years old. He gave me five hundred dollars, as he was a married man and could not marry me. A Mr. and Mrs. Medford wanted me to give them the child, as they had no children. I sold the child to them for a gold watch and chain, as I did not wish to raise it. I had no affection for children. I came into the world without a mother love.

My stage name was Flora Smith. I danced an engagement afterward at the Bowery theatre. While there I married a man by the name of Coldridge. After I was married to him about three months I made the discovery that he was a married man and had a wife and family in England. He deserted me and returned to England. In time I became a mother and sold my child for a black silk coat to a widow lady by the name of Rivington. After I gave my baby away I went to the Boston Museum. After that I went to the Museum, Lowell, Mass. While there I married a handsome actor by the name of Robert Meldrum. By this time I commenced to play speaking parts. Mr.

Meldrum and I lived together only two weeks. He came in one day under the influence of liquor. While in conversation he called me a vile name, because I scolded him for drinking. When he called me that vile name I lifted a poker that stood by the fireplace. I struck him on the head with it, cutting quite a gash. I collected what things I had in the room belonging to me and left him lying on the floor with his head in a pool of blood. I went to the theatre, packed my trunk, had a boy call a carriage for me and was taken to the Boston depot. That night I left Boston for New York City. In New York City a Mr. Conway was getting up a company for New Orleans. I engaged for walking lady, signing a contract for one year. While playing in New Orleans Edwin Forrest came to New Orleans to play a star engagement. With him was this medium, who played the boy in William Tell. There was where I first met this medium.

Mr. Meldrum got a divorce and I married Mr. Conway in New Orleans. We lived together three years. I bore him two sons; they were called in life the Conway brothers. They were musical individuals. They traveled through the United States, and also through Europe.

I became tired of Mr. Conway, left him and went to Cuba with a man by the name of Salvador. I danced for some time at the theatre in Havana. While there I learned to speak Spanish. After living in Havana five years I returned to New York in company with a man by the name of Cheveanea.

By that time I had tired of the theatrical profession. I found it harder work than I liked to indulge in all the time. While playing in New Orleans I made the discovery I could read people's minds. I was what you call today a mind reader. I practiced it quite largely in Havana. It came to me while living at the hotel in New York that I might start out as a wonderful fortune teller. I made a study of palmistry, read everything I could find on the subject, and practiced it in the evening in the parlor of the hotel, just for fun. Many of the guests of the hotel came there to have me read the lines of their hands. Between reading their mind and the lines of their hand, sometimes I would make quite a hit.

In some way Mr. P. T. Barnum, of Barnum's Museum,

heard of me and called to see me. I was then stopping at a hotel that bore the name of Lovejoy's Hotel. He made arrangements with me to open at the Museum as the great Madame Montague from Paris, France, who could tell the past, the present, and the future—she could read your very soul and tell you just what you were thinking of at the moment. I gave sittings to over seven thousand people while at Barnum's Museum. It was at the old Museum that burned down, at the corner of Ann street and Broadway.

While at Barnum's Museum my mother made a visit to Philadelphia. She wrote me she was in love with the Quaker City. I wrote her in return if she loved that city so much and would like to live there I would purchase a home for her in that city. I did so, with the assistance of Barnum. I bore a child to Mr. Barnum, which only lived three weeks.

During the time that I was giving sittings to the public a Doctor Newton had a sitting with me and claimed it was wonderful. He wrote a lengthy article for a Sunday paper, in which he said I was the wonder of the age, and that my powers were marvelous.

The Fox girls, of Rochester fame, were living then, I think, on 18th street. I will not be sure, but I think it was either 18th or 17th street. I remember the eldest one's name was called Mrs. Leah Underhill and the one they call Margaret was present during my visit. I went with Mr. P. T. Barnum on a Sunday afternoon. While there we heard the spiritual raps. I also made the discovery that those raps came to me; as I did not understand them, why, I thought nothing of it. Mr. Barnum said, "This lady," meaning me, "has such raps as those come to her." Just then it was rapped out on the table and spelled through the letters of the alphabet, "You are a medium for psychic power," and as I did not understand the word psychic I commenced to laugh and the raps stopped. Mr. Barnum and I left the house, he saying to me while riding down town in the carriage, "You must cultivate that power and try to work up the trance business that they talk so much about." I claimed after that to go into trances, but I never entered the legitimate trance state in my life—that is, I mean I never was entranced as your medium is to give communications of any kind.

Mr. Barnum and I had a falling out over a woman in his stock company. She was beautiful and he presented her with diamond earrings. My temper got the best of me. I struck the woman and knocked her down. I thought I had killed her. I left the Museum and went to Trenton, N. J., where I lived a secluded life for two months.

My nature could not stand to be shut away from public life. I went to Philadelphia and made my mother a visit. While there I made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Larue, and went with him to New Orleans, entering a French opera company that came there during the winter; sailed from New Orleans to Liverpool, England, Mr. Larue accompanying me; set up in business in London, England, under the name of Madame Larue, the wonder of the age, the only rival of the Fox girls. Stayed there three months, went with Mr. Larue to Paris, France, and started in there as the great psychic of the time. In the meantime I had discovered what the word psychic meant. Mr. Larue said that would be the best, to put an advertisement in the paper as the "Great Psychic."

While in Paris I became acquainted with a man who said he was Count Beleina. He presented me with a diamond necklace. I left Larue in the night while he was away at the gaming table, fled with Beleina to Nice, where we were quietly married; from there we went to Florence, Italy. We had only been there two weeks when a paragraph in the newspaper one morning said, "The bogus Count Beleina, whom the detectives have discovered, is the notorious Henri Mordaunt, notorious burglar and forger." They had made the discovery that this Mordaunt had committed a big diamond robbery and I, the miserable Countess Beleina, was wearing some of those stolen diamonds. He made his escape that night in a fisherman's boat. I never saw him afterward.

I thought that evening I would dress as usual, wear my diamonds and cause a sensation among the women.

He came to me about two o'clock in the morning, after I had returned to our rooms, saying he was going to take a little sail with a party of gentlemen. As he embraced me to kiss me good bye he placed a white silk handkerchief to my nose, held me by the back of the head, preventing me from crying out.

I struggled with him, but he held me there and I became insensible. The handkerchief was saturated with chloroform. I was found next day lying on the floor with the white silk handkerchief lying by the side of my face. He had gone, taking all my diamonds with him, even to the diamond pin in my hair. I was sick in bed for six days. He forgot to take my money, of which I had considerable.

As soon as I was able to travel I left for England, arriving in London I went once more into the extravagant business of fortune telling. After I had been in that business for about nineteen months I returned to America, my native land, with a man by the name of Gerard Bine. That was during the "Black Crook" days at Niblo's Garden. We lived happily together for two years, he receiving money from England every month. He became infatuated with one of the dancers in the "Black Crook." Then he tired of me. I demanded of him that he give me some money. He gave me five hundred dollars. I left him and joined a burlesque company, taking the name of Flora Trenchard. After I was with the burlesque company three months I joined a dramatic company that played musical comedies. The managers' names were Warren & Clifford. Your little medium was the star of the company, under the name of the Dashing Blanchard.

After Mr. Warren passed from his physical body a Madame Jovetti and your medium, whom the managers advertised on the large posters as the "Dashing Mazareah," and myself, joined a "Black Crook" company traveling south.

While in Memphis, Tenn., a man by the name of Menken became fascinated with your medium, thinking he was a real woman, and followed him to the different cities until the company reached New Orleans. There Mr. Carr informed Mr. Menken that the "Dashing Mazareah" was of both sexes, the female predominating. Mr. Menken was not daunted in the least at the information he had received, but proposed marriage to the "Dashing Mazareah." She told him he had better return to his home, for she could not bring children into the world. He said he did not care for that, he was in love with her and wanted her for a companion. He presented her with a diamond star to wear in her hair. He did not return home, but traveled with

us to all the different cities en route to New York City. After we arrived in New York City your medium disappeared. Mr. Menken hung around New York for some time, then also left.

The next time I heard of your medium he was in San Francisco. I made an engagement with Mr. McCullough to go to San Francisco. I arrived on a Sunday night and your medium left on the Monday morning following.

The next time we met was in Washington, D. C. There I married a military officer whose name I will not disgrace by giving it to the public. We lived happily together for ten years, when he passed from his physical body. Then I went to live with a notorious gambler by the name of Charles Van Pelt, and we took up our residence in Philadelphia. I entered into my old trade again, fortune telling, this time under the name of Madame Van Pelt. My man, Charles Van Pelt, shared his time between Philadelphia and New York, most of the time in New York. He passed away in New York City. At the Philadelphia Museum for two months I told fortunes. During the time Madame Meyer, the "bearded lady," was on exhibition. After that I became sickly and passed out of my physical body at my mother's home in Philadelphia.

I am, no doubt, or was, what the world would call a wicked woman. I was born with that nature and something seemed to lead me on—possibly you would call it Destiny. There it was and I fulfilled that mission by living an abandoned life. Many of the women that I met in life and were looked upon as respectable married women, were worse than I was. They were hypocrites and lived a life of hypocrisy and deceit. They would draw their skirts in around them when they met a poor Magdalen in the street. That is a thing that I never was guilty of in all my life, from girlhood up till old age. When the unfortunate creatures would appeal to me in the streets for money to get something to eat, I always shared with them by giving them part of the money that I had in my possession then. I never was what you would call a polished lady. I had commanding beauty and men became my victims, while I at certain portions of my life became the victim of men, becoming a mother in such cases. My child by Edwin Forrest I met in Switzerland. He was then twenty-four, and an artist and traveling with his par-

ents. While in Italy, in the city of Rome, he took a fever which left him blind. At the age of twenty-four he looked the perfect image of his father. His foster parents had a daguerrotype of Mr. Forrest when he was a young man. They showed it to me and it could have passed for their foster son. I was the mother of twin boys. Mr. Warren was their father. He made the request with the others that I should come here and give a communication, which I thank you for taking down.

I always had a jolly time in life, being the possessor of a happy nature. I never took trouble seriously, as other folks did. I went it for all it was worth. I am glad that I have got that off my mind now, and feel much happier. I know I can progress, as I came into the world to live in a physical body with such a nature that I felt I must live it out, no matter what the consequence was, so you see you did not get from me a scholarly communication, for I was not capable of giving one.

I leave my love for Little Justin. He will remember Flora Smith. I once more thank you, and will bid you good day.

The Count Beleina mentioned in this communication is my spirit mate. He was born of a wealthy French family who became poor, and could not come down to a menial position and therefore became a burglar, but he never killed anyone.

Once more I say good day.

Poem

Chapter XXVII

To Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Somers, from their son, Willie.

When at eventide
Mamma, I glide to your side,
And ethereal rings I bring,
Out of the inner consciousness, I sing
Of God and His holy love,
That fills the realms above.

To you and papa a blossom has been born.
She is a wild rose without a thorn,
And every laugh of her dark eye,
Bears a mystic spell out of the sky.
But be careful of the winter throes,
Or you may lose your blossoming rose.

I stand and laugh with perfect glee,
At all the animated antics that I see.
You must not think it hard to bear,
But only a loving, watchful care
That an inner life and soul can bear,
And with papa all this you can share.

Watch her until the age of nine,
Her health will give a heaven-born sign.
Through her I will live part of the time,
See if her eyes do not sparkle like mine.
I like to live in your realm of love
And watch you from my home above.

Olive and her are two loving doves
And require an inner parent's love.
You and papa must with one accord
Give from out your spiritual hoard.
While nestling under your mother's wing,
Their inmost thoughts to you will sing.

They will bring sunshine in your home,
So you will never feel you are alone.
I think how happy it is to be
One of the three buds that love thee.
And with a boyish, happy grace
Burst the bars and broken the trace.

From your home to mine is not far,
As I hold the gates for you ajar,
That you and all may pass through,
Since God has love for all of you.
Bear this always in your mind,
I love to tell it in my simple rhyme.

In our spirit life we understand
How God holds destiny in his hand.
It makes us sad to see the passer by
Give forth a broken hearted cry,
That swells up from their inner life
Of downcast husband and wife.

Keep this out of your home,
For it lets people wander alone.
Enshrine your hearts with love's dart,
For each with God must play a part,
Only in him can you find rest,
To live with the spiritual blest.

When at even's heavenly tide,
Mamma and papa I glide to your side,
To watch the beating of your heart,

As I am interested and take a part
Of all that in your household transpires,
And love to kindle it with spiritual fires.

Every flower that in your home doth bloom,
Must sometime take to her a bridegroom
And pass into a world of strife,
Bless them, they are part of your life.
Some day they will have little buds,
And must ward off the cruel thuds.

Let our souls in aspiration rise,
And glean with the Ruths of our beautiful skies,
Our rhythm must be great and grand,
So that the angels may understand.
Give my love to each and all,
For this is my letter in the fall.

Tell grandpa I am glad he don't smoke, like the chimney.
With love, Willie.

Captain Matt Clary

Chapter XXVIII

Wednesday, January 7, 1903.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. I come here with Thorne—Doctor Thorne—perhaps you have heard of him. Well, he said if I'd come here and give a communication I could give it in my own way, and by George, that's just what I'll do. You ain't going to get none of your high flown ones like some of them you've got, talking about stars and suns and moons and comets. I never was one of those kind of men. I don't know anything about the beginning of the world nor I don't care anything about the end of it. I'm here—that I know. About the rest of it, I don't give a damn. I'll take it as it comes.

Well, first and foremost, I want to correct a straight lie that was given out to the world in my name. There was a fellow by the name of Bliss that had a publication for some time called the "Axe," who said to the public that I was at the head of one of his departments. That is a lie. When I came to spirit life it was all I could do to look after myself, to live down and work out many of the errors that I had committed while living in the body. About fifty or sixty mediums said I controlled their forces and many of them said I was their principal guide. That's another straight lie. The first one that I ever tried to control was Justin. I wanted to talk to my wife, but did not make a good success of it, as I was so impatient to let my loved ones hear from me. I have controlled several since with good success.

Why I come here today is to please Joshua Thorne. I believe that is the name they used to call him. He said I could help to enlighten the public about Justin's mediumship.

I met my old friend Denton the other day. I told him that I was going to try and give a communication through Justin's

organ of speech. He said, "Well, Clary, now try and keep calm and collect your thoughts. When you lived in your physical body you always put me in mind of a big, overgrown boy, puffing off steam whenever you got an opportunity to do so." I said, "Professor, that was the character of the animal; if I couldn't puff and blow it just seemed to me I'd burst." There was brother Dooley and myself, we puffed and blowed a good deal when things didn't suit us—that is, when things wasn't to our liking in spiritualism. We thought the spirits ought to do as we wanted them to. I especially, thought I was a big gun in the ranks of spiritualism.

When I passed through what they call death and came to an understanding of myself on the spirit side of life, I made the discovery that I was a big, egotistical boy and so had to come down a peg or two. I was so surprised when I made the discovery that which I thought was glorious to me in the physical body, here in spirit life turned out to be all a sham. When I lived in the physical body I was made up of conceit and thought no one knew how to take care of a medium like I did. Since I've come to spirit life my great surprise has been to discover that quite frequently my influence was bad upon a medium. As I came en rapport with the medium I brought to bear all my egotistical conceit and through that vainglorious condition I was a detriment to them in place of a blessing. I was good to mediums and did all I could for them, being always generous with my money, which some of them can testify to today—that is, those that are living in a physical body. I wanted to be kind to all those who I thought to be mediums, but sometimes overdid it. I would give to those who did not require it in great abundance, while to others that did require it I gave but little, so I have discovered since I entered spirit life.

When I first became acquainted with Little Justin he was in company of a man by the name of Meyer. I went to Meyer's place of business on Main Street, Kansas City. There I saw Little Justin talking to a number of people who had called to see them. I never went to their place but there was always about a dozen people there to talk with them on the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

One evening when I called Justin came toward me, saying,

"Old man, you're going to make a change. Fannie tells me you're going to move to Kansas City after awhile." I told him I guessed not, and that Fannie was mistaken. All of a sudden she controlled him, saying, "Oh, no, brother; I am not mistaken. You will move here to Kansas City inside of two years and you will have residing at your home for awhile a woman that bears the name of Mrs. Bliss." Which all came to pass. This Fannie was a sister of my beloved wife and came to me whenever the opportunity presented itself.

While Professor Denton was lecturing in Kansas City, I went to the hall earlier than usual. It was called the Board of Trade Hall. While I was sitting there talking to Professor Denton, Little Justin, Mr. Denton's son, who traveled with him, and a Mr. Camferdam, came into the hall. Professor Denton said to me, "You see that little fellow there, walking with my son and that other gentleman? Well, he is one of the finest mediums I ever met. I've had three sittings with him and he will not accept any pay whatever. His guides tell me he will always get something to eat and a place to sleep. Therefore, they do not permit him to make any charge for his mediumship. Mr. Clary, he tells me—that is, his guide does through him—that I will pass out of my body inside of a year. The cause will be malignant fever." And would you believe it, friend Hulburd, it came to pass.

When they got up to where we were sitting in the hall I saw Justin had a mean scowl on his face. He came up to me, struck me on the breast, saying, "You old duffer, you got away from me in the body, but you can't get away from me now, damn you. I'm going to make it hotter than all hell for you while you're living in the body. Look in your pockets tonight and see if everything is all right." I laughed and said, "I guess my spirit guides will take care of me."

I thought then I was surrounded by a powerful band of spirits. Mediums had puffed me up with that notion and I believed it confidently. I thought me and my band could do most anything. There's where I was weak. That night when it came time to go to bed I remembered what that spirit had said. I looked all through my clothes and when I came to the pocket where I kept my money I found it was gone, and also a bunch

of keys. Some of those keys belonged to the railroad, as I was a conductor on the cars running out of Kansas City. I never told anyone of this spirit, not even my beloved wife, to whom I told most everything. He kept his word and hounded me while I lived in the body. When I passed from my body I was almost crazy with the pain and noise that was in my head.

One afternoon after Little Justin had moved to Grand Avenue—it seems to me the number was 1416 Grand Avenue—I made a call on him and found there at his home Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lee and their little daughter Carrie. Mr. Lee was president of the transfer company; also there was a Mr. and Mrs. Judson and their little girl, whose name I do not remember; Doctor Thorne and wife and a Mr. Olmstead, who was in the lumber business. When I entered the room the Indian girl, Rosa, had control of Justin and was talking to the friends. As I entered the room she said, "Look at the old steam engine," meaning, I belonged to the cars.

Just then Mr. Meyer's sister came up from the basement and asked me to be seated on the sofa, as I was a large sized man. I did as she requested. Rosa said to Mr. Lee, "Brave Lee, I see a big change coming for you. You're going away back on the screecher." That is what she called a train of cars. Some of her words I did not always understand. It came true. In less than three months the Lees removed from Kansas City, sold their home and went back to Syracuse, New York, and located there. Mrs. Lee said to Rosa, "Old sweetheart, I don't like to have you tell us that." Rosa said, "Squaw Lee, I can't help it—squaw Howard says you got to go," and so they did.

In about half an hour after I got there they all left, I alone remaining. After they had departed Rosa said to me, "Steam engine, you are in trouble. That's what brings you to the wigwam." I said, "Yes, Rosa, that's what brings me here. I want to see if you can advise me what to do." She said, "Yes, I can, brave." I said, "What shall I do?" She said, "Take your medicine like a man—you can't get out of it any other way." She used a good many of the phrases of that time that the young folks would teach her. She was a straightforward spirit and never used any flattery or hypocrisy. I took my medicine and lost by it.

At another time I called to see Justin. I found ex-Mayor Chase, his wife, a Mrs. Bullene and another lady whose name I cannot recall just now. While we were sitting and conversing in the room an old Scotch lady entered. I think her name was Mrs. Gillespie. She led into the room by the hand another old lady who seemed to be quite timid. When they had become seated Mrs. Gillespie said, "Justin, I have brought this friend of mine, who is in trouble about getting her pension."

Let me say a word here. Many men and women would come to Justin when they were in trouble to see if his guides would not give them some advice how to overcome the trouble.

When Mrs. Gillespie had told her story about her friend Justin turned around and said to Mr. Chase, "You can help this lady to straighten out matters." Mr. Chase said he would do what he could for the lady and would look into the matter later on. Just then a spirit controlled Justin's forces and said, "I am all to blame for this trouble. I was a rebel at heart, by profession a physician. I hated everything that was Yankee. When this woman's husband was dying I was called in to prescribe for him, they not knowing my feelings were all with the South and that I hated everything in the North. When I was left alone with the patient in the room I placed to his nostrils a vial containing chloroform, from which he passed into a sleep and never woke up in the physical body again. I gave them a certificate of burial. Then this woman, his wife, applied for a pension. She had to procure my evidence as to the cause of his death. I made her a visit at her home and told her if she would consent to the proposition I would make her I would assist her in getting a pension. If she did not I would prevent her from getting one. She would not submit to my conditions. I gave my evidence and she received no pension. When living in a body I was known as Doctor Taylor. I come now to make wrong right. You will find in my book a certificate telling of the true condition of the death of your husband. My brother has that book in his possession. You call upon him and tell him that you wish to procure a copy of a description of a soldier's death. It is on page nineteen. You give the name and he will find it for you."

I was informed afterward that Mrs. Gillespie and the wo-

man called at the man's house, received a copy of the written statement, through which she finally received a pension through a pension agent whose name was Bungart, and was in the business at that time.

We all left together, I making arrangements with Justin for that evening. As we were leaving the house I heard a voice very distinctly say, "Come back in an hour; then you will find him alone." I returned in an hour, bringing with me a large paper sack full of fine bananas, as I knew Justin was fond of them. We went to a room on the second floor, where Justin said we would be quiet and safe from all intruders.

After we had entered the room he locked the door. We sat down to a table and remained quiet for some time, neither one of us speaking to the other. Some raps came on the table. They left the table, commenced to rap on a painting that was hanging on the wall. After that everything seemed to grow black to me and in that black cloud I saw a female spirit who stood there weeping as if her heart would break. I thought I heard her say, "Oh, my boy, my boy, I wish it had been otherwise, but the mills of the gods grind slow but sure." Then the vision passed away and Justin was controlled by my enemy. The first thing he said was, "Pat Clary." That is what he always called me to tantalize me. He said, "Pat Clary, I told you I'd make it hell for you. You're going to lose your place. They've set a trap for you and you'll have to get out. That isn't all you're going to lose, either. Among other things, you're going to lose the respect of this medium."

It came true. I lost my position and other things besides. When the medium came out from under the trance he looked at me with vicious eyes, saying, "Matt Clary, there's a great deal of sham about you, and I do not want you to come to this house again. The spirit of Mrs. Watrous stands by you and shows me her condition—what it was and what it is now. Leave this house and never come here again."

I hated him from that minute, slandered his character, saying many things about him that there was no truthful foundation to whatever.

When I first became acquainted with him, had I only listened to the good advice spirit Fannie gave me, the last of my

life would have been entirely different. I know there are many living in a spirit embodiment that will say, "This does not sound like Capt. Clary, but it sounds like the soul of Matt Clary." Those that are living in the body only saw me and my body through a rose tinted glass. Everything on the surface looked beautiful. My wife—God bless her—discovered all that was good in me and loved me for it. Those that live in a physical body cannot always understand the depth of a soul (rap.) Deep down in that soul swells up and brings the purity of the depth to the surface. Here in spirit life we are known for what we are. The good that we have done counts for much. The evil holds us down and will hold us down until we have paid the penalty of our earth crimes while living in a physical body, but the great spirit of Truth and Love is ever ready to help us on to the path of Virtue and Truth, where sometimes we will all be merged into the beauties of Nature Love.

We will continue at another time.

Thursday, January 8, 1903.

Good morning, friend Hulburd. This is a glorious morning. Such a morning as this cheers up the human race. I wish they had some of these fine days that you are having here, back east where they are having those terrible blizzards. Those are terrible storms for the children of men to encounter or brace up against, especially during this coal famine. Oh, how my soul goes out to the poor of the human race. Just think of it. How they sit in their cold tenement rooms in cellars and up in garrets, half fed and poorly clad, with hardly any fire to keep their bodies warm, while you here are having such bright, sunny days and lots of wood to burn when you require it to keep you warm.

This is one of the most delightful spots on the face of the earth, did you but know it. If you could only foresee what the spirits do you would see that there will be millions of souls living in California, and especially a large portion of them will live in Southern California.

I can see at the present time down toward the coast there is that want of water that the soil requires. That will be entirely overcome after awhile. They will dam up all these great canyons in the mountains here with immense stone walls. Many of them will have the thickness of over a hundred feet. The

canyons will become great reservoirs for the purpose of storing up large bodies of water. The time will come when people will forget all about the scarcity of water. The children that are born now, when they grow up to manhood and womanhood will read through the publications of the press about the drouths and scarcity of water that was in Southern California before they were born. It will only be something to them that was connected with the past. When they get to be men and women water will be in abundance and the country will be in a flourishing condition all through this country. And the desert will make an immense back country for San Diego. That cry that I hear at the present among the old croakers, "There's no back country to San Diego," will die out and if any individual should express themselves in such a manner they will be laughed at. I see a grand future for San Diego.

In spirit life I have met Margaret Jameson, that grand medium of Kansas City. I think she was one of the truest mediums I ever met. She has forgiven me for the mean things I said about her. I would not have said them, had it not been that I wanted to brag up another woman. Oh, friend Hulburd, it is a glorious thing to know those that you have wronged have the power to forgive you. The great God power of the Universe is mighty. That great male and female element has placed into the souls of her children a law that governs and rules all things. Truth is the highest religion I know of and through that power of Truth we are led on to a plane where we become greater and mightier than any sword or pen that was ever brought into action. The law of Truth impregnates our souls with Love and we become the champions of the Universe when we forgive our enemies and become pure in heart. Then we can smile on all nature, saying, "Love is the 'Resurrection and the Life' when that abideth in the temple of the soul we are then one with the master and generator of all Life, which means the divinity of the 'Perfect of perfectness,' whose breath can calm the tempest and lull the storm to rest, especially a storm that rages within a darkened memory who knows no rest until they understand, 'Forgive your enemies, love those that despise you, teach the Truth to those that hate you.'"

When I came to my reasoning powers in spirit life I found

I had been deceived by fakers calling themselves mediums or servants of the spirit world. They flattered me much and received my gold, telling me what a beautiful spirit home was waiting for me in spirit life, which turned out to be a lie of the worst kind. When my senses awoke and became alert to the surroundings in which I found myself I saw no beautiful home, only work met my views and to get out of my condition I had to work hard.

The first one that approached me and held out the hand of friendship was a woman whose good name I had slandered, Margaret Jameson. She said, "Matt, come with me. I will lead you to your friends. You were a misguided man when you lived in a physical body. Through your weak vanity you loved flattery and there were those in the body who understood your make-up and filled you up with flattery to your heart's content, for which you paid dearly, but do not think that you can come here and escape the judgment of your acts. We all have to pay the penalty for the wrongs we have committed. I have discovered no spirits coming here to spirit life but what have erred at some time. You know when we lived in the physical body there were times when humanity became weak and we fell by the wayside, waiting for the good Samaritan to come along and place us once more upon our feet, claiming it would be the last time that we would ever commit such an act, but alas, how weak the physical elements become when temptation is placed before us. We drink the cup of weakness and find in the last dregs sin is there. We drink the dregs to get them out of our sight. We commit the sin and fall again by the wayside, waiting for the good Samaritan to come along with his healing balm, but oh, how often we need that healing balm. It would take a lengthy manuscript to tell the tale, so come along, brother, and get your harness on. The longer you have worked in your harness, it is so much easier to bear. As time goes on you will find your harness is not so tight on the sensitive parts of your spiritual condition; by and by you will burst the last buckle and that harness will drop from off your physical condition. Then you are a free thinking spirit and will look like those beautiful spirits over there," pointing at a group of beautiful men and women whose glorious countenances were like the sun. I said, "Sister

Margaret, do you think I will ever look as bright as you are?" She said, "Brother, you will not have far to go to do that, for I am only in the vineyard working out my own selfishness that I thrust upon others. I am not in a condition yet to touch the hem of their garments, but see how kindly they look upon everyone that passes by, their love is great for the children of the true God. Come, let us approach them. I can lead you nearer to them than you are at present. I want to have them smile upon you with their loving looks. I want you to feel there is nothing but forgiveness comes from their loving souls. Their souls are all unified in one love and that is the love of Charity for the true children of God that have taken wrong steps in life through which they made mistakes for the want of a proper guide and the higher knowledge of the soul. Come, you will understand it all in time."

As we approached them I felt a glow of warmth penetrating my whole nature. I burst into tears, saying, "I cannot stand the light that comes from their countenances." They all held out their hands toward me and with one voice said, "We, brother, fell by the wayside, too. Let the power of Love enter your soul and in time you will become one of us. Your sister will lead you into the valley of Quietude, where souls learn Patience. That is the school for the outworking of Repentance. Have courage, brother—there never was a soul lost. All will be redeemed in time. Be patient, brother, and Truth will take possession of your soul. Then you can return to your loved ones and tell them Life is immortal."

That was my experience in the first condition of probation in spirit life. I will say here before I close, I do not want to flatter Little Justin, but I wish we had many mediums like him in the body that never was guilty of flattering anyone or using hypocrisy toward them. What experience I had with him, I discovered he was no hypocrite, but spoke too plain to suit my condition. I ask his forgiveness for the cruel things I said against him. Tell him I cannot escape my punishment, for no one in life can do that. When once they have committed a wrong they must stand up and take their medicine, and that medicine will purge their soul of all hypocrisy and deceit. As we float along on the wave of Time we are tossed on its billows

to test our soul's action. We may sink for a time, but sooner or later we must come to the surface of the wave and swim toward a haven of Truth, which is the true Light that comes to every soul from that haven of Truth, Nature's shore at last, where the God of Nature reigns supreme.

Our spirit life is right here on this earth planet. We do not have to go to other planets to find the haven of rest. It is right here with us, did we but know where to find it. It is nature's soul and we are all unified in that soul. One with eternal life and as we progress the beauties of Life expand for our benefit. I thank you for taking down my communication and if you think it good enough to place on publication you are welcome to it, for I gave it in my own way, minus all flourishes. Put me down as Capt. Clary; that is the name I was known by to most of the people.

May the angels bless you and your home and all that enter your doors, is the truthful words spoken by Matt Clary. I thank you. Good day.

Communications from Forty-four Ancient Spirits

Chapter XXIX

Sunday, March 3, 1901.

Justin Hulburt called at the home of Dr. Meyer, who, with John E. High, was reading the "Occult Life of Jesus." Soon after entering Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said he was Silone, a son of the king that the Jews called Solomon, by one of his concubines. He said, "I was a medium. A spirit would control me, and another spirit would materialize at the same time. I could heal the sick and do things similar to Jesus. The people thought I was a prophet—a son of God; that I knew more than the King, my father. The people were about to make me their king, when my father bribed some of his slaves to murder me, which they did, and for several days they carried my head through the streets on a spear.

That was done by Solomon, the king, to show the people that the king was greater than the spirits. King Solomon was not a wise man. On the contrary, he was a tyrant, a brute. He was licentious. When he saw a beautiful woman, he was bound to possess her and would resort to any means to accomplish his object. He was possessed of great hypnotic power, and would fix his eyes upon anyone that he desired and by that means get her under his control; thenceforth she would be his.

King Solomon was not a Jew, as your bible claims, but was a Moor. King Solomon did not build the first Masonic temple, as stated in the Christian bible. The first temple was built by the Kardiaes, which temple was partly destroyed, or ruined, by an earthquake; and Solomon rebuilt on the ruins of the ancient temple of the Kardiaes.

Solomon's cruelty was so great that many of his children went away and formed a tribe of their own, and afterward took his kingdom from him and destroyed the king himself.

I have been reincarnated many times. In my last incarnation I was Robert Cardell. I lived in Lincolnshire, England. Mr. Gladstone found me and sent me here. I will come again when you are all together. If this medium gets sufficient strength, other ancient spirits will come through him and communicate what they know."

SIMOSA, SON OF KING SOLOMON

~ Saturday, March 9, 1901.

Justin, being quite ill, was lying on a couch in his home about 6 o'clock p.m., when an influence came and gave the name Simosa, who said he was a son of King Solomon and Sarsena. His mother was one of Solomon's favorite slaves. Solomon was not a Jew, he was a Moor—"La Mora," later "Moor."

He was captured with many of the tribe. The tribe he was with was called Excarduc. He was sojourning with them; was then sixteen years old, but he belonged to a still lower tribe. The king who captured him was named Barboda, with whom Solomon became a great favorite.

Solomon was very muscular, vindictive and brutal. Being ambitious, he hired one of the king's bodyguard to murder him, and was then made king in his stead, but instead of paying the murderer as he had promised, he caused him to be put to death. There was a tribe from Egypt named Semilebank, and a tribe of Jews who worshipped one God, or Great Power. With them was a prophet named Bonhedra, who baptized them with perfumed water.

Simosa's mother fell in love with one of the bodyguard, and wanted him for a companion. King Solomon, becoming acquainted with the fact, had her taken to the public square, chained to a post which reached about to the neck, and then ordered the executioner to put her to death, which he did by cutting her head with his scymetar to the neck; first from east to west, and then from north to south, thus dividing it into four quarters.

The Jews in after years found a papyrus giving an account of Solomon, which they revised, and made the present story as told in the Old Testament. His name was not Solomon; that

name was given him by the Jews in their revision of the papyrus.

Simosa said the ordinance or rite of circumcision, originated with King Barboda. The people were becoming so diseased by indiscreet cohabitation that there was danger of the tribe becoming extinct; so the king ordered every male to be circumcised, and that thereafter every male child should be circumcised. The story in the bible of the two women disputing about the ownership of a child, wherein Solomon displayed such wisdom, was taken from an old pagan tale relating to an idol.

SARSENA, MOTHER OF SIMOSA

Sunday, March 17, 1901.

Justin Hulburt was notified that a spirit wished to talk. He called Mr. E. W. Hulburt, who was present. The spirit said:

"I am Sarsena, the mother of Simosa, and was the concubine of Samoona. Samoona means in your language, 'Star of the Night.' My people were Sadoonas, afterward called Moors. We were very low in civilization. We ate meat and fish raw. We were sun worshippers, and sacrificed human beings to our God. We believed our God required human sacrifices. Our people had no permanent location, but migrated from place to place. At one time we inhabited a place in Egypt called Thebes. There was with our people at Thebes, a man of the same nature as the medium. I know he was a born medium, but we called him 'Samooru,' which signifies a prophet. He wrote on papyrus and his name signified in your language—writing. This prophet wrote the book in the Old Testament called the 'Song of Solomon.'

"The Jews did not exist until two thousand years after the time of Samoona. They were a black race from Africa, and were called Hebawa—in English, Hebrew. Many of them were captured in war with the Egyptians, and were held in bondage. By intercourse with people of lighter color they gradually lost their black complexion and became nearly white."

The spirit said that at the time of which she was speaking, marriage as we know it was not known. Every man could take all the women he wished. Moses was not a Hebrew, but an

Egyptian. The story of Moses being found in the bullrushes was mythical.

There was a history before the time of the Zamarka — afterward called Jews, which has been lost. While slaves in Egypt, they found in the tombs the papyrus written by the old prophet Samoora. From that they made the story of Solomon as we find it in the bible; they changing the name from Samoona to Solomon.

Samoona was captured by the old king Barboda mentioned by Simosa, with whom he became a great favorite and adopted him as his son, and made him a prominent warrior, but he became ambitious and caused his benefactor to be put to death. He was very cruel, brutal and licentious. There was a man born among the Jews who was very superior. He was of the same nature as this medium. He taught morality, and that men should have but one wife. The priests and principal men among the Jews were much incensed at his teachings and put him to death, but those who approved of his teachings founded a new religion which has been the means of extending the highest civilization."

This spirit was followed by Jennie Lees, who spoke at some length, mostly explanatory of what had been told by Sarsena, who had found it difficult to speak the English language, and frequently called on Miss Lees for help.

SARDONA

Sunday evening, March 17, 1901.

Beside the medium, E. W. Hulburd was the only person present. Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Sardona, son of Siena and Samona. Our language was called 'Sabrara.' In after years the Jews changed the name to 'Sabbath.' Records of our people date back over fifty thousand years.

"I was very greatly of the same nature as my father, very wicked, very cruel, and very barbarous. I delighted in killing and torturing others.

"I had a daughter named Sarmena, who was of a kind and loving nature, which I think she took from her mother. She had a friend that she loved dearly. I wished that friend, but

she would not submit to the conditions I proposed, so I put her to death, which so angered Sarmena that she waited until I slept and then putting something over my mouth so that I could not cry out, she stabbed me seventeen times until I was dead.

"I was the spirit who several years ago came to this medium when you were present, and wrote a long communication in the Toltic language, hoping you would be able to get it translated, but as you failed, I studied the English language and am now able to communicate.

"We wish to acquaint you with facts and make known the origin and myths of the book you call the bible. The story of the creation was taken from a tale of our people. Instead of days it was millions of years.

"We had many gods. A god of rain, god of wind, gods for all things and all seasons, but we worshipped one Great Supreme God, who was over all, and controlled the universe.

"We thought the gods delighted in looking ugly, so we made their images hideous as possible, some of them enormous heads and small bodies. The Catholic church is not very different. We were what you call pagans, and the Catholic church adopted many of our rites and ceremonies.

"Thousands of years before the time of the Jews, we knew of balloons, and often had ascensions. Our balloons were very crude as compared with those you have today. We would ascend in our balloons until they were out of sight, and the people thought the men in them had gone to heaven. It was from this that the bible story of Elijah being taken to heaven in a chariot of fire was invented by the Jews.

"There was a prophet in our country named Sibarda, who wrote many of our manuscripts. The prophets of our day were the same as your mediums of today. Many of those manuscripts—papyrus—were unearthed by the Jews, and from them they made many of their stories, generally changing the names to those in common use among themselves.

"The Jews were a very low people. They were a black race, originally from Africa, but became of a lighter complexion by intermingling with people much lighter than themselves. A race of people came from the north that was of a creamy white complexion and mingled with ours and the Egyptians,

and some tribes of the Jews; hence the gradual evolution from black to white. This creamy colored race was called Bezankys. They were of higher civilization than either the Jews or Egyptians, or our people, and introduced a new language much better than ours.

"They taught our people the art of building, so that we soon began to have better houses and to live more comfortably.

"From us descended the people of India. East of India will be found buried cities that were built by us. There are now in India people who still retain some of our ancient religion.

"There was of our race a man named Abramarta, who had large possessions. He migrated from place to place to get pasturage for his flocks, and after a time dwelt among the Jews. He had 178 children. From him was made the story of Abraham, and of his sending Hagar and her son into the desert to perish.

"Our people worshipped the great God, and never debased him, as did the Jews.

"Our race had not good features—were rather ugly. The Bezankys were good looking—what you call handsome. After they had mingled with our people, the children were much better looking, thereby improving the looks of our race."

SIMORA

Monday, March 18, 1901.

E. W. Hulburd being present, Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"You may think we are pushing matters, but we do not know how long we can have this medium. My name is Simora; my mother's name was Simesa. I was the son of Simesa and Samoona, the king. I was delicate.

"I was a medium and was called a prophet. I, like this medium, was affected by coming storms, and changes of the weather. When our people were at war with other tribes I was consulted, and could tell them what would be the result; whether they would be successful or not when they went to war, and they would be governed by my predictions.

"I was also a literary character and wrote tales. I wrote the story of Elisha and the bears, when the boys called out,

'Go up, thou bald head.' All our tales were stolen by the Jews, who revised them and wove them into books, and finally the Emperor Constantine had them made into a bible and the people were so ignorant they accepted it as the 'Word of God.'

"I was buried in a trance. I was in a trance sixty days, and they, believing me dead, placed me in a hut to await the process of mummifying me. They had partially prepared me by bandaging, when they discovered I had partly turned onto my side, and then they knew that I was not dead.

"In spirit life we speak different languages, but we have to learn to speak English when we wish to control your medium.

"In our time they gave premiums for stories the same as they do now, and the story of Elisha took a prize when it was read before the council."

SA-MITH-RA-SE-NA

Simora was followed by another ancient spirit, who said: "I am Sa-mith-ra-se-na. I was the favorite concubine of Samoona, the king, whom the Jews, when they possessed themselves of our papyrus, changed the name to Solomon.

"I was the mother of Sicordon, the great warrior, who was what you call a general. I lived one hundred and fifteen years, and outlived Samoona forty years.

"I wish to speak of the story of the 'Queen of Sheba.' I was the favorite concubine of Samoona. They said I was very beautiful. My mother was a slave. The king took me to share his bed and I ruled him absolutely. He did everything I wanted and I know there was no such visit as that the Jews said was made by the Queen of Sheba. The tale of the Queen of Sheba is a pure fabrication. There was no such person in our time as Queen of Sheba and no such place known as Sheba."

SI-FRED-RA

Sa-mith-ra-se-na was followed by another ancient spirit, who said: "I am Si-fred-ra, the daughter of the woman who preceded me, Sa-mith-ra-se-na. My father's name was Siordwa, who was the chief councillor of the king. I was not the daughter of Samoona. I come to confirm what my mother said about the Queen of Sheba. There was no such person as the Queen

of Sheba. There was only one queen who visited Samoona before his death. We call death 'Sasutra.' Her name was Cab-rara. It may be they made the story from her.

"Sa-mith-ra-se-na reigned after Samoona's death until a young king ascended the throne. His name was Sarsona. That is all I have to say. I came to corroborate what my mother said about the Queen of Sheba. Good day."

SIORDWA

Wednesday, March 20, 1901.

About ten o'clock a.m. Mr. Hulburd was requested to go and request the presence of Dr. Meyer. When he came there was present Justin Hulburd, the medium, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, and E. W. Hulburd. Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Siordwa, son of Silena and Siforma. I was chief councillor of the king. I came to confirm what those spirits who have preceded me have told you about the story of the Queen of Sheba. There was no such land known in our day as Sheba. I am the one who wrote the tale the Jews called 'Daniel in the lion's den.' The story I wrote was entirely mythical. It was of a child that was lost in the woods; it got into a lion's den and was suckled by a lioness and grew up with them, and subjected the lioness to his will. I read the story to the king and his council. I also wrote another story which I called the 'Children of the Wave.' In the story I made them to walk on the water; gave them god-like powers; they were supposed to be able to walk on the water in the greatest of storms, and they were afterward looked upon as gods.

"This story also was entirely mythical. It was from that the story was made of the children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, when the waters parted to let them through on dry land, as the Jews have it.

"The story of Cain and Abel was taken from an incident that occurred among our people. It was something like what you call pugilism. We fought with clubs in our battles, and we had contests among ourselves to see who were the strongest. Two brothers had a combat, and one of them was killed. From that the Jews made the story of Cain and Abel."

SWA-BO-SHA

In the afternoon of the same day, Dr. Meyer and E. W. Hulburt being present, Justin was again controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Swa-bo-sha. I was the king's secretary. I was a man of a very stubborn disposition. When I commanded, they obeyed. If they did not, I had them put to death. The king gave me that power.

"I was the one who invented the model of what the Romans called the chariot. It came to my mind by seeing children playing with sticks, putting them together, upper and lower with cross pieces, and they would put one boy in the shaft and another boy would go on his hands and knees under the cross bars; then they would move backward and forward. It gave me the idea of a vehicle that could be used in transportation, and we gradually developed it until we got the idea of wheels, and made what you call axles, but at first we made round holes in the wheels, which were made from blocks of wood. We found the round holes would not work well, so we made square holes, and packed them with wool. We glued the pieces together with the sap of trees, from which we made a glue and cement which became nearly as hard as iron.

"The Jews had a rough model of a chariot long before the Romans, but the Romans stole it from the Jews. We called the chariot in our language, 'Su-hun-dra.'

"Our people learned to count by using little pebbles and small sticks, which was our crude idea of multiplication.

"We called ploughing, or farming, 'Si-hoon-dra.' Our plough was different in shape from those you have in use at the present day. It was made by pieces of wood fastened together with thongs in the shape of a triangle, and a piece of wood across which a man, or at times two or three men, would sit. They were drawn by four, six or eight camels. After we learned the art of melting copper, we would cover the points of our ploughs with it.

"We also discovered the art of preserving fish. We saw some firs that had been thrown on the beach and had become dried in the sun before they were spoiled, from which we got the idea of drying fish to use for food in the winter."

SIFIELDA

The next spirit who controlled said, "I am Sifielda, daughter of the queen and king. I am the one who wrote the story of Adam and Eve. It was entirely mythical. A boy and girl—brother and sister—became lost. They were not found until after sixty years later, when they had a large number of children. From them I got the idea of my story of two children in a beautiful garden. They were supposed to be almost perfect. A drawn sword appeared in front of them, which emitted sparks of electricity. It was supposed to be a sign of their superiority over the common class of people. These two people and their offspring were the subjects of the story in our language of the Ishadites.

"Sarooka is the name of Atlantis, which was sunk 300,000 years ago. All our present races came from the Atlantians. The Toltecs mixed with lighter races of people from which in time came the lighter races like the Egyptians, Jews, Asiatics, etc. One word in our language had the meaning of a great many words in your language. By traveling, the complexion of the Toltecs became the color of the soil."

SI-RE-TA

The next spirit who controlled was another ancient spirit, who said, "I am Si-re-ta. I wish to give you an explanation of how the Hanging Gardens of Babylon were invented.

"There was a race of people called 'Si-si-en-as,' who were a species of dwarfs. They lived in trees and by intertwining the branches of different trees together they made something like a floor on which they lived. They were not affected by the winds. They carried dirt into the trees and made soil so that they could raise plants, to which they would carry water.

"They built their houses in these trees and they were called 'swinging homes.' From this came the idea of the 'Hanging Gardens of Babylon.' They were the first people to raise maize. When we became on friendly terms with the Si-si-en-as, we learned the use of maize and to make bread. Before that we lived chiefly on raw meat."

SI-BAL-SHA

In the afternoon of the same day, E. W. Hulburt and F. D. C. Meyer being present, Justin Hulburt, medium, was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Si-bal-sha. I was chief in war, or general, as you call it. I led armies into battle. I came to confirm what the spirit said who came before, about the Queen of Sheba. There was no such land as Sheba in our time.

"My wife's name was Ha-bo-ra. My favorite wife was of a creamy white color. She was very beautiful. Our children were lighter in complexion than our race. The Toltecs had large noses. Ha-bo-ra became in Jewish history Deborah. Our oldest daughter's name was Sa-roo-tha'na, meaning beautiful, which name the Jews changed to Rachel, and made the story of Rachel from it. The Jewish people came from seven different races."

SI-SI-DA

The next spirit who controlled the medium said, "My name is Si-si-da. My favorite wife's name was Si-se-da. I came to tell you of a man who on earth was similar in character to the Nazarene. His name was Si-fu'sha. He was called a prophet and was looked upon as a god. He could heal the sick and do what you call work miracles. This man lived in our time.

"At another period there lived a man called Confusha, who was of the same character and nature, both male and female. Still later came Confucius, who was of the same nature and character, what you call a medium. The Nazarene did not claim to be God, but the son of God; we are all sons of God. All through for 500,000 years have been these prophets or mediums. Sifeta was a great prophetess."

SI-MER-NA

Thursday, March 21, 1901. 11 a.m.

Justin Hulburt was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Si-mer-na, the daughter of Silone. My name was changed when the Jews took our manuscripts (papyrus) and wove them into tales of their own, to Miriam, my mother's name was Siadra, which the Jews also changed to Adrian.

"I came to tell you I was a medium, the same as this medium that I am now using. I was a medium for physical manifestations. I would sit in the center of the Council and would become enveloped in a cloud and a voice would come from this cloud and talk to the Council. I would sometimes be raised, what you call elevated, to an elevation in the air and then enveloped in the cloud and a voice would be heard, like the hand writing on the wall that Belshazar saw later, which story was taken from the manifestation made through her. Mediums have always existed since man came into existence. The voice coming from the cloud gave the Jews the idea of the voice of God speaking from the cloud.

SAMOONA

Thursday, March 21, 1901, 11:30 a.m.

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Samoona, the king whom the Jews, after appropriating our papyrus, made a story to suit themselves, called Solomon. I have lived in a hell thousands of years, because I was such a cruel brute that my term of atonement seems never ending.

"When about fifteen years of age, my father and I were taken in battle. Our race was called Morondas. My father was killed on the route, he being an old man. Old men and women were not much thought of. They were considered useless, therefore they were killed.

"I was six feet, five inches tall and a very muscular man. I became the king's favorite. The king had many children of his own, but not one of them suited him. I being of a large frame, walking erect and fearless in nature, the king chose me for his favorite. When the king became old, I had him killed and became king instead.

"I reigned many years. It was a bloody reign. If I issued orders to anyone and they were not promptly obeyed, I ordered them killed. Sometimes I would have as many as thirty executed at one time. I inherited my cruel and vindictive nature from my mother, who hated my father, hence marked me while carrying me in the womb.

"The Queen of Sheba never visited me as reported. No

such queen existed. Queen Cabrara visited me and she was the only queen who ever did.

"The last forty years of my life I was controlled by a woman who was my bed mate. She also ruled and controlled the people. She had great physical powers, by which she absolutely controlled me. She was of a cruel and vindictive nature. She had people put to death when they did not please her, and that pleased me.

"The Jewish race was made up from seven different tribes. In time some people got the idea in their heads to start a new race, which they finally did. They got none of the better class to join them; only the very lowest and filthiest class of the different tribes became the Jewish race. It was the lowest, dirtiest and filthiest people that ever existed. The men would lie down on any kind of filth or dirt. They would eat maggots and worms, they were so filthy they were very little above the animals. Through their filth they contracted leprosy. I had some of them killed, on account of their low, filthy condition.

"The Jews gradually evolved out of their low, filthy condition by coming in contact with and mingling with people of a more advanced civilization and gradually began to build houses and cities.

"Africa will become the great country of the future. That country has been inhabited hundreds of thousands of years. Some day buried cities will be discovered by tunneling, mining and excavations, also writing on papyrus will be discovered which will corroborate what we have told you, which will eventually knock old mythical ideas and superstitions in the head.

"Simerna wrote what was called the Song of Solomon. I had not intelligence enough to write anything.

"The early people of the Christian church were a very low race. The Romans persecuted Christians because they were so low and ignorant.

"I believe in a great power, some power that rules and controls everything. I had a great many women. I was a regular stallion.

"We heard of a superior race to the northeast of us. I tried to find them, but never succeeded. Jesus of Nazareth was the first great medium."

SI-ME-LA SA-DOO-NA

Another ancient spirit came, who said, "I am Si-me-la Sa-doo-na. I was page to the king. I was a hermaphrodite and was prettier than any of the women, and the king took me to himself. He loaded me with fine raiment, precious stones and jewels. One of his wives became very jealous of me and one day, finding me alone, cut my throat. I died at the age of thirty years. I was the wife of one of the generals, but the king wanted me and took me from him. The king and I are mates in spirit life".

This spirit was followed by Mr. Gladstone, who gave us a short talk explaining in a concise way his wishes and object in bringing these ancient spirits to this medium.

After him came Dr. Meyer's friend, Joe Overmeyer, who gave a very elaborate address, explanatory of the objects of the band. They proposed to develop a new religion, or rather to remove from the Christian religion the many superstitions of today. The new, or remodeled religion would be called the religion of Science.

In ancient Sanskrit God was called Surana. Spirit Overmeyer's address was intensely interesting and instructive and we regretted more people could not have heard it or that we had not had a shorthand writer to have it taken down in full.

Next came Rosa, with her usual jollity and mirth. Then came Jennie Lees, who gave a beautiful poem.

RAMESES HORAN

Sunday, March 24, 1901.

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Rameses Horan. I was a governor of Egypt. I lived 6000 years ago. In my time, we worshipped the cat. We believed that our ancestors descended from the cat and that when we died we entered into the cat. When cats died we mummified them, depositing their bodies in tombs.

"When heavy storms came up, such as you call electrical storms, we thought the great spirit was angry and when the Nile overflowed we thought to appease the angry spirit by sacrificing cats, believing by so doing we were sacrificing our ancestors. Many mummified cats have been found by archeolo-

gists in recent times. We did not worship dogs. They were not so far advanced as the cat. They were wild and crude, not much more advanced than wolves.

"We have a record of a flood many thousands of years before my time, which destroyed many people. Some fled to the mountain tops and were saved. From these and their descendants, the country was repopulated. It was from this the Jews made their story of Noah's deluge.

"I do not know the age of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, but they were built long before my time. They were much higher then than they now appear, sand having blown around them to considerable depth.

"I was a prominent man in Egypt and well acquainted with its history, but I never knew or heard of any such man as Moses and there was no history of such a man. If there was such a man he was of a low order and not known to the public. Any history of such a man was gotten up by the Jews, who were a very low race of people.

"The Egyptians were descended from a tribe of Africans who were black. The majority of our people were very ignorant, but there were many who were educated and could read and write fluently.

"Africa was at one time a highly civilized country and the people were very intelligent. Buried cities and papyrus will be found that will prove what I tell you. Many manuscripts (papyrus) have been discovered in buried tombs and in other places many of these manuscripts have been destroyed by the Christians because they would prove the falsity of their bible stories, but others will be found.

"The people who came before me were a migratory race and learned more of what was going on in the world than we did.

"The Egyptians were not a migratory people. Egypt at one time was a very fertile country and covered with forests, but the people cut the trees down and the land became a desert, the sand covering much of the country."

Jennie Lees next controlled and said that hereafter they would permit only one of the ancient spirits to control the same day, as then we would be more likely to remember all that was said and we must write the communication immediately after

the spirit left, leaving everything else to be done after we were through writing.

Sunday evening, March 24, 1901.

Justin being very unwell and feeling badly, had retired early. He had been in bed but a short time when Dr. Meyer called to inquire as to his (Justin's) indisposition. In a few minutes Justin was controlled by Joe Overmeyer, who talked for some time very interestingly about those ancient spirits who had recently been communicating.

He said there were great numbers in spirit life who had been there thousands of years and in some cases millions of years, who did not know they could communicate with those still in the body. He said he had talked with a spirit who claimed to have lived in Africa two million years ago and it was only within the last ten years he had any knowledge that through mediums those in earth life could be communicated with. This spirit told him that in his time Africa was a highly civilized country and had knowledge of all the arts and sciences of today. Many of their people were highly educated. They had many large cities, some of which are buried in the earth from 8000 to 10,000 feet. Some of them by tunneling and mining would be discovered and edge tools would be found made of metal which would be sharp as any of today.

They would also find papyrus which would prove to the world the truth of what he tells him. Their buildings were of a very substantial character. Many of their women were priestesses. Africa will again become the great country of the globe for high development and civilization.

MAR-MO-RA

Tuesday, March 26, 1901.

Justin Hulburd and E. W. Hulburd being at the home of Dr. Meyer, Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Mar-mo-ra. I was a High Priest of the Sun. I lived in Egypt 6000 years ago, in the time of Rameses Horan, who was Governor in Egypt.

"We thought that all animals that could be domesticated were superior to all others. That they had spirits, and we looked up to them and worshipped them as gods, but we looked upon

the Sun as the Mother God. We looked upon the Father God as a small matter and did not consider him as worth noticing. We did not think much of the male sex; we looked upon women as superior beings and next to the Sun. Four to five thousand years later women were looked upon as much lower in the scale of being and were degraded. I have nothing more to say. Good day."

After this spirit had retired Jennie Lees came and said, "This spirit left feeling greatly offended because we did not have paper and pencil ready to make record of what he said. He had much more to tell us, but left abruptly for the above reason. She said she regretted very much he had become so easily offended, as there were several more to communicate and she was afraid they would think we were indifferent and would stay away. We may possibly be able to induce him to return at some future time and give the balance of his communication. They were very suspicious of white people, believing them very deceitful and treacherous.

SAC-YA-POO-TRA

Tuesday evening, March 26, 1901.

Justin had retired and Mr. Hulburt was preparing to do likewise, when Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Sac-ya-poo-tra. I lived in Egypt 16,000 years ago. I was a priest of the Temple Sika Wanona. We worshipped the bull and the snake. We looked upon the bull as strong and powerful, brave and ferocious. When any calamity befell our people, such as drouths, floods or any epidemic, we sacrificed bulls to our Gods.

"We worshipped the snake because we thought it wise and subtle. Women were priestesses in our Temples.

"There was one woman that we looked upon as a superior being. She could charm snakes. She would divest herself of her garments until she was in a state of nudity and would then handle snakes; would wrap them about her neck and body and the most poisonous snakes would not harm her. We think she hypnotized them. We called her the mother and daughter of the Sun. Her name was Moo-na-fa-lor-na, meaning in English,

Sight of Greatness. She had a son who became a great priest. His name was Adra-moo-na-ta. He was a great man. He could charm snakes and gave great charms. He could heal the sick. He was calm and strong. We called him Son of the Moon. We called the Moon the male and the Sun the female. We worshipped Adra-moo-na-ta the same as the Christians worship Jesus.

"In the sands of the desert will be found tombs in which will be found carved bulls and snakes and manuscripts that will prove what I say. It shows that every age had its religion. It was long after my time that the Egyptians worshipped cats.

"We used to sacrifice bulls in our Temples and give the blood to our warriors to drink to make them strong and ferocious in battle. We believed the snakes gave them all their wisdom and knowledge and made them crafty so as to deal with their enemies. The Son of the Moon made predictions for our race. I will now say good day."

Jennie Lees then controlled the medium and explained that they brought the spirit at this late hour as Mr. Gladstone was afraid if they did not they might lose him. His communication was of great importance and they wished to secure it.

ZAPHRA HARMOONA

Wednesday, March 27, 1901.

Justin and E. W. Hulburd called at the home of Dr. Meyer about 1 p.m. After conversing upon various topics for a time, Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"My name is Zaphra Harmoona. I was one of the Priests of the Temple Sika Wanona. I dealt altogether with the snakes. I had nothing to do with the bulls. We had a box so prepared that they could not escape. We made holes in it so they could breathe and would put in sandalwood, sawdust and gum camphor, then put in the snakes. The sandalwood, sawdust and camphor gum would stupefy the snakes and we could handle them with impunity.

"Adrian was the same nature as me. We worked together with the snakes when they would have snake worships. I, with Adrian and other Priests and Priestesses, would take the snakes from the boxes containing the sandalwood, sawdust and gum

camphor, the snakes being stupefied. We would take the snakes back of their heads, then look them in the eyes and hypnotize them until their eyes became altogether dull and bleared, which would be a sure sign that the snakes would be absolutely under their control. They would then entwine the snakes around their arms and bodies while they, the priests and priestesses, were entirely nude, and danced with them and performed with them whatever their religion required.

"The people would wonder at what we could do with the snakes. We could take the most poisonous snakes and handle them without fear and the people would worship us as some superior beings. I was looked upon as a God.

"We could keep the snakes under our control and in this condition from ten days to two weeks, then we would turn them loose. They would at all times have people catching snakes for them. The people who would catch them would bring them to the priests in baskets, with a small hole in the top. The priests or snake priests would look through the hole in the basket, sing a song or whistle to call the snake's attention and then by looking the snake in the eyes they would be able to tell if they (the priests or charmers) could control them by their ordinary means. If they found one that was obstreperous and they could not control it, they would put that snake in ammonia water for a time, which would stop the circulation to a certain extent and then put him with the rest in the prepared box with sandalwood, sawdust and gum camphor. I would at times put a snake's head in my mouth.

"The stupefaction of the snakes would generally last about two hours. The warmth of the human body would gradually resuscitate them. We always had someone to watch them when we were performing with the snakes and when they saw any signs of any snakes coming to, they would give sign; then they would at once put the snakes back into the box. The name of our religion was Triona for the snakes and Toro for the bull.

"One day the High Priest gave out that we were to have a grand snake festival. I, with other priests and priestesses, took the snakes as usual, after being stupefied and performed with them in the customary manner, when one of the snakes that was not thoroughly stupefied struck its fang deep into my cheek to

the bone. My face and body at once began to swell and turn black, when some priest threw a cloth over me and told the people they could no longer look at me, as I was too holy. They carried me into another room, where in one hour's time I died. It was given out to the people that I had ascended to heaven bodily. The priests cut my body into small pieces and burned it and scattered incense so that no one would find out the deception."

Then came Jennie Lees, who said, "Gentlemen, you can see by what this spirit has told you, how the masses of the people have at times been deceived in religious matters by the priesthood." She said it had ever been the same in all religion. She left, but soon returned, saying Mr. Gladstone requested her to say to us that we should be very careful of our notes from the ancient spirits, as some people would do most anything or give most anything to destroy these records. "They show too clearly the mythical nature of the Christian religion. We do not want them destroyed, but published in book form and go to the public to open the eyes of the people." She charged us to keep them securely locked and not show them to anyone.

The spirit who gave the above communication lived 16,000 years ago. Mr. Gladstone himself then came and said he wanted to say something about these ancient spirits that are communicating. He then told us of the difficulty they had in persuading them to come, as they said white people would always deceive them, but they finally came and gave the communications we have received and we hope to get more. He reiterated what Miss Lees told us about keeping these records securely locked.

RA-ME-NA SA-ME-LA

Thursday, March 28, 1901, 11 a.m.

Justin was sitting engaged in his ordinary morning occupation and E. W. Hulburd was copying the communication received the previous day, when an ancient spirit controlled Justin and said:

"My name is Ra-me-na Sa-me-la. I was one of the High Priestesses of the Temple Sika Wanona. I come to confirm what Zaphra Hermoona told you yesterday. The Priestess had

nothing to do with the bulls. We had only to do with the snakes. I was the one who took the snakes from the box and stood upon them. I would put my foot upon them just back of the head so they could not harm us.

"The snakes were looked upon as so deadly and treacherous that as we handled them with impunity the people looked upon us as Goddesses and worshipped us accordingly. We made them believe that we never died, but when the time came went to heaven bodily and the snakes would accompany us and sing songs for us and then come back again.

"When I put my foot on the snake back of the head I would press down gently and make them run out their fangs. I would then raise my foot and they would draw in their fangs, then I would press down a little harder and make them run out their fangs a little farther and the people would think it very wonderful.

"The people thought all the female Goddesses came from the Sun and the male Gods came from the Moon; and thought the Sun was the abode of Goddesses and the Moon was the habitation of the Gods and that they were the only inhabitants of those planets.

"Zaphra Harmoona forgot to tell you that Triona was the religion of the snake and Toro of the bull. These Gods and Goddesses never ate common food, but were fed by the angels from heaven.

"The common people supposed the snake had all the wisdom of the world and that we got our wisdom from the snake.

"Miss Lees says that she remembers all she can to aid us in recording the communication. The spirits leave immediately after communicating, as they are afraid of trickery of the white people."

FORSOONA RAMESES

Friday, March 29, 1901.

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Forsoona Rameses. I lived 10,000 years ago. I lived in the age when we worshipped the toads and snakes. We were overrun by toads. There were more toads with us than there were before or have been since. We looked upon the toad as having

been sent by God to punish us. They came in a shower. We were overrun with lice, fleas, toads, etc. The toads would run through our houses. The people would pet them. The Egyptian plague was a story written up without any foundation.

"They gave up the worship of the bull and took up the toad and snake. Since I have been in spirit life I see that these toads must have been taken up somewhere and let down in our section of the country in a shower.

"We had images representing God or Gods. As their people did not know what God looked like, they made their images as hideous as possible. The one who could make the most hideous Gods would be able to sell the most.

"The Priests and Priestesses thought the more hideous the Gods would look the more they would instill into the common people. The people would go to the Priests and Priestesses to confess what they had done. The Priests and Priestesses were supposed to intercede for them with their Gods and the people would have to divide or pay to the Priests and Priestesses according to their needs and their means. The men would confess to the Priests and the women to the Priestesses.

"They got the idea to make one large God image about twenty feet high, as hideous as could be, and surround it and all over it with smaller Gods, the images of toads."

Miss Lees came and said that he forgot to say that in their time they first started to make clay Gods. In his time they also started the idea of the devil, attributing everything that was bad or evil to him. They looked upon the toads as evil spirits. They feared them and thought that the big Gods sent them.

WAS-SO-NA

Justin was then controlled by an ancient spirit who said, "I am Was-so-na, son of Samoona, and my mother was Siena. I come to tell you we worship the bee. We think the spirit of man lives in the bee—not the bee that makes the honey. We think the bumble bee to be our guardian angel. They will soar aloft out of sight and we think they have gone to heaven and they come back to earth to guard our place of worship, what you call church. The building I speak of was round. We would

get many bees in the building and they would make a humming noise and we would think they were spirits or Gods.

"The great God was away in the Sun, because when the Sun threw out its heat it brought out the flowers and fed the bees so that they made much honey. That is our religion. We had a man among us named Hashada, who was a great healer. He made sick people good and well. He was like a prophet The people thought him God. We lived 'way back 50,000 years."

Sunday, April 7, 1901, 10:30 a.m.

Early in the morning Justin Hulburd was notified that the spirits wished to have a little talk as soon as convenient after breakfast. Dr. Meyer and Mr. High were notified accordingly. About 10:30 Mrs. D. S. H. Gallup, Mrs. Abbie Laskey, John E. High, Dr. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd and Justin Hulburd met at the home of E. W. Hulburd. After singing the "Sweet Bye and Bye" Justin was controlled by spirit Sir Thomas Clifton, who took for his subject, "What is Soul?" He gave a grand address, which was full of instruction to all who heard it and there was a unanimous feeling of regret when he closed and that we had no stenographer to record it in full.

Mr. Clifton was followed by Margaret Fuller, who said she came to add a little that Mr. Clifton had forgotten, which she did in her usual beautiful style. Then came R. M. Hooley, the great theatrical manager, who said he came to defend the Little One, as Justin was called by him during the twelve years he had been connected with his (Hooley's) companies, from the malicious attacks of that licentious beast, Breckenridge of Kentucky, but for the last two years in hell. This Breckenridge, although he had a wife and family, at one time in Justin's theatrical career became greatly infatuated with him. Justin was at this time representing female characters under the name of Fannie Blanchard and dressed in female clothing, and Breckenridge was so very conceited that he thought every smile and every flash of the eye upon the stage was directed at him and followed him from place to place, persecuting him with his attentions to such an extent that he finally called for the protection of the police.

This Breckenridge passed to spirit life about two years ago and last Friday evening came, as he stated, to revenge himself

on Justin, because in his egotism he fancied Justin, or the Dashing Blanchard, as she was then called, had selected him from the whole auditorium as the one he favored. Mr. Hooley's scathing criticisms of the man's egotistical conceit must have made an ordinary man or spirit hide himself for shame. After Mr. Hooley, Margaret Fuller again came and gave a beautiful poem. Finally Rosa came with her characteristic humor, making the circle happy with her fun and jollity.

SHAS-MOO-RA

Saturday, April 13, 1901, 3 p.m.

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Shas-moo-ra. I was a Priest in the Temple Zarnooria, which means in your language, House of the Gods. I lived 60,000 years ago. I lived in the time when they worshipped the goat. They were somewhat different from your goats. Ours were striped black and white. They were a species of goat that roamed in the valleys and hills, mostly in the hills. We sacrificed the goats to our Gods.

"We looked upon the spirits of our ancestors as Gods. We did not have one great God. When we sacrificed the goat we believed we appeased the spirits of our ancestors, believing our ancestors were Gods. From our language came the ancient Sanskrit. We did not eat flesh of any kind, but lived on cereals and fruits.

"There were three seasons of fruits and two seasons of grain. We were not a migratory race, but remained mostly in one place. We had no Priestesses, only Priests. Women had great influence and had sole control of their daughters, who could not marry without the consent of the mother.

"Priests were allowed thirty to forty wives, what were later called concubines, who were supposed to become holy by cohabitation with Priests. They were called Shan-noo-ne-ra, wife of the holy Priest. When a girl would be selected by a Priest, they would hold a great festival in commemoration of the event.

"We were a dark race, but not so dark as the Africans. We were what you would call a dark slate color. We were a very prolific race and were not migratory. We stayed in the south-eastern part of India.

"After our time the people would worship other animals and things until they finally came down to the worship of man. This evolution will continue until the great religion of the world will be based upon science.

"Our people were very large. A man who was not more than seven feet tall was considered small. We were from seven to ten feet in stature. The stature of mankind has since that time decreased, but the brain power has become enlarged."

When this spirit left, Miss Lees came and said, "This is a very important communication. We had a hard time prevailing upon him to come. He has been in spirit life 60,000 years and has never been reincarnated. Many of his people have been reincarnated. He will come again."

RA-MOO-SA RA-ME-SES

Monday, April 15, 11 a.m.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Ra-moo-sa Ra-me-ses. I lived 20,000 years ago. I lived when they worshipped the fire and the snake. Our temple was called the Temple of the Living Fire. We never permitted the fire to go out. We were afraid if the fire went out the Gods would not visit us. Therefore we kept it burning all the time. We kept men and women watching it and throwing incense on the fire so it would impregnate the temple with perfume and burned odors. We burned barks of different trees, sandalwood and odor of incense.

"It was from us the Pagans got the idea of burning incense in their temples and it was from the Pagans that the Catholic church got the idea of using incense in their churches. Your Catholic religion is nothing more than Paganism, with a lot of superstition attached to it.

"I was what you call in your country a Governor. I was a Governor in my time. We had what you call chariots in my time, but of a very crude construction. We had much gold and silver and jewels in our tribe, which were stolen by the coming race of Egyptians.

My wife was a very beautiful woman—that is, my principal wife. My wife's name was Hoodra Hadora. She bore me eighteen children. I had over thirty wives, or concubines, as

you call them. I stood over nine feet and had a very dark complexion. My wives admired me very much and would fight for my kisses. I was a very pompous and conceited man.

"I ruled with a good deal of tyranny; or in other words, I was what you call a tyrant in your language. I lived to be one hundred and twenty-three years old in your way of counting. We believed the great God dealt with nothing but fire. Fire in our minds was a purifier.

"We did not bury our dead, but burned their bodies. Plagues and diseases were almost unknown in my time. We also believed that our God and no other God, created the world and light. All other Gods fell down and worshipped our God.

"We were great lovers of flowers, from which we made perfumes, also of oils from natural nuts, with which we perfumed our bodies on festival days. Good day."

In taking down this communication, Mr. Hulburd's pencil became dull, and he asked permission to get another, which was granted.

After the spirit left, Miss Lees came and said the spirit was of a very suspicious nature. He would have communicated much more, but for the interruption. She admonished us to be sure hereafter to have everything in readiness so there could be no interruption in the future.

SOO-MA WA-TA-MA

Monday, April 15, 1901, 2:30 p.m.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Soo-ma Wa-ta-ma. I lived about the same time of the spirit who came this morning. When he passed out of the body I became next Governor and took up the work. I took up the work before he passed out, as he was getting old. I lived to the age of ninety-eight years. My three principal wives were the daughters of he that preceded me. Their names were Sa-foo-don, Ar-me-na and Si-su-po-ta. Between them they bore me thirty-eight children. We were a very prolific race. I had a large number of concubines, also.

"There was a woman who lived in our time whose name was Hel-se-pah. She claimed to deal in visions. She claimed that she had a message or vision in which we must add the bird

called the eagle to our religion. She said that bird was the swift messenger of death, and we killed animals that they might come and feed upon them. She said we must protect and feed them or our race would pass away. In our Temple when our incense was burning we sang praises to the swift eagle to go and tell the Gods we loved them, for we would be a great people and worship the Fire, the Serpent and the Swift Eagle, the messenger of death.

"When we would find an eagle feather we would wear it in our hair as a token from the swift messenger. We would have what they call the Eagle Dance and the bird would perch on our shoulders and arms and the people would dance, singing praises to the Gods. The people would put garlands of flowers around the eagle's neck and also around our own, and the workmen who worked in metal made cymbals and the people would strike those and sing and dance.

"Our people domesticated a great many eagles and slew animals that they might feed upon their carcasses and we looked upon them as holy birds and were the only messengers that could reach the Great God or Great Spirit, as we called him.

"The exalted rulers of our tribe tattooed their foreheads and chins and wore earrings, as many as six in their ears, as an emblem of high dignitaries of the race. The women pierced their noses and wore earrings in them, but not the men.

"What you call the zebra horses were beasts of burden in our time. They were used as pack animals and were hitched into our chariots.

"We had a mode of baptism by fire. The child was passed through the smoke and through incense and then the child was given its name. We believed that fire purified everything and also the being that was to grow up into manhood and womanhood. The people of our race used the flint in our age and that was the mode of lighting the fires.

"Our women were warlike and went to war with the men. They were what you call in your language the Amazon. All the female warriors were spared and could not bear children. They never cohabited with men and therefore could not become impregnated. Their whole bearing was that of masculinity.

"Our people, before they went to war, went to the Temple

and threw incense upon the fire to the Gods that they might be victorious in war. They prayed for the swift eagle that they would bring demoralization on our enemies and that they might flee and all would come back to our people victorious, with many slaves. The male prisoners were made to work hard and do all the drudgery of the tribe. The female prisoners were distributed among our men to bear children and increase our race in numbers.

"Our people used eagles to carry messages, much as you have a bird today called the pigeon. We also had the pigeon in our country, but they were not used to carry messages, as you now utilize them.

"We called the great God Wa-soo-na, just as the Buddhists today have a name for their great God. The Buddhist religion came from our religion—that is, it descended from it.

"We did not destroy or kill any feathered bird, but killed several of the animal races. We were not flesh eaters. We merely killed the animals to feed the eagles and other birds and our dogs. We had a species of dog. No matter how old our dogs were they were allowed to die a natural death. If any one was known to have killed a dog they were put to death.

"We looked upon cats as witches and were very careful not to offend them. We believed in a spirit that haunted the woods and in a spirit that haunted the water and were only kept in subjection by the eagle. We thought the eagle gave us all our knowledge and sense, as they seemed to us a very knowing bird.

"The elephant in our time was much larger than those you have at the present time. We thought all the devils and demons lived in them. We drove them out of our country whenever we came across them, as that woman said she in a vision saw them coming out of the pits of darkness and must be driven from the country. We were very superstitious and ignorant. We had a large amount of conceit and thought we knew everything that was worth knowing. Our skin was very dark. We were a prolific race. Good day."

After the spirit left Miss Lees came and explained why they brought this spirit today, it being that they had him in the right condition to communicate. She said they brought the

sudden illness on the medium through their efforts to get this spirit to communicate, as it was a continuation of that given this morning.

Monday evening, April 15, 1901.

Present, John E. High, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd and Justin Hulburd.

Justin was controlled by spirit W. E. Gladstone, who came and delineated in an elaborate manner the plans of the band in regard to those ancient spirits they are now bringing to communicate through the mediumship of Justin. He said English and French spirits could control, but until they found this one they had found none that could be used by spirits who had been in spirit life more than 3000 to 4000 years. After Mr. Gladstone left, Gen. Warren came and explained other matters in the same connection. Then came Jennie Lees, who made further explanations that were quite lucid. Then came Rosa, as usual, to "fix the box."

ZE-BA-ME-NA

Wednesday, April 17, 1901, 12:30 p.m.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Ze-ba-me-na, wife of Sharmoon Sorceren, High Priest of the Temple. I am only one of the many wives that he had. He dealt in black art and made people believe he was a very advanced holy being. He was what you call a ventriloquist, and practiced legerdemain. He threw his voice against the people and claimed it was the God speaking through him, just as these fraudulent mediums do in the dark circles. He could psychologize people to a great extent, as he had a wonderful psychological power. He performed many tricks of legerdemain. He would throw much incense on the fire, which caused a great deal of smoke. The smoke would become very dense, then he would have me come from an aperture dressed in a gauzy material. The Temple was filled with a dense smoke and odor of incense. He would psychologize the people so that they would think I was floating in the air and he would call upon them to behold the beautiful Goddess, Farsoona. He would throw more incense upon the fire and cause a great smoke to come again. He would arrange it so that it appeared that I

was ascending, when in reality it was only that I was backing toward the aperture again, and then I would disappear as the curtain fell; that is, the curtain in front of the aperture. This was one of his principal tricks, for the people looked upon him as a very holy man to think the Gods would visit him thus. He had many other tricks that he would perform to mystify the people. When he had them so mystified, as it were, that they had lost all reasoning power, then he would bring to bear his ventriloquism; then he would send his voice in among the people in all parts of the Temple. They would strike their cymbals and beat their tomtoms and shout their songs to the Gods, for were they not blessed to think the Goddess Forsoona and other Gods had visited them?

"The Goddess Forsoona was the Goddess of all cereals and all fruits came under the Goddess Forsoona. You see, this was the way he held the power over the people. He claimed he had constant communication with the gods in private and dictated to the people what they should do and what they should not do.

"He was a very wealthy individual; the most wealthy man of the tribe. The people presented him with gold, silver and other valuables to a great extent, which made him the wealthiest man of our race. The other Priests had to submit to his conditions and he dictated what they should do in the Temple. He had a great healing power; when anyone was ailing, through his magnetic powers he banished the disease. He was looked upon as wonderful, for he had a great magnetic power and he was called the Saviour of his race. When he walked out under the trees or along the paths the people bowed their heads to the ground. They kissed his feet, for they held him in great reverence and adoration, for he was to them the holy of holies. The people did not abuse him as you did your Christian Saviour. They placed upon his head a crown of gold, studded with jewels. His food was cereals and flowers, to which was added a light wine made from the palm tree. He blessed water and called it holy. The people purchased it at high prices, that they might bathe their eyes to look upon the Goddess Forsoona.

"He had a strong mediumistic power and used it for all it was worth. He had large, dark, liquid eyes. When he looked at the people they declared they saw the sun shining through

them. They sang that he was the great God Shanoora come to live among them as a man. You see, from our race came the idea of holy water down to your Catholic church. What I tell you now shows to you they had man Saviours all through the human race. All religion is man-made, built up by priestcraft. That is all I have to say concerning my husband."

HI-RAM WANOONA

Thursday, April 18, 1901.

Present, John E. High, Dr. Meyer, E. W. Hulburd and Justin Hulburd. Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Hi-ram Wanoona, next in rank to the High Priest in the Temple. I assisted him in all his tricks, also in his juggling art. He taught me ventriloquism. I was the one who stood in the dark recess while the smoke was enveloping everything. I threw my voice out from the dark recess while his wife was moving in the smoke, dressed in a gauzy substance. I used all my force to throw it on the people, so that the voice was quite audible. Then the High Priest commanded the people to strike on the cymbals and sing praises to the great God who was talking to them. While they were beating their cymbals and singing praises and beating their tomtoms, the people would bow their heads to the ground in adoration to the great power that was amongst them. Then the female would come forward and throw incense on the fire, a blue flame would arise and when it got to a certain height it would spread into a red flame. Then the High Priest would proclaim to the people, 'Behold the tongue of the living God.' Then the High Priest would walk down in their midst and they would cover him with garlands of flowers. Then the people would proclaim, 'He is next to the high God—the God of all Gods.'

"This High Priest was very smart in legerdemain and performed many marvelous tricks with my assistance; therefore, he made me the next richest man in the tribe to himself. He did not allow any of the other priests to know how they were done. He was born with many wonderful gifts and his mother said that when he was born voices were heard singing in the air. She thinks there must have been over a million. She claims

that the voices proclaimed him next in kin to God—the God of all Gods. So you see she was greater than the mother of Christ, for Mary was only overshadowed by one spirit—that is what you Christians claim—while this mother had millions attend the birth of her child, which of course, was all a myth. The High Priest decked his mother in jewels to get her to tell this tale to the people, which must show to you that all religions are made up of superstition and lies.

“The High Priest and I one day had an altercation about some of the wealth and I threatened to expose him. He struck me a blow in the temple and I fell in a swoon to the ground. He dragged me into an inner recess of the Temple and filled my mouth with living coals of fire so that my spirit had to leave the body. Then he proclaimed to the people I was too holy to live and the great God had taken me to himself.

“It seems before this in my sleep I was in the habit of talking and one of my favorite wives got out of me some of the secrets of how we performed the tricks and mystified the people. When I did not come home she became suspicious. Her suspicion was so aroused that she could not sleep at night. She knew that the High Priest and six of his favorite wives generally slept in the Temple, for he was afraid to be left alone. On the third night after my disappearance she entered the Temple by the main door, fastened it on the inside, crept around quietly and fastened the other doors. Then she took some of the fire from the great urn and placed it in contact with the inflammable parts of the Temple. She then scattered the holy fire throughout the platform on which we did our tricks and in one hour by your time the whole Temple was in a blaze. The High Priest, his six wives and my favorite wife all perished in the flames. She fastened all the doors so that none escaped. I was a brother of the woman who communicated yesterday. It was twenty thousand years ago. Adieu.”

SWI-E-NA MOO-DA-RA

Then came another ancient spirit, who said, “I am Swi-e-na Moo-da-ra. I was the favorite wife of he that preceded me. All he said is truthful, for after the fire when this great holy man or High Priest was burned, the people for a time lost

faith in their Gods. To think that the great God would allow so great a man as this to be burned that was so holy. They went back to worshipping the snake, the zebra horse, and the goat.

"A new Governor to the people was proclaimed, who was a brute of a man and the tribe commenced to decline and was swallowed up in another race of people who came to war with our tribe and had higher Gods that spoke to them in the wind that passed through the trees. Our people took up with their God idea in time. The name of our tribe vanished, because they were compelled to take the name of the other tribe that was victorious and in time we were known no more. History had nothing to show that we existed, as the other race burned up all our history and papyrus that we had our laws written upon, but there was one thing that they overlooked and that was the papyrus that was placed in the corner stone of our Temple. That was not burned.

"We had the trowel, the square, and other emblems such as you Masons have today, so that I know now that we understood your Masonic secrets. The cross that your order wears as an emblem was created by us. Those things will some day be found. By excavating in the earth they will be discovered and you will find that you are only secondary individuals."

This spirit then left and Jennie Lees came and explained the trouble they have had to get these ancient spirits to come. Some of the papyrus was buried and that, with the papyrus in the corner stone of the temple, will some time be found. The Masonic order was in their time and both men and women were admitted to membership. All the tribes had their secret orders.

Then came Joe Overmeyer, who stated that he was with Miss Lees and one other spirit, three in all, attended every ancient spirit when they communicated, to whom they could refer when at a loss for the proper explanation and act as interpreter when necessary. He also gave an explanatory talk in regard to the trouble they were having in getting these ancient spirits to come. They were so suspicious of white people.

Then came an unknown spirit, who gave the following lines of poetry:

"If I had but one little speck
To overcome my human wreck,
I would always keep him dry and never wet;
I would place a sign upon his back, 'To let.'"

KAR-SOO-NA RA-ME-SEN

Sunday, April 21, 1901.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "I am Kar-soo-na Ra-me-sen. I lived eighty thousand years back. I was what you call one king. I black man. I live other side (South) Africa; all black. Bye and bye comes one what red, copper color. They come; they make one peoples. Go away in jungle, way in Africa. They fight him. We can fight good. They plenty big and strong and fight good.

"I had more than a hundred women. I tell all the people that way back that sometime we live in the sun. That is a lie. In our time we no got hell. In the big mountain got big hole and people not good put them in there and animals eat them up. In my time we think everything what make noise, elephant and everything, have great spirit.

"Then people what you call Egyptian what live in Egypt, them people come from my people and them red people what you call copper color, they make them Egyptians the color what they got now. The Egyptian kings called Rameses came from our race and took the name from my name Ramesen. We had no religion. No can tell much, no got much to tell. No understand English talk good. By day. That's all."

Miss Lees came and said, "This shows the origin of the Egyptians coming from this race and the copper colored race. The name Rameses came from their word Ramesen, which meant everything kingly or that was ruling."

She said this man was little above the ape. His fingers and toes were formed as though for digging for roots. His head was of a very peculiar shape and his features different from anything you can find at this time. He had great difficulty in learning enough English to give this communication.

BOR-SOO-NA SOO-MA-ER

Tuesday, April 23, 1901.

Justin Hulburt was still in bed when he was told to get up and get his breakfast, as there was a spirit who wanted to communicate. He did as directed, after which he was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"My name is Bor-soo-na Soo-ma-er. I lived in Egypt fifteen thousand years ago. We understood the art of working in stone and dressing it. We worked in brass, copper and bronze. Bronze was used very extensively in my time. Some of the bronze images that have been found in Egypt in the tombs imbedded in the earth were made in my time.

"We looked upon the cat as a wonderful creature. We looked upon them as a go-between for the Gods and us. But the principal thing that I was brought here to give this communication for was of a man savior that lived in my time, who turned out to be a regular impostor. He came from India to Egypt. He had a man precede him with a mythological tale, which was all a lie. I will describe that tale as it was related to us.

"This man said that one day the whole earth was covered with a pall of darkness. The people could not see one another, it was so dark. They got down on their knees and cried to their Gods in lamentation. They begged of the Gods to have mercy on them and on the earth and to bring back their sun God which gave them light and they would serve him with all their souls. This man said while they were thus praying, a beautiful white cloud came from heaven through the darkness. He said while this cloud was descending to earth, its edges all around were covered with sheen, like the colors of the rainbow. The cloud came down and rested upon the earth, and resting upon the cloud was the most beautiful child the world ever saw. An angel had given birth to it in heaven. She permitted it to come down on this cloud that we might look upon it, as it was to be the coming savior of the world.

"Note one thing: This child was just born, yet it raised itself upon the cloud and spoke to the multitude. He said, 'I am the Savior of man and he that believeth in me shall have immortality. I hold power in the hollow of my hand. When I come again I shall perform wonders and work miracles for the salvation of the human race. I am the all-life giver and I

breathe into the souls of men and women, Eternity. None such as me has this world ever seen before.'

"Then this man said the cloud arose from the earth and ascended back to heaven, that he might be nursed by the angels, for he could not eat the earth food.

"That is the legend this man gave us that preceded this savior. I will show you wherein the inconsistency lies of this man being a holy God. He was attended by twelve men, such as your Christian God had; but, this man being a holy God, he was attended by five concubines, for the benefit of his nature on earth, so it was claimed.

"The other men that followed him had many concubines with them. They finally arrived in Egypt and commenced their preaching and they all had their stories to tell of how they were converted and were drawn near to their great man God. That he was the great God of heaven come to earth in the form of man to save the human race from perdition.

"All the miracles this man performed were legerdemain tricks, assisted by his confederates. They all professed to be very poor and accepted what the people would give them. They claimed that they only preached in the open air, the temple of the Great Living God.

"Finally it was found out, while the multitude was listening to this man and they were performing their tricks, many of the people's homes were robbed of gold and silver, dishes and precious stones and other valuables. The Governor and other high men of the tribe became suspicious and they had men hid in secluded places to watch and they discovered that these concubines that this man brought were doing the robbing while the men were preaching in the square.

"One night our temple was robbed. We had square blocks of gold that weighed as much as two hundred pounds upon the altar, to place candles in. They stole many valuables and even picked the precious stones out of the eyes of our gods. When they had accomplished this, they fled back to India, taking all their booty with them.

"It was discovered they were a band of robbers. A great force of our warriors were sent after them, some riding on camels and others walking on foot. You see, in my day, camels

were the beasts of burden. There were no horses in use in Egypt in my time. Our warriors overtook these men and women and brought them back; also all the plunder they had carried off. They had a trial and were found guilty and were condemned to be burned alive in the square, which took place the next day. A great multitude was present to see these impostors give up their lives.

"This illustrates to you that all religion is a humbug and a fraud. It is all man-made, built on superstition, and accepted by a credulous class of people, which a majority of the human race consists of. This gives you an idea of how they have introduced their different men Gods through life, and it shows that all religion is backed up by hypocrisy and fraud.

"We had in our time mediums such as you have at the present time. We had one woman who bore the name of Kash-sa-moo-na. This woman told the people that the spirits had told her that this man and his followers were frauds of the worst kind and that some day they would have their eyes opened, which, you see, was the final result.

"We had a very good government for our age and the people were happy until these villainous men came among us. Our people became very wayward and sought after other gods then. Many of them got to worshipping the god of thunder and others got to worshipping the god elephant.

"One time there came among us an old man with a long, white beard. He was what you call a hermit. He claimed the Gods or spirits had revealed to him that there would come a race of people that would overthrow our government and become masters of our people. The high dignitaries of our race laughed at him and called him the dreamer and told him to go back to his cave, for there was no race of men strong enough to conquer us. His prophecy was not fulfilled in our time, but I learned in spirit life that it came to pass after many years. A race of people came from the Far East and conquered ours in war. Then was when the first dynasty of the Egyptian kings commences. I do not remember the kings' names, but the Rameses came from them.

"This was long before the time of the Pharaohs. Some of the pyramids were built by this race of people, because they

understood the art of building. They were a more advanced race than ours and their skins had a bluish tint. They were to a great extent artistic in carving and painting. That is the age where the Egyptian heiroglyphic language commenced. Much of the carving found in heiroglyphics in the tombs and pillars were done by that race. There is much of the hieroglyphic carvings and other conditions that the present mind cannot translate. They were put there by what you would call a very ancient race of people.

"The men of the present day think they have discovered wonderful carvings, wonderful tombs, wonderful bronzes, but nothing in comparison to what is going to be discovered.

"The name of the governor of our tribe was War-kasoon Garboda, like you would say in your time. A man of many accomplishments and ruled the people with a good deal of wisdom, as wisdom was developed in the brains of men in our time. We understood a good deal of civilization, that is what you call it, and were superior to many of the prisoners of war that were brought in by our people; so you see that created a good deal of conceit in our natures. Good day."

Miss Lees then came and said, "Mr. Hulburd, this is a very valuable communication. It shows how they tried to foster on the people a man God and it came down through all those years until it reached the age of Christianity. And as the human mind became intelligent, they wanted to do away with God images and took up the man Jesus and called him divine, but you see his birth was not as beautiful as that impostor that came on the cloud, which was a beautiful conception of the man God, born of angels and nursed in heaven."

SOON-WE-NA

Friday, April 26, 1901, 10 a.m.

Justin, being quite unwell, had not yet arisen, when he was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"My name is Soon-we-na. I lived 10,000 years ago, by your count. One of the Pharaohs reigned in my time.

"I was what you call a medium. I was born medium like this person that I speak through. All the electric storms affected me and they called me the barometer. All genuine me-

diums are strongly affected by the changes of the atmosphere. I saw visions and read the stars. The stars were a great study in my time. Now I can see I read them through spirit power. The king and his great councillors consulted me, and many other great men and women of our band. The common and poorest classes were afraid of me through their superstition and ignorance.

"Many of my predictions had come to pass and the people looked upon me as a holy being. One of my predictions that I made was that it would rain forty days and forty nights. It caused great destruction and many people were drowned. When the vision passed before me it affected me so that I went to see the king and his councillors and told them of my vision and the dreadful destruction that I saw was to take place. The king gave orders that I was to pass through the streets unveiled so that the people might look upon me.

"After I had told the king of my vision they had the public buildings and many others fortified against the destruction of the water and a great many of them were saved. The people that took the warning and sought the hills were also saved. The king had so much confidence in me that he sent heralds throughout the land to proclaim to the people the great rain-storm that was coming that would bring a flood upon the land.

"There is where the Jews got the story about the flood. After the waters had subsided and the people had got back to their normal condition, which took a long time, the king proclaimed to the people that I was a God and I must not walk on the earth any longer. He had a platform fashioned and made and fastened to two camels. He had a canopy cast over it, under which I sat on beautiful cushions, attended by slaves, not female slaves, but eunuchs who sat cross-legged on the platform; they found it did not work well to have the platform on the camels, as sometimes one camel would want to go ahead of the other. Then we were carried through the streets by twenty male slaves and the people threw beautiful flowers to me in honor of my mediumship.

"In my time, nor previous to my time, was there any history of any person named Joseph and his brethren who came to Egypt and interpreted dreams. I never heard of any male

babe being found in the bullrushes and being brought up by a princess in the palace. Those are Jewish fables.

"The Jewish book speaks of plagues that were sent on Egypt. In my time they had lice, toads, frogs and all other kinds of insects and conditions. All vermin had an abiding place in Egypt long before there were any Jews known or heard of.

"In my day they had a crude class of warships to protect the Nile from marauders from other nations. These warlike boats were in existence long before my time. There were many other predictions which I made which will be found recorded.

"The people think that they have found wonderful things in the tombs of Egypt. It is nothing to what they will find in buried cities. They will find a written history. They will find bronzes and statuary. They will find precious and rare stones of a large size and high value. Many of them will be polished and others in the rough state. They understood the art of polishing rare stones in my time. They will also find coins that have been manufactured by metal workers. These coins were ordered produced by the king. They will consist of gold, silver, copper and brass. They will also find medals that have been cast in bronze, which were presented to people for being masters of their art. Bronze had a high value in my time.

"Another vision that was shown to me that I explained to the king was that I saw clouds of winged insects that would come and eat up all the grain and other vegetation; that would bring desolation on the land if they did not build houses to store up their grain. It came to pass.

"There is where the Jews got the story of Joseph from, coming into Egypt, only they reversed it, having it that the famine came among the Jews and Joseph had to come to Egypt to get grain. They were a low and untruthful class of people, like many of your christians at the present time.

"When the king became an old man and I was old too, I had another vision, wherein I saw a light race of people coming with large warships and thousands of soldiers which were clad different from our people and had different war implements. I heard the booming of the cannon and the firing of rifles. I told the old king these would be the conquerors of our land,

which I think must have been the English. When I made the prediction to the king he became so enraged that he screamed aloud for the guards to come in and put me to death. I was slain in the royal audience chamber of the palace. My body was cut up and thrown from the windows into the street for the dogs to devour. This is the reward my mediumship brought me. I was called Soon-we-na, the prophetess. Good day."

Jennie Lees then said, "Mr. Hulburd, you see that in all ages that true mediums have been persecuted, while frauds could revel in luxury. Those so-called mediums, living frauds and mountebanks of the human race, but the true medium will become exalted and the people will understand that they are the true ministers of God's truth."

WASH-BOOD-SOO-NA

Monday, April 29, 1901, 1:30 p.m.

Justin Hulburd was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "My name is Wash-bood-soo-na. I lived in the time of the Pharaohs, also in the time of that other spirit that preceded me, who was a medium.

"One day I visited her to get a sitting, as you call it in your tongue, but I should call it holding an audience with her. And while there she told me of a vision that a dark condition seemed to cover the whole earth and it seemed to her as if the sun stood still. Then she said it looked to her as if a dark cloud and mantle covered the whole sky and the sun was invisible and the people cried aloud; rushed to the tombs of their ancestors. There they wept and begged of their ancestors to plead with the gods to give them sunlight. I had so much faith in what she told me that I went among the people and told them that the Gods were to show me a sign. I did not tell the people that she informed me of the vision she saw, so you see I was a hypocrite.

"In three days after she told me of the vision, at four o'clock in the morning the sky commenced to darken. The shepherds that were attending their flocks on the high lands about eleven o'clock in the morning saw the dark pall covering the sky. The shepherds became afraid and drove their flocks down into the low lands, about the walls of the city, where they

thought their flocks would be secure. Then they went into the city and commenced to wake the people up. Those that they found abroad already, they asked to do likewise. Then when the people were woke up they rushed out into the square. They commenced to scream with terror and rushed to the tombs of their ancestors. Then they begged of their ancestors to appeal to the Gods. There was great commotion throughout the land.

"About five o'clock in the morning the sun came out and seemed to stand perfectly motionless. Then the people threw kisses to it and commenced to dance and sing and beat their cymbals. It seemed as if the sun remained motionless about one hour and then disappeared entirely. The whole earth became covered with a dark pall; so dark that you could not see your hand before you. The people threw themselves upon the ground and beat the ground with their hands and cried that their Gods had forsaken them. This darkness covered the earth twenty-four hours, by your count. Then the darkness by degrees commenced to go and all disappeared. The sun came out and shone beautifully.

"After the sun had come then the people proclaimed me to be one of the messengers of the gods, and paid me wonderful honors and heaped upon me presents of high value. You see, I took all the honor that they heaped and beat my breast and called aloud that I was a great medium.

"All the while, you see, I was a treacherous individual and a fraud of the worst kind. My whole nature was made up of hypocrisy and I spread myself to its utmost. When I walked abroad I carried my head very pompous. Some of my slaves attended me and when I met the people they bowed their heads and called me the man of God.

"You see I was a fraudulent medium and an impostor of the worst kind, like many you have today, while she was the real medium and should have received all the praises that were due her, remained at home quiet and repeated the word to herself when she heard them singing praises to me. She said the word—wait, wait, wait.

"About five years after this occurred, a great drought came upon this land, and this poor people, that is the credulous ones, appealed to me to have the Gods withdraw this terrible drouth.

To keep them quiet and keep them in this ignorant condition, I told them I had communicated with the Gods and they had said they would soon remove it from them, but instead of that there came a great, brassy heat and a great electric storm and burned up everything in the land.

In the meantime, some six months ahead, this genuine medium went to the king and told him there was a great drouth coming on the land and to put up houses and store their grain. So the king's councillors gave it out to the poor people that when this drouth came to come to them and they would sell them cheap the foodstuff. The king gave it out then that this woman had predicted what had come to pass. He made preparations for emergencies and had stored up the grain. He told the people that this woman had come in private to him and had predicted this great darkness that had come upon the earth and the sun would look as if it were motionless and the darkness would cover the earth twenty-four hours by your count.

"Then the people became enraged when they saw that the Gods did not remove the drouth for this man. They cried aloud, 'Let us put him to death, for he is an impostor,' for they believed the king, as no one dared to doubt the king's word as he was infallible with the people. So I fled in the night, but was overtaken before I had gained fifty miles by your count. On the road coming back, we became very tired. They all sat down to rest and partake of provisions that they had brought with them. They gave me none but bound me to the tree so that I could not escape. While they were resting there came up a great electric storm. The lightning struck the tree that I was tied to and I was instantly killed. The people became happy and held one of their sun dances. They cried aloud that it was a judgment from the God. They returned to the people, bringing my blackened corpse and threw it down in the square that the multitude might look at it. They spit upon my body and threw stones at it. My mother came and plead for my body, that she might put it away, that the people might not look upon it. While she was pleading for my body they threw stones at her and killed her. They heaped wood and brush on top of us and cremated us in the square.

"This was where the Jews got their story of Joshua com-

manding the sun to stand still, for the people thought that I commanded the sun to stand still. That is what I was brought here for today to tell you this story, and also to show you that there has been in all ages impostors calling themselves mediums, such as me, while genuine mediums as a general thing, only receive rebukes and persecution. I, as a fraud, revelled in luxury, but my judgment day came. Good day."

DES-DA-WEE-NA-MOO-NA

Tuesday, April 30, 1901, 10 p.m.

Justin Hulburd called to E. W. Hulburd to get pencil and paper, as someone wanted to communicate. E. W. H. having done as requested, Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said:

"I am Des-da-wee-na-moo-na, daughter of the king. I lived at the same time as that wonderful female lived that predicted the coming of a white race that would conquer our people. She made many wonderful predictions that came to pass.

"She made one prediction that there were buried cities lying beneath the desert. Some of the ruins have been discovered, but yet the greatest ruins of all have yet to be discovered, in which they will find the people have been very skillful in manufacturing bronze, brass and copper. They will find that in the ruins of the buildings the doors and entire casings and the casings of such windows as they had, will be entirely of bronze. They will also find that the walls of the rooms and the ceilings are entirely of bronze, with beautiful figures of a race of people before our time. She said that the desert would be reclaimed by the Nile and by canals that would be cut through it. That time has already commenced.

"Many people wonder what the sphinx represents. It represents a statue or image of the great God of the whole universe. It is the nearest they could come to the idea of a great god. It was placed there by a race of people before my time.

"I never heard any story or history of any child being found in any basket in the bullrushes which you Christians call Moses. It was a lie. The lady says it was what you folks call a myth.

"In my time they thought a great deal of cats and that is why they are found in so many of the tombs of our people. Most

of the hieroglyphics, paintings and carvings in the tombs were done by a red skinned race of men that mingled and married with our people. They came from away to the east of where we lived. They were very artistic in everything they did. They taught our people many of the arts. They had a language which they could write down, as you say in your tongue, and a great deal of our high civilization—writing, education, as you call it, came from them. They were teachers. They taught our people to make instruments which they could produce music from, and from them came many of the manuscripts and folios which were found in the ancient libraries. By our people they were called Muzzellors, which means in your language a copper colored race. They say they came from the east and that their ancestors came from a continent or island that was sunk in the water.

"The lady says she thinks they must have been the descendants of the Atlantians. She says you people have a history of such a race of people. They wove the gold and silver cloth for the royal palace and taught us the idea of worshipping in a temple. They prayed to the sun and their great God, Sar-moona, lived in the sun. Many temples were built to the worship of Sar-moona. Many figures were carved to represent him, half human and half animal. They were carved that way to show the people that he had power over the human race and also over the animal race.

"They also had astronomical instruments and read the stars. They were a scientific people and believed many other planets were inhabited like ours. They understood geometry and other scientific conditions and dealt in solar biology. Their minds were greatly advanced of our conditions of education. All the principal libraries of Egypt were compiled and composed under their direction. They were what you call a scholarly race of people. They held many large circles and among them were many highly developed mediums through which spirits communicated. They were guided entirely by spirit power. That is why so many mind readers were found in Egypt among the higher classes.

"They believed in cremation after the death of the physical body and said it was much easier for the spirit to reach the great

Nirvana, which to our idea was the heaven of the heavens. Good day."

SHA-WAD-MOO-NA

Wednesday, May 1, 1901.

An ancient spirit came and said, "I am Sha-wad-moo-na. I was high councillor of the king, and had charge over the granaries. The granaries were all constructed under my orders and they were filled with grain to keep the people from starvation. They were filled with corn and other grains and all kinds of root vegetables, dried up so that they might be kept in preservation for the future or what you call a famine.

"I had the buildings constructed so that the air would pass through them constantly, north, south, east and west, so that we might keep the foodstuffs pure and in a perfect state of preservation.

"We were what you call Spiritualists. We consulted mediums on all occasions. We found some to be genuine, truthful mediums, while others were cursed hypocrites and frauds.

"The royal seat was surrounded by six mediums, three female and three male mediums. We consulted them at all times. They were oracles and read the stars.

"One of the genuine mediums, whose name was War-see-na-moo-na, looked to me as if she read both heaven and earth. Her body was so transparent that you could see all the veins and ligaments in it. In a private room, which you would call a seance room, the spirits materialized without any cabinet, so you see materialization is nothing new to the world. When her spirit passed from her body, they mummified her body. They placed it in a solution of alum, honey, turpentine, sweet myrrh and olive oil. Then her body was swathed in swaddling bands. Where the eyes had been were placed large precious stones. Her mummified body was kept in the temple and was guarded night and day by fifty men. On our great religious festival the mummified body was placed on a litter, which was covered by a cloth embroidered with gold and silver. Then it was borne through the midst of the people, that they might look upon a mummified body that once held so great a spirit.

"In the carvings of the tombs they find her as the floral

queen distributing flowers to the people. They also find her as a god Seres, bringing a plentiful harvest to all mankind. In certain conditions they attribute this god to other individuals, but it is a mistake. On our tombs and on our paintings she is represented as five different goddesses, for to us she was a wonderful being. I was brought here to tell it to you. Good day."

GOR-DO-NA SA-SO-NA

Wednesday, May 8, 1901, 10:30 a.m.

"I am Gor-do-na Sa-so-na. I lived at the same time that grand medium did. I was the head attendant on the king. The lady says such as you call the king's private secretary today. I noted down all his sayings, attended to his wardrobe and principal wants. He allowed me seven servants to attend on me and get me whatever I wanted, so that I could furnish his wants. The king and I were great friends. He presented me with many valuable presents and among others a beautiful slave girl. She bore me three children and I loved her very dearly. The king saw how beautiful she grew and coveted her for himself. He told me he would give four other women in place of her. I did not dare to refuse. But there came a change in our lives and I hated him secretly and I longed for revenge. I did not dare to show it in the slightest way or I would be put to death. But it was approaching the Parsena festival. Let me tell you that before this festival as you call it, we fasted for thirty days. There was a kind of dough made up into small cakes and we were allowed one three times a day. There was large quantities of them placed in a basket and blessed by the different priests. We had a large number of priests in our temple and a number of assistant priests. The lady says much as you call neophytes or students. When the festival of Parsena came off——. Before I say any more, this is where the Jews get what they call their Passover. Now when the festival Parsena comes off the king is paraded around in a grand chariot, covered with cloth, embroidered with gold and silver and precious stones. When he comes back from this parade he is very tired because he is a large, fleshy man. His body is very flabby and sways from side to side as he walks through the different apartments of the palace. I thought now the time had arrived for

me to get my revenge. I played off that day that I felt quite sick, and could not attend the festival, but if I laid down I would be all right by the time he got back. I laid my plans the day before. As you see, when the festival is over they have a great feast, and eat much flesh at it. The day before they slaughter these animals for the feast. The priest stabs each one of them so that the meat might be holy. That also became a Jewish custom. I had one of the slaves bring me some blood in a vessel. I poisoned him and he was found dead, so he could tell no tales. When the king came back I attended him to his chamber. I assisted him onto his couch so that he might lie down and rest. I told him I would get him wine so it would quiet his nerves and he could go to sleep.

"In those days we made a wine from the palm trees. I prepared his wine in a silver dish. The lady says it is what you now call a drinking goblet. In the wine I administered a dose of poison. He went to sleep and never woke up in the body again. I had the blood already prepared in the vessel and I saturated a cloth with it so that they might think I had been wiping the blood off his mouth. I called the principal people of the palace in and told them that the king had died from a terrible hemorrhage and that he was so bad that I could not leave him to call any of the servants in attendance. Then they set up a wail and a loud cry and asked the Gods to give them another wise king. Then the chief mourners or the paid criers, as you call them, sent up their lamentations to the Gods to not forsake their people. His body was mummified and laid away in the tomb of his ancestors. His eldest son was chosen and made king. That took place after forty days of mourning. He was blessed by the priests of the temple. Then the people sang and danced and beat their cymbals and called on their Gods to bless the new king. I was presented with a great necklace of jewels for all the kindnesses I had shown to the king and that I had been with him in his last moments. The priesthood blessed me and called me the chosen disciple of the Gods. I asked permission to visit another part of the country and requested that the mother of my children should attend me on the journey. We were escorted by forty slaves as a bodyguard. When we got about one hundred miles by your count away

from the place where we lived I gave the woman over to the guards to ravish and said the Gods had commanded me to bring her there for that purpose. I told them the Gods said they must ravish her until she dies and the breath leaves her body. I said now she is blessed, and we left her body on the plains for the vultures to pick.

"So I had my revenge on them both. That is the way we did things in our time. The lady says that I must tell that we were crude and barbarous in our habits of living and quite frequently took the law in our own hands. She says today I would either be hung for my crime or electrocuted in a chair until my spirit left its body. That is all. Good day."

HER-ME-NES MER-NEE-SA

Wednesday, May 8, 1901, 10 p.m.

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "My name is Her-me-nes Mer-nee-sa. I was what you call a philosopher. I lived forty thousand years ago. I lived in the country now called Greece. It was not called Greece in my time. Greema was the name of our race. The Greeks came from us. We did not carve statues out of marble in our time. All the statues we had were made from clay and painted. We made very graceful looking statues and the coming Greeks got their ideas from our statues to make their highly developed statues of art. Our people moulded out of clay some very beautiful statues and figures, so much so that we sold them to other tribes and they worshipped them as images of their Gods. We believed that the great God had three heads and we made great statues to represent him with three heads. We made one head represent a man, one to represent a woman and the other one to represent a male child. There is where the Christians got their idea of the Trinity, three in one. We were what you Christians call pagans and believed in the lion being a great representation of the power of God. That is why lion's heads were found carved on the tombs of the early Greeks. They took the idea of the lion from us. Being a powerful, ferocious beast, it must be next of kin to the three-headed God.

"We had snakes moulded in clay and put over the entrances of our houses as a warning to you that the eye of the

snake was always upon you. We believed that the great three-headed God sent the snakes to earth to watch our actions and nothing could induce us to kill a serpent because we believed they were the messengers between the great God and man. We understood a certain class of writing. We did it with a quill, but not as some people of late days do it. We did not sharpen the end of the quill to make a pen to write with, but we wrote with the opposite end that had the feather part on it. We understood how to use water power and crush our maize or corn as you call it. That is why some ancient millstones were found in Greece. The stones, instead of being round like the Greeks used, were oblong, one placed on the other. When set in motion by the action of the water they crushed the corn.

"In my time they believed in sacrificing human bodies to the three-headed God. They would always select a beautiful young maiden. Many of these young maidens would present themselves for sacrifice, as they believed they would go to Nirvana, the Heaven of Heavens. They would not sacrifice anyone that had ever known man, for they went under an examination so that no mistake would be made. There was only one time in the year when they sacrificed a male, that was when the sun crossed the line. They believed that by sacrificing this male it would adjust things on earth properly. At all other religious festivals they sacrificed maids only. Then we expected plenty of rain and a great harvest and believed the spirits of these maidens caused the rains to fall on the earth and were called 'blest of the Gods.'

"In my time the women did all the field work while the males hunted and fished and worked at the mechanical parts and conditions in our tribe. Others were potters and moulded dishes and vessels of all kinds. They painted and decorated them in beautiful designs. The Greeks copied the art of painting from our people. In that line some of our people were remarkable and studied human anatomy pretty good. We understood physics and the art of psychology, both mental and physical, in our day. We were not an ignorant race of people, as some supposed that found many of our tools that we worked with. Our tools to you people may look crude, but some fine work was turned out with them.

"The zebra horse was known in our day. We domesticated them more for pets than for beasts of burden, although many people rode on their backs. We believed that both the Sun and Moon were inhabited and there was where many of the Gods and their attendants lived. When we had a great storm and devastation was shown on every side, we believed they had showered their wrath on us so as to make us shun our ways and become better people. We also believed that they were purifying the earth that the Gods some day might come and live among us.

"We did not believe in what you call marriage, but took women on trial. If we could not harmonize we would send them away and they were taken up by one man after another until they found someone with whom they could harmonize. The lady says that is what you call affinity.

"The male side of the house had to support the children until they could support themselves. That was the law of our nation. What you call divorces we knew nothing about. If a man lived with a woman and she could not become pregnant we sacrificed goats to soften the heart of God that he might place a child in her womb and visit her and tell her that she would become a mother. That is where the Christians get the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost. As you see in our religion we believed such things could be done. This we believed, that God came and illuminated the woman all over with a brilliant light and we believed that God placed the child in the womb without any cohabitation with man. Now I can see that that was an erroneous idea. It was doing away with one of the laws of nature. No woman can give birth to a child until she has known man.

"We were a very superstitious race of people and believed in things improbable to all laws of nature. When I lived I was looked upon as a great philosopher, but I now see I did not understand natural laws as well as an educated person of twenty years old today. That is, I mean a person that has reached that age and been educated in your schools. That is why people took to Christianity so easy. As we were a superstitious race and people with a new religion could work upon our sensitive organs until we believed it was a truth; we sacrificed

three different men that called themselves saviors. They claimed they came to earth to save the human race, but they could not define a planet or its scientific surroundings, so we put them to death. That was our quickest mode of dealing with such frauds and impostors. Good day."

MAS-SEE-SUS GAR-DE-SUS

Justin was controlled by an ancient spirit, who said, "My name is Mas-see-sus Gar-de-sus. I lived 30,000 years ago. I lived in the land you now call Greece. I was a maker of Gods. The lady says you call them images now. I made them out of what you call mud. She says it is called soil, water, and lime. I made them look like folks and when they got dry they got hard and they were sold out of the temple to the people so that they might worship them and kiss them and call on their ancestors and show them how they loved them by kissing the Gods. We had a three-headed God that we thought was very powerful.

"I could draw pictures, too, and I would get the women and children to lie down naked and some of them to stand up, too, and I would make clouds around them and draw some kind of nice flowers on them and they were sold in the temple for heavenly pictures, and I used to get the men to stand naked and I would draw them, too; but I wouldn't make the face just like theirs, but I would make different kinds of faces and they were sold in the temple for the pictures of our war Gods and the people would buy them and take them home and hang them up in their houses. We had over one hundred different Gods that took care of our people and saw that we were prosperous. We were a very conceited people. The Greeks took all their artistic ability from us. The lady says they inherited that in their natures; that is why they make all their statues in early times naked, like ours. They were a conceited race of people, too, because they had a higher understanding of learning than we had. There is negro blood in them, that is why you see so many dark complected Greeks. All the dark races have negro blood in them. That, mingled with white blood, makes them quarrelsome, also treacherous. You see that blood when it passes through their veins mingled with white blood, gives them a

kind of brutish nature. The decline of the Greeks was caused greatly by mingling and marrying among themselves. They rose to a high grade of civilization. The lady says she thinks it would sound better to say a high standard of civilization. They mingled and married so much among themselves they became very effeminate. The lady says what you call dudish and when men get to that condition and leave off the powerful masculine natures the nation is on a decline or the men wouldn't have held onto petticoats as they did. When men's natures are strong and masculine they don't want to wear anything that looks effeminate, such as women would wear. That is what is the matter with the Chinese nation now. Their dress looks too much like the women's. If they want to become strong and masculine they must throw aside those things that look like dresses or petticoats. The Greeks require new foreign blood mingled in their veins if they want to become a victorious nation. They want to lay aside all petticoats, all dandyism and all femininity if they want to be respected by other nations and looked upon as men worthy to be associated with. When they get new foreign blood in them they will come to their former greatness. I cannot bear anything in the shape of a priest that wears a gown or petticoat. They are only fit to be among a lot of old women, washing clothes at a running stream and nursing babies and scrubbing up floors. Good day."

SOO-NA-FI-DE-NA

Tuesday, May 14, 1901.

Justin Hulburd had not yet risen when E. W. Hulburd was summoned to bring paper and pencil. He did so and received the following communication:

"My name is Soo-na-fi-de-na. I was one of the first sculptors that the early Greek age had. It was my hands and brains that made the first statue. The Herald of the Sun was produced; that was found in the early Greek ruins. I was also the master of the three female statues that the modern age calls the 'Three Graces.' When I produced them to the world I called them the attendants on the God of Knowledge, which the early Greeks thought this God was located on an island in the sea,

which was all mythical, or as you would properly call it, superstitious, located in the people's minds.

"I also produced a work of art, a chariot supposed to be on fire, drawn by the fates in which sat the great God, Chil-de-na, that produced rain and fire, or as you would say, rain and fire brought on to the earth. What I mean by fire was lightning. This God was worshipped by the people at large, as he was thought to be the most powerful God that they had any knowledge of. The people believed that he existed millions of years back. He created or gave birth to the three-headed God. So you see through superstition they reversed many things in nature. There is where the Christians get the idea, 'All things are possible with God.' Through their superstition and ignorance they got all things mixed up, for it is utterly impossible for God to be a male and a ruler of the universe at the same time. As we all see, everything is male and female, as the womb of life is female and the male part is only the protecting element that surrounds it as a guard on duty.

"What you call today the Greek columns were first produced by an ancient tribe and were made of mud or stucco work. These pillars were supposed to represent conditions supporting the sun and that the invisible spirits walked up and down, or as you would call it, climbed up and down. There is where the ancient Jews got the idea of Jacob's ladder. They had discovered in ancient history wherein it said there were pillars that reached to the sun, that spirits that once lived in bodies climbed up and down at will. I also produced in marble a chariot drawn by what you call cupids today, in which sat a Goddess that ruled the sun, moon and the earth, and was supposed to be the superior spirit of all the worlds. You see, in my time the female predominated over the male and was looked upon as the most perfect being of all the human race, but the low, dirty, filthy Jews, being of a low, licentious nature, that had no understanding of morality, changed the idea of God into a male so that they could carry out their low, licentious conditions, for they were born polygamists and had very little respect for woman-kind.

"I came here today to give you this communication to show to the world how the God idea was changed to suit the purpose

of the people wherein the moral idea should have been carried out for the elevation of the human race, but men's minds were so low and debased that the animal part of their natures was the ruling power, especially the low Jews, and they created the idea of a God to fit in and to be the ruling principle of their low, debased, brutish natures. That will give you an idea of how low the Christians were when they took up the Jewish God for the figurehead in their religion. The human life is a cosmo of ideas in which the licentious idea or in other words the brutal part of their nature predominates.

"I lived twenty-five thousand years ago. I was among the first of the Greek nation. We were then called Greeco Simion, which means in your tongue, Greek, me that understands God, which was a falsification thrust upon the people, like many others. Good day."

MER-CE-DES PAR-SEE-NA

Tuesday, May 14, 1901.

"My name is Mer-ce-des Par-see-na. I lived forty thousand years ago. I was a female warrior. We as it were at that time were looked upon as a highly civilized race of people for that time. The tribes surrounding us were barbarious and we looked upon them as a low class of people. They were constantly attacking our race and we had to invent some way to conquer them, for they were stealing our wives and making them slaves and concubines.

"In one sense I was like Joan of Arc of a later period. I, as it were, received the idea in a dream or vision as you may call it, that I should drill and prepare women for war. I was what you call a masculine woman, in your tongue. I had no affection for men whatever, as all my love was toward the female. I being a hermaphrodite wherein the male nature predominated. I drilled and exercised women and prepared them for war so that our nation would not become too weak. I consulted the leading warriors of our nation, such as you call generals in your time. I led these women forth to battle, that they might fight and strengthen the male part of our army. That is what you call it today—army. I was called Mercedes, the female Goddess of War. But as I did not like anything fem-

inine connected with my character, they changed it to Mercedes, the God of War. The scientific people of our race called one of the planets 'Mercedes, the Dog of War,' which more modern people changed to 'Mars, the God of War.'

"All the ancient planets in our time, that is the planets discovered by our scientific people, were given names that were held by individuals in the body. For illustration, the planet that now holds the name of Venus, by our people was named Ver-sem-doo-na. She received her name after a beautiful wife of one of our leading generals or warriors who bore the name of Coperhena. That was also one of the names given to one of the planets, but was changed by the scientists into what you call in a more modern day, Copernicus. All the ancient planets were named by our people.

"The people that came after us many generations found a broken statue representing me, which they thought was a male or a statue that represented a male God. They gave it a male name called Markana, which you people call Mercury. Those that discovered the broken statue did not know it was one made to represent a female warrior, as the whole appearance was that of a warrior dressed in full regalia, with all the implements of war surrounding it. They took it for granted it was the representation of a male war God in which it represented one fully equipped for war.

"I drilled and conducted all the war conditions of the female warriors, so I became their war chieftain, or chief, just as you wish to call it. My height was seven feet, five inches.

"You will notice in some of the communications the word Soo-na is used. That is what you people call the sun in your tongue. All the warriors, male and female, looked up toward the sun and called on the Sun God to make them victorious in war and to give them strength so that they might destroy their barbarous enemies. We went forth to battle fully equipped, that is, the male and female army. We conquered all the barbarians that we came in contact with, and came out victorious. We brought back over twenty thousand prisoners, which we tried to civilize in our way. We made slaves of them so that they might carry all the heavy burdens, and in that way we civilized them. We became a very conceited race of people

and beat our breasts in a pompous manner and sang and danced to the Gods, telling them how successful we had been through their aid and assurance.

"We had a God for all conditions in our time. I think we were the first race that had legitimate female warriors. We did not have standing armies as you have now, but all the males that were strong and healthy had to go forth and fight for the nation—you call it nation. All the females that had a desire to fight or assist the male army went forth under my leadership. I discovered afterward when I went to the spirit side of life that there were many statues raised in honor of my name. They were a poor representation of me as they had too much of the female expression about them, as I was entirely male in all my make-up and conditions. Every lineament of my face and body was masculine. The only effeminate condition I had was that organ of the female sex which I hated and despised, as all my masculine love went out to the females. I met all men on an equal footing and would not receive their friendship in any other way, as I liked all things masculine. I was a freak in nature, of which there are many today. Female seemingly to all appearance, but with male likes and dislikes, while on the other side, there are males that carry female natures and all the love of their natures goes out toward the male sex. How few of the doctors and scientists understand this condition in life. Their education yet stands on a platform of ignorance, curtained around by superstition and held up by what they call intelligence and a scientific education which is void of a great deal of the reasoning powers of life. Men that claim to be college bred and women too, are groping through a channel of dark superstition that only the spirit world can open up to the light of day. I shall bid you good morning, sir."

Miss Jennie Lees came and said, "Mr. Hulburd, you see why we wanted this communication taken down carefully. It is very important as showing how the planets' names were given from individuals."

HAR-SHO-NA KA-MOS-NA

Tuesday, May 14, 1901.

"My name is Har-sho-na Ka-mos-na. I was governor gen-

eral of our people at the same time that the female warrior lived. She was straight and good and conducted things on a high plane of civilization for our time. She had many female warriors under her control that did lots of good fighting. After she led the women into battle with my army of men connection we licked everything around. We subdued all the barbarian races and brought them under the power of civilization. We had to bear down on them strong laws to make them subject to our will and power. It was a great benefit to them, as it brought them out of their barbarous state and condition.

"In time we got them to take up the idea of farming, as you call it. With the assistance of our people they cultivated the ground and raised crops. We distributed our people in among them to teach them the art of building and creating towns. Many of the towns are the buried cities that the excavators have found in our country. Many of the towns and cities were buried in ruins by earthquake.

"There was a sea that once crossed that part of the country. Through volcanic conditions it lies buried under the desert and other parts of this country. Portions of it will be discovered in time, as earthquakes will occur and open up the ground and expose portions of this buried sea.

"From our race comes the most beautiful women of the world. Both our men and women were much larger in our day than your present Greeks. The cause was they mingled and married so much among themselves instead of bringing in outside conditions to build up their race, which I think improved them in time.

"In our temples we had women and men that were great seers or clairvoyants, as you call them. We were guided entirely by their directions. Before going into battle we consulted our seers. They gave the leading men orders just what to do and how to fight the enemy. We used strategy largely in our mode of fighting. There were people in our race that understood the art of drawing maps so that in time we understood the topography of the whole surrounding country.

"Our women were held in adoration by the men and were on perfect equality with all men. In our time men were permitted to take all the wives they wanted, that is, provided the

women were willing to take up their abode with these men. No man could force a woman unwilling to live with him. He had to get her consent and the consent of her parents. We were a race of people that had just laws that protected the people. No one could force anyone to do that which they had no desire to do. Our laws protected the people in their civil rights.

"In our time we had a certain class of performances that were given in buildings erected for the purpose, which you now call theatres. We had a building where the high councillors met on a par with your senate, and our governor was on an equality with your president. Both men and women sat in the council hall, which in the future the same thing will take place in your nation.

"We understood the art of railroads. It was in a crude condition to that which you have now in your nation. The wheels of our wagons were made to fit the wooden rails, so you see railroads are nothing new. We also understood the art of making balloons, but not as perfect as you have them at the present time, but they suited our purpose.

"We had many mediums in our time, such as the one through whom I speak. People interviewed them to receive communications concerning their future life. We had scientists that read the stars and planets and were interviewed by many people to find out which were their lucky days and their unlucky days. Astrology and astronomy was a common line of education in my time.

"I think we were a spiritual class of people for that age and day, as we held constant communication with the spirits of our loved ones that had passed on. We were not what you would call an ignorant and illiterate class of people, for we had several branches of education that was in use in our time, therefore we were looked up to. Good day."

WAS-NE-TA BUR-DE-NA

Wednesday, May 15, 1901.

"My name is Was-ne-ta Bur-de-na. I was a Greek dyer. That is, they call our people Greeks now. I discovered the art of dyeing in bright shades, for which I received a medal attached to a gold necklace and a pair of gold bracelets to wear

on my arms and a pair of gold anklets to wear on my ankles, and also a pair of large round ear-rings to wear in my ears, presented to me by the ruler of our people for discovering the art of dyeing in bright colors. Our people understood the art of dyeing in dark colors long before my time, but I made the discovery how to dye what you call a crimson color and several other bright shades. I dyed the mantles of the principal people of our nation. That is, both women's and men's mantles. I dyed them a crimson color, of which they were very proud. It was only worn by the highest parts of our race. Men and women of nobility, as you call them. The lower classes of our race were only allowed to have mantles a dark blue shade. The discovery in my art made me a wealthy person.

"In my time they still had the three-headed God. It wore a robe of bright scarlet, which I dyed, and they called me the dyer of the Gods' raiment. We had many priests and priestesses in our temple. Their garments were dyed yellow and scarlet. I dyed these robes for them and was called the blessed dyer of the temple.

"Our people understood the art of weaving on looms. They wove some beautiful linen fabrics and also woolen cloth. We knew nothing of the cotton material you have now. It was unknown to us then. We had some very fine metal workers among our people. They worked in brass, copper, silver and gold. They produced some vases of rare workmanship. Our urns that held the ashes of our dead were beautiful pieces of workmanship. We burned the bodies of our dead, that is what you call cremation now. Our people in my time wore many ornaments upon their bodies. They wore large round rings in their ears. We had an instrument that cut out a round piece of the ear wherein the rings were placed. The men and women wore necklaces and armlets of gold and silver. The women also wore head-dresses of gold and silver and precious stones. The women and men both wore gold bands above their knees, sometimes of silver. They also wore anklets of gold and silver around their ankles. Our people in war frequently would take prisoners that were loaded down with anklets and bracelets of gold and silver and copper. So you see we discovered that others understood the art of metal working. They told us that they

also burned their dead. From that we understood it was a common habit with all the different tribes to burn their dead, but as far as we could learn, we were the only race of people that saved the ashes of their dead.

"One race of people that we came in contact with through war carried a six-headed God into battle with them, while ours was only a three-headed God. So you see the different races had different ideas of a God. We were conceited enough to think our God was the only God and that all other Gods were only outsiders. But we discovered in going to battle with the different races that their God was the only true God. So you see religion from all ages has only been a matter of opinion with the different people. The minds of the people make their religion.

"We had a great many different statues in our temple to represent the different Gods. That is, lower Gods that were servants or attendants on the three-headed God. There is where the Christians get their idea of their God being attended by angels and cherubims. Our people used to make pictures with the air full of flying Gods, bringing messages to the great three-headed God. They were riding in clouds and on streaks of lightning and on everything that the mind could imagine. We had what you call a devil, but we did not locate him in hell or any place like that. We believed he went flying over the earth, causing earthquakes and drouths and floods. We believed that he lived in a great big cave attended by bad spirits and that when our three-headed God became angry with us because we did not present him sufficient presents to satisfy his greedy nature he let this devil with his attendants come out of the cave to fly over the earth and cause desolation. Then through our belief and superstition and his great power which brought a fear upon us, we would rush to the temple and place our valuables at his feet—that is, gold and silver and precious stones—and anything that held a high value to it. We felt that he disdained our money because it was only made of brass and copper. We would dance and sing before his high majesty and beg him to remove his curse from off his people.

"Since I have been in spirit life I have made a discovery—that is, that men and women are nothing more than supersti-

tious animals awaiting a development in life through a high principle that we understand but very little about. This great principle, wherever it is located, only shows itself to men and women by degrees and as it unfolds itself to one's intellect so that we may understand there is a high principle governing all life and through it we grow to understand there is a high development awaiting all life and also the planet that life lives on and as we gain this knowledge we become more spiritual and intellectual and collect wisdom to beautify our surroundings. Religion is worthless to man if he does not learn and understand the great power that this principle has in store for him. Man's true religion is Reason, Wisdom, Truth and Charity toward all the human race. No individual can save another, but if that other is advanced in spiritual intellect he or she can become a teacher to those that are lesser developed in spirit power or intellect. Reason is a noble master when it becomes a partner with truth. The soul will grow into generosity then and through its spiritual atmosphere will create a God according to his own ideas of immortality. All life is an education preparing us to meet the real God and understand the living laws of nature and its principles which draws nearer and nearer to the true affinity of our own existence. Religion without truth is void of all expression of the God principle that is within us. Without it we are miserable beings, groping through an age of darkness, trying to find the light of truth. When that great searchlight illuminates our mind and conscience, then we have love and charity for everything that exists, formed and fashioned in nature. We have found God. I lived six thousand years ago. Good day."

HA-RO-NA SE-A-NA

Tuesday, May 28, 1901.

"My name is Ha-ro-na Se-a-na. I lived nine thousand years ago. I was a priest in the temple, Saboona Seana. We taught the worship of fire. From us came a race of people called the Druids, sun-worshippers. My home was in what you call at the present day, Spain. There was a race of people that came from the east and mingled with our people and from them came the Moors. We had in our temple both male and female priests

and priestesses. We believed in the art of palmistry and mind-reading in our time and astrology was largely dealt in and introduced among our people. We had a high priest, one above all the others, whose name was Arteya Mermee Saboordá. He corresponds to what you Christians call Pope of Rome. He made laws and then they were voted on by the council to see which would be put in practice. Many of our laws were more just than many of your laws at the present time. The names of our children, those that were married, the first name was called after the female side of the house; their second name after the male side of the house. A man in our time could not buy or sell land without the consent of his wife and female daughters, if they were old enough. Should it be that he was not married, he would have to get the consent of his mother. No man could present a horse or any domestic animal without the consent of the female side of the house. We had some horses which were very expensive in our day, which were brought from the west. There was a race of people which came from the west and brought horses with them to sell, which was an expensive luxury and brought high prices. The people were what you call gypsies, and I would be willing to wager that if you were to trace this medium's origin quite a ways back, you would find he had gypsy blood in him.

"We believed in circumcision and every male child of our race was circumcised by the High Priest. Every child, male and female, when it was one year old, had a letter cut in its breast. When the letter was cut on its breast it was filled with a chemical process. When the healing process took place it would turn a dark brown. When the healing process was entirely gone through with and the wound, as you call it, was entirely healed, the letter would stand out somewhat from the breast, tinted with a dark brown hue. That letter or hieroglyph would correspond in your tongue to the letter 'G.' It stood for the name of our race, Ga-rin-da, which in after days the Spanish changed to Za-rin-ga. As I said before, the 'G' stood for the name of our race, Garinda, which means good. We were called by the savage people who surrounded us good, or godlike people, as you would call it, because our life or way of living had a certain civilization attached to it. We were looked

up to by the more inferior races. Our religion was that of worshipping fire because we believed it was the purifier of all evil. This High Priest or Pope, as you would call him, the people could only look upon once in every moon, as he was carried on a dais or platform as perhaps you would call it, which it took twenty-four slaves to carry. The people would bow their heads in silent prayer and swing their incense, which gave forth odors. These were composed of bronze boxes with chains attached to them so that they could be swung backwards and forwards. There was a variety of barks broken up in small pieces and set on fire inside. The lid was then put on, which was perforated with little holes which would permit the smoke to come through and then it would also distribute sweet scented odors among the people, which would come from the bark inside the box. There is where your Christian church gets the swinging of incense from, and from our High Priest you get the idea of your Pope. All our priests, from our High Priest down to the lowest, were all castrated, so that they could not cohabit with females. Our female priestesses were spayed so that they could not cohabit with men. It was the same in the early time of your Christian church. Your priests were castrated, but after you got a Pope ordained that sat in judgment over your Catholic church, he produced a decree claiming that all men that entered the priesthood became pure and holy, and this medium, they tell me, is the result of one of those holy men. It is utterly impossible for any man to become a pure saint that has any of Adam left in him. Any man that does not permit nature to take its course must become a masturbator and in time an imbecile, which is a disgrace to manhood. If men and women do not marry and live the proper life that nature intended that they should, they must be either spayed or castrated. To live pure lives, it is utterly impossible otherwise to do so. There are many men and women in the world today that claim to live pure lives, that are single, that have reached the age of thirty by your counting, but I, as a spirit, doubt their word when they say they are pure. There may be such a thing as a born idiot or people who are born with an unbalanced mind, who inherit very little of the animal propensity. Those people understanding very little of licentious conditions may be pure, but sane

people, no—for it is the right of every man and woman that inherits common sense, to marry, multiply and replenish the world. When they do not do that, there is something wrong in their make-up, and should not be looked upon as sane people.

“We, as a race, were very prolific, and men and women whose seed could not multiply became drudges to the temple and had to wait upon the priests and priestesses and keep the temple in order and do other drudging that was required of them. If a man took a woman into his household and she could not bear him children he must present her to some other man and if she could bear children to that man she was looked upon as a true woman and mother, but if she failed with that other man, she was passed on until twenty-four men had tested her abilities. If she failed with them all, then she became a drudge for the temple. On the male side of our race there were some that also failed to produce children by women, but they had the same test to pass through that the women did, and if their seed did not multiply they also became drudges for the temple. No man or woman was looked up to with any honor only those that were parents of families. You see we looked upon all that could multiply and replenish our race with the highest respect and paid them great honor. Every child that was born in our race, male or female, was looked upon with all our love and respect. An animal was sacrificed as soon as we heard of a birth and songs and praises were sung to the God of Fire and the babe was brought into the presence of the great High Priest and his body was sprinkled with blood from the animal that was sacrificed and the priest gave it a name. If it was a male child, there was an afghan or large cloth placed on the priest's lap. One of the assistant priests took it in his arms and handed it to the High Priest, then the babe was placed on the afghan, which was thrown over the High Priest's lap, and with the assistance of two female Priestesses, the High Priest circumcised the child. So you see circumcision was a religious mode before the time of the Jews.” •

SER-VA-NO MORT-WA-NO

Thursday, February 20, 1902.

Ser-va-no Mort-wa-no, High Priest in the Temple of Bu-

deno Dorsoto 60,000 years ago.

"Hello. She em say I greet you. You Christian man tell plenty lies. Me tell plenty lies too. She em say me tell you me plenty big Priest. Me live long time ago. She em say in that country what you call Greece now time she em say me make three times them kind of bodies. She em say you make it call carnation. I got them three bodies she em say when I live them 60,000 years. She em say way back that time me do plenty things what them people say is big. She em say they call me big God, big spirit. Me make plenty big things. She em say me make plenty people well. She em say I make big things. She em say people talk me big God. She em say I make them got up good when they lie bad on the ground and make plenty sick. She em say me like great doctor me make plenty things what you call medicine. She em say I make by that medicine plenty magnetism. She em say I tell plenty what I see. She em say I got two kind of eye. She em say with one eye I see plenty things. She em say one eye come from God. She em say one eye make me see plenty things. She em say them people make plenty talk like me one big God. She em say me tell all plenty, that year plenty things growed. She em say me tell that year not things plenty growed. She em say me tell plenty things what's astronomy. She em say me big medy. She em say plenty peoples come to see me. She em say plenty peoples got sick, me make em well.

"In another country she em say you make that talk what you call English. Jeshu San. She em say me tell her plenty what that man he make. What he say. He make plenty people well. She em say me tell you them peoples make him God, plenty big God, plenty big spirit. Me not like that kind make plenty big God, me make talk. I kill him. She em say I make that talk. He make plenty big things what I can no make so big she em say. Then I say I kill him. Then I make plenty people come eat too. He got more man's comes too what make plenty things like him. I make them kind a drink what he drink and the man's drink. She em say they die. She em say I make them poisons. I no want him make plenty bigger things than I makes. Then I makes him dead. Then people makes plenty talks on that mans and them other mans what he got.

They make them talks she em say with a stick on them things what them Christian peoples finds them long time it after. She em say. She em say Jeshu San Christian make that talk she em say. She em say they make him got name Jesus Christ. Him big man talk and make plenty things. She em say him Theosophum. She em say He knows plenty things more than me. He no marries woman. She em say I no talk good like them other ones. Me got plenty womans. She em say me got plenty children. She em say He no got womans. He no likes womans. She em say He like all the time plenty flower, plenty trees. She em say Him like everything what's got plenty nice look. She em say Him got the same kind like this em one what I make plenty talk. She em say this em one no got woman. She em say all the same kind. She em say me tell you them people think him big God. I no like that. I make them kind a drink and he die. She em say me big priest in temple. She em say I make big talk plenty. She em say me want them people to think me big God, bigger than Jeshu San. So me kill him. She em say them people think me bigger God what I make him dead. She em say all them peoples come make sing and dance. She em say I bigger God. She em say by-ne bye me die. She em say another priest he kill me. She em say he tells the peoples I goes to the biggest God what was. She em say the great God. She em says I make plenty tricks she em says what that other mans learn. She em say then he kill me. She em say then he big God. She em say He make all them kind of things what makes people well. She em says she wants me to make tell you that all them Gods no good. She em says that she makes me tell. We all make plenty lie like Christian make plenty lie. She em say all ligion make plenty lie. I go now. She em come make your talk."

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. I had quite a difficult task to perform instructing that ancient spirit to speak some English whereby he could give his communication. The band discovered that he had been an ancient priest while living in one of his embodiments. They brought him to me and I endeavored to instruct him to give a communication. I think that the other spirit that was looked upon as a High Priest and a God by his people who bore the name of Jeshu San was the original

character whose name has been handed down until the Jews deformed it into the name of Jesus. For you must understand they have no original history of this Jesus Christ or any authority whereby they can claim that this Jesus the Jew, was crucified. It is only hearsay, written up by Jewish writers and the Christians stole the principal of those Jewish tales and created their man-God out of said writings to fasten it on the people. They brought in the idea of a miraculous birth whereby the people could look upon him as the Son of God or as the son of Lucifer. Now, this ancient spirit whose name I gave you the other day and also the name of the temple in which he was High Priest. He gave the band some very valuable information concerning the fraud that had been perpetrated upon the people. I must once more say that I really believe that Jeshu San was the original Jesus. His make-up was that of both male and female, the female predominating. Such beings make fine mediums. Those men that he spoke of as followers of that Jeshu San following him from one country to another is where the Christians got the idea of the disciples. I wish it were so that he could have given you more information concerning the period in which he lived, but it was such hard work for me to get him to speak the English tongue. It was the desire of the band that he should communicate while they had the opportunity of his company. I have been at work for two weeks to get him to pronounce what he did. I am glad that he had accomplished enough so to be understood. When he pronounced that word "she em" he meant me, as he could not pronounce "She told me so and so." I have now given you a little explanation of his meaning. He became jealous of that individual and poisoned him to get him out of the way. So then, you see, the people thought he had the greatest power. He gave it out to the people that he had called down the wrath of the great God, who inflicted upon this man and his followers death, so that made him the greatest Priest living then in that country. You see by his own communication he had poisoned them by a drink that he had prepared. This is the way that all religions have been built up, forced upon the people by deception and hypocrisy of the worst kind. Theosophy was understood by the people of that age, but only in a crude form. I believe the one they call

Madame Blavatsky or Searchlight, was at one time this same Jeshu San. She has passed through many re-embodiments and developed her spiritual condition to where it is now.

There is no end to progression and that is why she gave up her life in those different embodiments for the benefit of the human race. Thanking you for a time, I will bid you good day.
Jennie Lees.

Inspirational Poem

Chapter XXX

Inspirational Poem, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Judson, Searchlight Bower, California, October 9, 1889.

Oh, mamma and papa, how do you do?
It is some time since I talked with you,
But your little Ella is constant and true,
So a few words I want to send to you.
I'm growing to be such a big girl,
To look at me might make your head whirl.
Tell sisters and brothers I'm so happy in the spirit world
Since I have grown to be such a big girl.
I wish you could see the home where I dwell,
There is no fear here of a Christian hell.
With Grandpas and Grandmas and Charley, too,
We are all so happy and loving and true.
It is one of the most beautiful homes you ever saw,
And we all live under a happy spirit law.
We have so many pretty flowers
I declare, our homes are perfect bowers;
And I love to sit with Charley by the hour,
He is always full of jokes and never sour.
He talks and talks so much of you
I often wonder, can it be true.
He says he is the first Charley you ever had,
If that is so I am awful glad.
Grandma Chappel says how can you doubt,
For every one of his thoughts are devout.
Many happy days we have had,
That is Charley, me and his partner, Tad.

This young man looks so fine,
Charley says his thoughts are divine.
He met him when he came to spirit life
And don't you think neither of them has a wife.
They were two babies that never saw earth life.
But they have a wonderful perception of sight
And they will for the battle fight,
Don't you think, papa, that is right?
The spirit banner to the world must fly,
For they are marshalling hosts through your sky.
Let them stop it if they dare.
We will make their churches and creeds look bare,
For every one that has friends below,
This Christian superstition must overthrow;
And all priestcraft out of their hearts must go,
For what I say you will find will be so.
So you see I have kept my promise at last
And will try and make up for time lost in the past.
Charley, Tad, Dan and me
Will give thoughts to thee.
He is another of our little group,
And I tell you, in himself he is a whole troop.
A little newspaper we do see,
And it is a branch of the spiritual tree.
Bye and bye it will come to the front.
Sour looks will be thrown at it with many a grunt.
So papa, blow your bugle fast as you can.
In spirit life you have a little lady and a young man
Who will stand by you as strong as they can.
We are both chips of the old block,
And I guess can stand many a hard knock.
So now, papa, let you prepare
The battle to fight with heroic care.
We have had too much milk and mush,
And lots of their Christian slush.
I am so glad I came over here
It was required I should come to spirit sphere.
Charley, Tad, Dan and I
Feel our thoughts to the world must fly.

We are building a generator here
And will give you plenty of work, do not fear.
So now you will have a chance
To make some of the hoiy people dance.
I only feel that I am a little spoke in the great wheel,
Charley, Tad and Dan have a new reel,
And you can play the music as you feel
And make some Christians learn a new step in the reel.
Now I will bid you good bye for a while,
As we have many thoughts to file.
Mamma, papa, sisters and brothers, I send you a big kiss
And hope the angels will go with this.
Your loving little Ella, or Pearl Gate.

Miscellany

Chapter XXXI

Animal Passions and Appetites.

Friday, May 26, 1905.

In the *Progressive Thinker*, No. 807, Jas. H. Young replies to the statement of Lyman C. Howe in No. 788, that "Animal passions and physical appetite do not pass the death line."

When reading the article of Mr. Howe I was greatly surprised that a person of his probable experience in spirit manifestations and knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy should still cling to that nearly obsolete "twinkling of an eye" doctrine which some years ago was so generally taught in the orthodox churches. Although my parents were fanatical Christians, thanks to the good angels I was saved from the blight of such teachings.

After thirty-two years' study of spiritualism and twenty-four years' daily life with one of the spirits chosen mediums and communion with hundreds of highly advanced spirits, I have never heard one make such a statement as that attributed to Mr. Howe. On the contrary, every spirit that has made expression on that point says, "Spirits, when leaving the body, invariably take with them all their attributes of the earth life and it sometimes takes a long time to rid themselves of those encumbrances."

I long ago supposed all highly cultured spiritualists, such as Brother Howe, had advanced beyond the old church teachings and had been released from the "swaddling bands of Christianity." I fully endorse Brother Young's article, and in corroboration will relate a few instances sustaining his views.

My cousin, Justin Hulburd, when fifteen years of age, was

a member of Edwin Forrest's dramatic company. When on a boat going down the Mississippi from St. Louis, Mo., to Memphis, Tenn., Mr. Forrest was sitting on the deck, Justin stood alongside of him holding a spelling book. Mr. Forrest was teaching him to spell. He discovered in time that it was a failure. As they were in the process of a little quarrel about the spelling lesson, the captain came to where they were. He said, "Mr. Forrest, won't you allow your boy to sing for the passengers? They have a great desire to hear him."

Just then Justin was influenced by a spirit who said to the captain, whose name was Horace Maybrook, "Hod, for Christ's sake, give me a drink; I'm shivering all over for the want of a drink." Justin's little body was shaking like an aspen leaf.

Mr. Forrest said to the captain, "Bring some whiskey in a glass and let Puss smell of it; perhaps the odor of the liquor will satisfy the unhappy spirit, or whatever it may be." The captain left and soon returned with a glass of brandy. Mr. Forrest said, "Now, Puss, or whoever is talking, sit here on my lap and smell this liquor." No sooner had Little Puss sat on Edwin Forrest's legs when he grabbed the glass out of the captain's hand and drank the contents before they could stop him, then threw the glass into the river and said, "Brother Hod, that was good. Now I can talk to you. James Livingston was my murderer; he shot me through the heart as we were riding through a piece of timber near Jefferson, Mo." The captain admitted to Edwin Forrest that was the spirit of his brother, who was a gambler and an outlaw. They knew he was killed, but by whom they never learned until then. The captain said, "Why, that child has drank enough brandy to make him drunk." Edwin Forrest said, "Those influences that surround him have a way of destroying the effects, how, I cannot tell."

The above incident occurred before the Fox sisters were heard of. The captain told it to a reporter for the New Orleans Picayune and it was published at the time.

On one occasion in 1878, I with two others was spending an evening in a social way at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pirnie in Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Pirnie was a grand medium. Mr. Pirnie was also a medium, but owing to ill health was rarely controlled, but this evening as we were having a friendly chat

he was suddenly controlled by a negro spirit he had known in Michigan. The spirit said he was drowned in Saginaw Bay. He had procured a bottle of rum, gone out in a small boat fishing, was caught by a squall of wind, the boat was upset and he was drowned.

I asked the spirit how he felt when he went to spirit life. He said, "I'll tell you, boss. I felt mighty bad to think I had lost all that good rum; I'd only drank part of it, and I was so sorry I hadn't drank the rest of it." It was very evident death had not taken from this poor spirit the love for rum.

In 1875 Justin was living in Chicago taking a rest. He frequently attended circles and was many times controlled by a spirit who gave the name of Tim. The circle was usually composed of Col. Morse and wife, Mrs. Thompson, wife of a Chicago lawyer, a Mrs. Robinson, who was a member of the society for which Mrs. Richmond lectured, a bass singer of Mrs. Richmond's choir, name forgotten, F. D. C. Meyer and a sister-in-law of Col. Morse, name forgotten.

The spirit Tim gave many fine tests, but never until they would give him a drink of whiskey—Justin never drinks liquor of any kind, but the sitters would give this spirit what he desired in order to get tests. He wanted only the commonest whiskey. If they gave him a good article he would refuse to give tests.

In 1882 in Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain, accompanied by Prof. Haus of Topeka, Kansas, called at Justin's home. Besides the above named there were present Mrs. Lee, daughter-in-law of Bishop Lee, of Davenport, Iowa, Dr. J. W. Charles of McPherson, Kansas, and Dr. F. D. C. Meyer. After sitting a short time Justin was controlled by Edgar Allan Poe, who gave Prof. Haus his past life in rhyme, telling him of the peculiar minds he had to deal with among the students. The Professor told Mrs. Chamberlain every word was true. The Professor asked the spirit Poe if he now had any desire for liquor. He said, "Not any more. It took me a long time to get over that desire." Then Professor Haus asked him what the feeling was when he came en rapport with a physical medium. He said, "When I came close to the medium's atmosphere, there came a strong desire for liquor and when I

did not receive it I could not give a good communication. After a time that desire left me and I prayed to the good angels to keep it away. My prayer was answered and now I have no desire for liquor." Those present said, "Thank the good angels for that ministration in life." Such was told to me by Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain.

The same year we were holding circles twice a week at Justin's home. The circle was composed of Mrs. H. H. Chamberlain, Joseph Fleming, F. D. C. Meyer, E. W. Hulburt and the medium, Justin.

At one of the circles Justin was controlled by an Irish influence. The first words were, "Shure, now, and who be yez? Is it heretics ye are? Arrah, now, and what would Father Brady say if he saw me here?" Then she commenced bemoaning her sad mishap at having been enticed into a place where there were heretics. Finally she said her name was Bridget Kelly, that she was a washerwoman in New York City. She told of Dennis, her husband, and her daughter, Norah.

After talking for some time she turned to Mrs. Chamberlain, a very dignified old lady of seventy-two, saying, "Give me a sup." Mrs. Chamberlain said she did not use liquor, and had none. The spirit said, "Sure, now, take that bottle out of your pocket and give me a drop." Mrs. Chamberlain reiterated the assertion that she had none. The spirit indulged in some characteristic remarks and left. Justin's Indian guide, Rosa, came, laughing heartily, and said she found the spirit wandering around, looking for the Virgin Mary. She told her the Virgin was in there. When the spirit left the medium she again met Rosa and upbraided her for deceiving her. Rosa then told her she was the Virgin Mary. The spirit wanted to know what made her so dark. Rosa said, "I got sunburned going about to so many different countries."

Bridget afterward came several times. She said we were her saviors. She became a member of Justin's band and the guides say she is doing a grand work bringing ignorant Catholic spirits from "Darkness to Light." She is very bitter in her animosity toward the priests and says, "Sure, they are the ones that took all our hard earnings."

After we came to our present home in the mountains of

Southern California, for a time we had great difficulty in procuring the family washing done, having to depend entirely on Indian women, who at first were very unreliable. At one time we were for several weeks unable to procure a washerwoman. Finally Justin said if I would bring the water he would try and do some washing. I brought the water and he commenced. He had been at work but a short time when I perceived it was not Justin who was washing. Bridget had come and she remained until the work was completed. After she had been working for some time she said to me that Mr. Franklin said she might have a drink and she asked for whiskey. Benjamin Franklin was at that time the leader of that band. After the passing of twenty-three years Bridget is still working with the band and frequently makes her presence known. Justin's guides say she has become a beautiful spirit and is a grand missionary among those still in darkness. It was evident she did not leave behind her desire for liquor when she left the physical body. In many years now she has not expressed any wish for liquor.

When we came to the mountains of Southern California we frequently employed an Indian named Jose Duro, who was captain of the Canajoes. He was fond of whiskey and would drink it on all occasions when he could get it. In time he passed to the "happy hunting ground." Several times he came and controlled Justin. The last time he controlled was about two years ago. He said he knew of a rich ledge of gold-bearing rock and would lead us to it if we would give him some whiskey. We told him we did not keep whiskey in the house. He persisted for some time, urging us to get him whiskey. When he realized that he could not get it he left without revealing his secret. This Indian had been in spirit life about twelve years, but still craved whiskey.

In the winter of 1883-4 Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, Justin Hulburd and myself were one evening at the home of Prof. Kimmel in Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Kimmel, the accomplished wife of the professor, was a medium. On this occasion she was controlled by an Indian spirit, who demanded pipe and tobacco. Upon being repressed the spirit attempted to take her to the street,

where those things could be procured. It was only by a strong effort the professor prevented her leaving the house.

Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?

There seems to be much speculation in regard to President Lincoln's belief in spirit return and quite frequently articles are seen in the *Progressive Thinker*, headed, "Was Lincoln a Spiritualist?"

I write what follows at the dictation of one who knows.

My cousin, Justin Hulburd, is a born medium. Spirits tell us that long before the outbreak of the Civil War he was selected to play a part which has never been made public—that of President Lincoln's private spy. He was very petite—four feet tall, small features and fragile build. He was kept in that condition until after the war. When forty years of age he grew fourteen inches, his features enlarged and he became of much stouter build. Several years before the war General Warren became his guardian and Justin was known in the army as Little Warren.

General Warren exacted from President Lincoln a solemn pledge that the services of Justin—or Little Warren, as he was called—should never be made known. Publicity would have been fatal, the rebel element being so prevalent throughout the United States during the war and for considerable time subsequent to its close. It was to be kept secret on account of Justin's profession, which was the stage. Notwithstanding such secrecy he was three times shot at when on the stage by characters who recognizing his voice, suspected his identity. Once in Washington, D. C., once in St. Louis, Mo., and once in Louisville, Ky. He was poisoned three times, but saved by spirit power, they—the spirits—compelling him to vomit, thereby expelling the poison from his stomach.

His spirit guides say, "We did not intend giving the above to the public until his life was published, which in time will be given to the world in three volumes, but there having been several articles in print asking, 'Was President Lincoln a Spiritualist?' we permit it to be given now."

He went through the war as in a dream, guided by a voice—the voice of George Washington—assisted by Johann of Arc.

He was promptly admitted to the White House at any hour, day or night.

He answered the guides' purpose admirably, being so small and having small features. He could represent either a boy or girl, as conditions required. As a boy he would enter the rebel lines dressed in a pair of little nankeen pants buttoned to a blue waist, go direct to headquarters and ask about his father, take out a top, wind it up and then make it spin, sing for the officers, win their friendship with his childish ways, which he could play to perfection.

At one time while Justin was playing in Chicago, Abraham Lincoln and Hon. David Davis attended the performance. The name of the comedy was, "In and Out of Place," in which Justin represented five different characters. At the hotel Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Buckley, the manager of the company, "That little creature would make a good army spy, he can represent so many different characters." He did not then think that that little individual would become his private spy.

Justin did not belong to the army or the Secret Service. He belonged to the Nation.

President Lincoln believed in Spiritualism, also in Jesus Christ, quoting many times from the New Testament those parts connected with Jesus' life.

Mr. Lincoln had several sittings with a man claiming to be a medium, who went by the name of Colchester. He discovered he was a fraud of the worst kind and ordered him out of the White House.

He had several sittings with a man named Conklin. He told me he thought he was genuine. Miss Kennedy he said, he knew was genuine, also Nettie Maynard, who was usually the medium for the circles held at the White House.

A woman by the name of Hilton he thought used some sleight of hand business, and also was a ventriloquist. Hon. David Davis thought the same.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Hon. David Davis, James G. Blaine, Salmon P. Chase, Gen. Winfield Scott, Richard M. Hooley, and President Lincoln pronounced Nettie Maynard and Miss Kennedy genuine mediums. Miss Kennedy was a wonderful medium, but her health failed and she gave up sitting for the public.

On one occasion Charlotte Cushman, Laura Keene, Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Forrest, Mr. Conway, Mrs. Scott and Miss Jennie Maybury attended an "afternoon tea" at the White House. President Lincoln sent for Miss Kennedy and the tests they received from the spirit side of life were wonderful, so much so that Laura Keene took a diamond ring from her finger and presented it to Miss Kennedy. She said Miss Kennedy was the only medium that ever gave her mother's name to her in full. She went back six generations and gave Laura Keene the names of her ancestors in full, which made Laura Keene from that moment a Spiritualist. She never gave up her church but she felt it was her duty to speak of Spiritualism to those she came en rapport with.

Justin says Mr. Lincoln would often talk with him about spirit life and would ask him if when the voice spoke to him it sounded harsh or soft.

Justin says, "I have seen it stated in print that Mr. Lincoln had sittings with Charles Foster. I think that is a mistake. I never heard him speak of Charles Foster. My intimacy with Mr. Lincoln was such that if he had sittings with Mr. Foster he would have spoken of it to me."

President Lincoln and Hon. David Davis first met Justin in Chicago, some time in the forties.

At Mr. Warren's rooms at the National Hotel in Washington, D. C., in 1854 George Washington, through Justin's organism, predicted to David Davis the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency, which Mr. Davis received with a burst of laughter to think his old friend Abe Lincoln would become president of the United States.

Hon. J. W. Somers of Illinois, who after the war held a prominent position in the Pension Department at Washington, was for many years an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, and visited at our mountain home about twelve years ago. One day in conversation with Justin he remarked that Hon. David Davis told him that six years before Mr. Lincoln's election a little chap predicted that his old friend Abe Lincoln would become president. Justin smiled and said nothing.

In a communication from Mr. Lincoln, given through Justin's organism June 8, 1901, he said, "I was a Spiritualist and

knew that Justin was a medium all the time. I had a desire to take him to one of Nettie Maynard's circles, where four of us would sit on a piano. While the medium was playing the piano would be raised from the floor. I wished to have him see this, but Mr. Warren would not permit it, saying he did not wish him to come en rapport with Spiritualists, but I said, 'He is a medium, and some day the world will know it.'

"I remain your everlasting friend and thank God to know that I was permitted to understand the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism before I passed out of my body. I know there are many frauds calling themselves spiritual mediums, but one genuine medium makes up for a thousand of the low-lived villains that rob people of their money by fraud. Yours in the kindest of thought, Abraham Lincoln. One that loved truth always, no matter what it cost. Good night.

Mary C. Morse to Her Husband, E. W. Morse.

Monday, May 6, 1901.

My dear, dear husband. I know you wonder why I have never communicated through Justin. I was not allowed for the simple reason that Justin's guides were developing him for a certain work that had a cause and that cause has an effect which will go to the public one of these days and change many of the religious ideas. My dear, if you could only see the ancient spirits that are controlling Justin and giving their communications that will go out to the world. I think some of them are the strangest looking beings I ever saw. They are spirits that lived thousands of years back and I never saw such looking creatures in my life before, but dear, I am so glad to get this opportunity to communicate with you, for I know you will be pleased to hear from me. Tell sister and brother Stewart that I send them lots of love for all the kindness they are giving to you now. Tell them their loved one is with me here at Justin's home. She laughs and sends them bushels of kisses, sometimes when she touches her mamma's face and hair her mamma thinks it itches and scratches it, but it is only the finger touches of their loved one. Tell sister and brother Stewart that it is deeds and actions that tell here in spirit life, such as the kindness and goodness Mr. Hulburd shows now in taking down this for me

that I may send it to you. Tell sister Shepherd I often visit her and wish she could only see me. When we visit your home I wish you could all see us; your loved one and me and see all the kisses that she throws her papa and mamma.

When you see sister Bushyhead, give her my love and tell her I understand her true heart now, for she was a true hearted woman and her deeds are waiting their reward on this side of life which are building for her a beautiful spirit home. Cora is preparing it for her reception, as I am preparing ours for you, dear. Don't expect too much, then you will not be disappointed. I am running a beautiful vine over it, and I think the colors will be pleasing to your eyes.

Oh, loved husband, if you could only see the different conditions in spirit life you would be surprised.

Justin's guides tell me, dear, they could not develop him for this work in the city; that is, the work of publication. Now, dear, don't feel too lonely, for it won't be long when you will come to me. I visit you every night and kiss you with my loving lips. Give my love to all the friends that ask for me. I have old friends in spirit life, that is, our old friends, yours and mine. It would take up too much space to give their names and too much of Mr. Hulburd's time, which is valuable since he has to take down the spirits' communications, with those and his other duties to keep him busy. I hope, dear, they will permit me to come again through his organization, as I know, dear, you would like to hear from me. When you paid that visit to their home I was with you. I sat on the lounge alongside of you and ran my fingers through your hair. Justin saw me do it. He also saw me accompany you to the room they gave you, which made me feel happy to think he saw me. Now, dear, let me tell you. You are in all my thoughts and I am waiting patiently for you to come to this side of life that we may walk hand in hand through the beautiful spirit land, then we can ask the question, "What is love?" The answer will be, "Two hearts that beat as one, two souls with but a single thought." This I send you with all the love that your wife has in her heart. Mary C. Morse.

Friday, April 25, 1902.

Good morning, Mr. Hulburd. The band has given me per-

mission to come in this morning and through your kindness in taking it down I hope I will be able to send a letter to my husband, for which I will thank you very much if you please and are willing to take down what I have to say. I want to send a few words of comfort to my dear, dear husband, Ephriam Weed Morse. Why I put down the Ephriam Weed Morse is that when he was here making you a visit Justin asked him what the E. W. in his name stood for. Mr. Morse wrote his full name on a piece of paper for Justin. Why I tell you this, I want Mr. Morse to understand that I heard all he said when I was en rapport with the medium. Mr. Morse wondered why Justin did not understand what the E. W. stood for in his name, as I addressed my dear husband by his first name, Ephriam. He said to Justin, "Did you not hear what Mrs. Morse called me?" I want him to understand that when a medium is thoroughly controlled we use their forces while controlling and that they are oblivious to all that is going on.

The Letter.

"My dear husband, The band has given me permission to control Justin's forces this morning. It is seldom they give permission for anyone to control outside of their book work, but I prevailed upon them to permit me to come this morning, being desirous of reaching you through this channel. Now, dear husband, please pay attention to what I have to say. Miss Lees, one of the principal controls, told me you had written a letter to Justin wherein you said that a medium had told you you were to receive some money from some unexpected condition outside of anything that you were aware of. I know of no source whatever where money would come from outside of that which you understand yourself. Dear husband, do not be misled by any of those charlatans who claim to be mediums. There are so many who claim to be mediums. There are so many impostors setting themselves up as mediums that I have discovered since I came to spirit life are frauds of the worst kind; they learn something pertaining to one's family and its resources. They have discovered while in conversation with some one, that which relates to you and me or someone else. Then they gather these conditions together or the tales they have

heard, when they bring them to bear and work on the credulity of you, or some other person. Dear husband, I have never controlled any medium in San Diego yet. When any medium claims that I am controlling them, you ask them for this test. What was one of the last principal sentences that I spoke to you? It was this, dear, if you remember. When you laid me on the bed with the assistance of Mrs. Stewart, I asked you what time it was. And if you remember, I had left the body right after it. Now, do not tell this, dear, to anyone claiming to be a medium, but ask them what it was I said to you just before I passed out of the body. If it is I controlling, I will give you the test. I have discovered from this side of life that there are frauds in large numbers. I will say there are at least fifty frauds to one genuine medium.

Now, dear, do not spend your money on those charlatans, frauds and impostors of the worst kind, only where you know you are getting genuine material or valuation for your money. When I lived in the body I never liked to give away money unless I understood the good it was going to do, as you know. I am glad that I gave but very little money to any of those impostors. They did not hoodwink me as they did Mrs. Bushyhead. I took no stock in their flattery or charms that they tried to display. When they described to me some grand palace in spirit life that was awaiting my coming I immediately put them down as frauds, for I always felt if you and I should take up our abode in any beautiful home in spirit life it was our works and deeds to humanity that would build it up. I have discovered such to be the fact since I came to spirit life. Dear, I have commenced to build a home for you and me. I found material awaiting me here which came from the good deeds done while in the body; that is the work you and I were interested in. I have utilized that material as far as my power will permit me, but I cannot finish our home, dear, until you come here and assist in the finale. Our home will be pretty. I can see that already. It will be no gorgeous palace, but a home of moral conditions, pure living and charity to all our fellow beings. The mottoes on the walls will be emblems from our soul's worth. The landscape pictures will be the dreams and beautiful part of our childhood. When the home is finished then we

will commence our work hand in hand, showing to all life we are our brother's keepers. The motto on our door will be, "Come in and abide with us. Wisdom dwelleth in the home that understands God's divinity." I have met so many of our friends who send their love to you that I will not mention their names here, as space is valuable.

Now, dear, I do not want you to feel too lonely, as it grieves me sometimes to see your condition; be patient and you will soon come to me where money has no valuation, living under the laws of Truth, we have all we require and no more. I thank you for the present you sent to Justin, but Justin would rather not had you do it, as he feels it is like selling his mediumship, but I spoke to sister Shepherd and showed her the true sense of things. I was a happy spirit when she made them that visit in order that I might talk to her on several occasions, but of course your visit to me was the grandest of the two. When you were here I did not possess the power to speak as loud as when sister Shepherd was here. Dear, I wish you had been present when Mrs. Bushyhead had some of the conceit taken out of her by little Rosa. It was a regular picnic to us spirits present and no doubt to those who were living in the body. If we come en rapport with the medium with too much of our self-assertion, Rosa has the power to make us act foolish and idiotic, but you know, dear, I never claimed to have that great knowledge of the spirit side of life that Mrs. Bushyhead did. When she came en rapport with the medium she wanted to show off her force of character before sister Shepherd. She came with that condition in which she said to us spirits, "When I want to gain a point I'll walk through hell to make it," but she had laid it out in her mind. The point she gained, dear, was that she could not tell her name, who she was nor where she came from. Rosa had placed her in such a condition and in the simple way she acted it just made us spirits shout with laughter. When Rosa released her from that condition she made the discovery there were other people in the world outside of Mrs. Bushyhead. Her daughter Cora laughed so much that she had to hold her sides. Possibly sister Shepherd can describe to you somewhat of the condition. We were all glad to see sister Shepherd on that visit. Mrs. Bushyhead has given a communication for their

book and perhaps I will some day. The band has asked me to do so, as they have learned of our acquaintance with Justin. Now, dear, I want to cheer you up and feel that I am with you as much as possible. I have just joined the forces of Searchlight—that is her spirit name. While she lived in the body her name was Helen Petrovna Blavatsky. She is the great teacher and I am one of her pupils, a little sunbeam in her train, listening to her great words of wisdom. Dear, while she lived in the body she was not understood by the masses, but we are grasping her great thoughts in spirit life. When Mrs. Shepherd controlled and spoke to sister Shepherd, he gave her a Theosophical stanza. One that I feel would be of great value to her if she would solve the problem.

In the brook a pebble laid,
For to own it you had to wade,
While you held it in your hand
It spoke of immortality and man.

Dear, the pebble in the brook would become a great teacher to man through which they might solve the problem of thought. The pebble listens to the murmurings of the water as it glides on its way to the sea. Oh, what a history a brook has to tell. Do you know, dear, that the little prattling waves as they glide along, catch up the thoughts of men and women, age and children too—they are freighted with the thoughts of the human race, gliding toward the sea they deposit their thoughts in that great ocean of history. The pebble is the monitor and as the prattling water with a heavy load of thought unheard by human ears, they carry it along and deposit it in the ocean of history, waiting for future generations to come and gather those thoughts out of space, for you must know, dear, when a thought once takes possession of the mind it is led to the soul by self-action and there stored up to be utilized at a future time. If all people were clairvoyant and could read the inner sense of the pebble, what history it could tell them. The pebble is porous and a storehouse of knowledge. The ignorant masses do not comprehend when they have lifted up a pebble and thrown it wantonly to one side, they cannot comprehend they have thrown thoughts into space. The pebble passing through space or a condition of ether, it throws off the thoughts it had collect-

ed into space for human mind to grasp and thereby become developed through that condition. Now I understand, dear, why the ancient prophets handled and fingered pebbles, especially holding a large pebble in the hollow of the hand when they were sitting thinking and collecting thoughts for future manuscripts. They became the neophyte or pupil then receiving wonderful thoughts from the little pebble. The pebble is the storehouse of future knowledge. This may seem ridiculous to you, dear, and to others, but nevertheless it is truth which will be manifested in the future to the pupil of Theosophy. To form those large sized pebbles it has taken ages of time and through that condition many races have come and passed away. The pebble all the time has been gaining knowledge of those past races. It will give up its secrets in time to the coming generations through the power of Theosophical psychometry. They cannot lie, for it is only Truth that is embedded there. When the true psychometrical reader will read to the future generations the thoughts of the past ages and races it will become a great intellectual science through which it will take a firm hold in the future education and enlightenment of the pupil. It will become a great science of your twentieth century and can only be revealed to the human intellect by a true psychometrist. There will be schools opened whereby pupils can receive tuition in classes of psychometrists. They will give that history that has been lost to the past and present generations, of which there are no books of the present day can educate you in. A man or a woman will discover within thirty days if they are the proper individuals to search into that occult science and reveal to the world the past hidden mysteries of life. This is one of the lessons, dear husband, that many other spirits and myself have received from Searchlight. The problem that lies in the pebble will wake up nations to thought. The secrets that it can disclose and unfold to the human race will be wonderful for the future generations to listen to. That is part of the lesson, dear, that sister Shepherd's sweetheart gave to her. By holding the pebble in the hand it will speak of immortality and if the human race could only read the pebble they never again would doubt the presence of God in the world. I mean the great father and mother God of Nature.

Now, my dear Ephriam, don't be swayed to and fro by those charlatans calling themselves mediums. Ask for the test and if they cannot give it to you, do not believe in them or their mediumship. I will speak of the 'engravings. Possibly you have given them away to some one and do not remember to whom, but as I recall it, I think you gave some to Mr. Mc Daniel. Justin thinks you have already been too gracious by sending the things you did through the kindness of sister Shepherd. If you have any photographs to spare I would like to have you send some to Justin to put with his collection. He has a great number of individual photographs. I would like ours to add to the number, that is, if you can spare them. Mrs. Bushyhead and others send their love to you and hopes you will give her love to her husband. When we enter a class for tuition in spirit life we no longer bear the name we did in the physical body. My name in spirit life in our class is Sapphire; the meaning is watching for Truth and to gain knowledge for the development of my soul.

Did you feel me touch your cheek the other night? You brushed it away, not understanding, and I repeated it several times. It was I that gave that little tug to your hair that woke you up; I kissed you on your forehead and was the cause of that damp feeling. Now I send my love to sister and brother Stewart and also to those who would like to hear from me. Tell them I am as rational as ever and have the gratification of understanding that through my whole future life I am to gain knowledge makes me blessed in the sight of God, the male and female Eon of all time. I send you many kisses, dear Ephriam, as I am your guardian spirit guiding your steps to the border land where I will meet you and lead you to our home built up of the works that we have done. The good lives always; it is only the evil that perishes. Your loving wife, Mary C. Morse, hoping at a future time I will be privileged to send you another letter. Life, dear, is a wave and we are riding on it, its ups and downs is our conversion to the home of Truth. Tell sister Shepherd she has chosen the higher life while living in that embodiment. Wisdom religion being her guide, it will give her a proper sense through which she can see spiritual emanations as wisdom religion is her guide. The outworking of her mind

will bring into her soul heavenly happiness and clearer light, which will guide her to the spirit side of life.

Thursday, August 18, 1904.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. They have granted me permission to use Justin's organ of speech that I may send a few lines to my dear, dear husband. It is quite a while since he had a letter from me and I am glad of this opportunity. I hope I shall not monopolize too much of your time, but I want so much to send my husband a few lines.

Dear Ephriam—They say patience is a blessing to both men and women. I know that you have longed to hear from me. Justin's physical condition is not as strong as when you saw him last. His guides have granted me a favor today, so I take the opportunity of that favor.

Dear, I am with you a great deal of the time. I wish you could only see my spirit form. Sometimes I lay my cheek against yours and run my fingers through your hair. It brings back to me sweet memories when we would confide in each other's love. The wrong that has been done you must be atoned for. That unfortunate being that committed the crime must pay the penalty. Every day is a judgment day and every criminal act shall bring its punishment; it is impossible to escape it. The punishment will not come through a brimstone hell. The hell of the conscience will burn into the soul. Those that commit wrong acts wish that the rocks might fall upon them and crush them out of existence. That cannot be. Life is eternal and the penalty must be paid through good deeds in order to live down the bad ones. Nature's law requires interest, and sometimes it is compound interest.

My darling husband, be patient, and your reward will be great. When Justin warned me against that unfortunate man I thought he was too severe and did not understand him as we did. He told me there was something about that man that he did not like, which offended me, as I thought we had known him longer than he did. I let the warning pass and looked upon it as nonsensical. It left my memory and did not occur to it again until I heard of the unfortunate condition in which it placed you. Dear, I would have communicated with you before, had I been given the permission. Justin's guides said they

had to reserve his strength for a work that must be completed before long. In spirit life, dear, Time does not seem so long as it does with you in the physical body. They are going to make two volumes of his life in place of one.

Perhaps you felt faint and weary and wished to come to me, as you did not hear from me in quite a while. I had the desire to communicate with you but, as it seemed, unfortunately to you they did not grant me the permission.

Do you remember, dear, as we were about to start off on one of our pilgrimages, you picked me the flowers of a double petunia that grew on the east side of our house? I now compose a few modest lines to the flower and your memory.

It was only a little flower,
 But oh, it bloomed so sweet,
 When picked by the fingers of my love
 In our earthly loving retreat.
 It brought back to me one golden hour,
 One golden hour so sweet
 In this our spiritual sylvan dell,
 Whose winds are soft and fleet.
 It grows on my spiritual heath,
 Whose beauty is rich and sweet,
 Whose tints and colors is my talisman,
 Woven in a spiritual wreath.

These lines come from one that is not a gifted poet, they are from my soul, dear.

I was glad that brother Hulburd sent you the communications to read. Brother Hulburd wrote a letter to brother Buss and received no answer. I hope he will be gentleman enough to acknowledge he received the missive.

When the communications were given, Dr. Gould had a great desire to give one. As it was not permitted he became angry and showed his positive nature. One of Justin's guides said to him in a quiet, gentle manner, "Brother Gould, you did so little for the true Spiritual Philosophy and so much to support humbugs and frauds, therefore your communication is not required on this occasion." Brother Gould steamed up and blustered around, which was of no avail. He said, "Did I know that that woman Reynolds was such a fraud? I had perfect

confidence in all she did, thinking she was a genuine medium. She had me thoroughly under her power. She brought to bear upon me that psychological law that many a man has gone down to his grave in misery under the wiles of a wicked woman." He says now he wishes he had given the library of books to Justin, who gave him one of the best tests he ever received in Spiritualism. He said that when he was first introduced to Justin, Justin looked at him and laughed, saying, "You are a very positive man, sir. In your vest pocket is a gold locket; in that gold locket are two pictures—a man and a woman, still more positive than you are; they are your father and mother." He thinks that was the best test he ever received in Spiritualism. The locket, he says, was in a chamois bag and sewed up in his vest pocket. No one ever saw the pictures or the locket only himself before he sewed the locket up in his vest pocket. He did it thinking it would be safe from the eyes of other parties. "You see," he says, "how those clairvoyant eyes of Justin's penetrate into the locket and describe my father and mother so correctly. I had to admit it was a wonderful test." He wishes now he had done more for true spiritualism than he had done. Mrs. Pierce sends her regards to you.

I am glad, dear, that you have cultivated patience, for it is a jewel to one living in a physical body. I do hope so much that you can see my spiritual form before you leave your earthly body.

Brother James M. Peebles has written a beautiful letter to brother Hulburd about those communications. He hopes they will be printed and bound in book form, to go down to the ages. I hope brother Hulburd some day will permit the public to read that letter coming from such a spiritual mind as brother Peebles.

They have just received a long communication from a spirit whose name was Mary Gannon, known to the public as "Estelle." She was a literary woman when living in the physical body. Do you remember, my dear, about forty years ago we read in a weekly paper "Estelle's Manifesto," wherein she derided much that was said by the orthodox ministers in connection with the liberal press? In her communication she speaks of where Leah Fox and her stood together during the dedication of your hall. She said, "Leah Fox gave an expression that

I admired very much. Leah compared brother Peebles to a giant oak in the forest, who had withstood the storms and winds of ages." She said he was the greatest defender of Spiritualism and like a florist he was walking through the garden of cultivated souls." I wished, dear, on that day that you could have heard the spirits express themselves toward brother Peebles. Some of their sayings were beautiful. When he comes to the spirit side of life his welcome will be grand, as his many friends here will rejoice at his coming to our side of life.

I hope you will find it convenient this summer to make your friends a visit and read many of the communications produced through Justin's organ of speech. I think the change, dear, will be good for your physical condition.

The spirits say San Diego will become a great centre for Spiritual Theosophy. Justin's guides are teaching it (rap) to the friends, when his physical body is strong enough to sit from an hour to an hour and a half. They say San Diego will become a great seat of learning in many advanced philosophies. It is a chosen spot, selected by the spirits.

I do not know as you understand that Justin's organ of speech was brought into work by Gen. Winfield Scott of the army, predicting great things for the desert. It looks as if those predictions will be fulfilled to the letter. My dear, they are developing mineral up through this district. As you were interested in mineral at one time, I thought I would let you know they are developing mineral here in the mountains.

It is my desire to acquaint you with the facts concerning my spirit existence. I am happy here, but will be more so when you come to me; then we can attend the lectures together. I have the pleasure of listening to many advanced spirits lecture on the advancement of this planet. It has been in existence over a billion years, and perhaps longer than that. The ancient spirits say it has been in constant development all that time. Think, dear, if it has taken the human race over a billion years to develop to where they are now, how many billions will it take before they reach the perfect of perfectness?

The homes here are beautiful and it will be impossible for me to describe them. The reason I put in the word "and," is to give full expression to my thoughts; they are built up from lov-

ing deeds performed and acted on by spiritual growth.

The flowers have colors beyond my description. It would only be a weakness on my part to try to describe them.

I am a teacher here, who assists in developing little children to a high spiritual growth. I love my work and it brings me happiness.

Our landscapes here are beyond description and are wonderful to behold.

Our will power carries us from one place to another. You have no vehicles or car of any kind manufactured by man that compares with it, our transition is so swift from one place to another.

The parks with their beautiful shrubs and trees and colors of foliage, are dazzling to look upon.

I do not claim to be very wise. The community in which I live and move has given me a spirit name, "Mary," or "Love-light." They say I see the goodness in everything through spiritual light. I am glad to know it.

The pavilion in which we attend the lectures holds several hundred thousand spirits at a time, and yet we all hear the speaker, so perfect is his intonation of speech. When a speaker addresses an assembly here their articulation and sound of speech comes to you, as it were, on a soft southern breeze, their words invigorate and build up your spiritual condition. I listened to a lecture wherein the speaker said, "Sound is the musical breath of motion. As it moves north, south, east and west it carries with it the vibration of mind from the soul of the speaker. We sense it as we breathe in the atmosphere; the whole atmosphere is impregnated with knowledge caused by a divine wave coming from the soul of the speaker."

Our walks and avenues are shaded with a growth of soul desire coming from the spirits living in that community. The trees interlace each other above our heads.

Our food, dear, we receive through the communion of loving thoughts. Our table and vessels are filled with the fruit of spiritual growth. The different fruits are beautiful to look upon. While you are partaking of them and slicing them up into sections, the aroma coming from them fills the whole air with a sweet perfume.

Sister Bushyhead and others send their love to you and sister Shepherd.

I will now close with this frail attempt to describe my spiritual existence, hoping it will find you in as happy a spirit as I am in now, dictating these lines to my loved one, Ephriam Weed Morse. From your loving wife and spirit mate, Mary Lovelight Morse. Be of good cheer, dear, the time won't be long. I wish it could pass as quickly with you as it does with me in spirit life.

I thank you, brother Hulburd, for taking down my communication. Your reward is in the glory of knowing that you assist spirits to communicate with their loved ones on earth.

I leave my love for the medium, thanking you once more. Please send this to my husband, your friend. I will say good day, as there is no good bye. If we have met, it is constantly repeated over and over.

Monday, February 13, 1905.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. It makes me happy to be permitted to come that I may send a few lines to my dear, dear husband.

Dear Ephriam, I am dictating these lines through Justin's organ of speech while he lies in bed. He suffers a good deal, brought on by the effect of the storms. Perhaps you thought it a long time that I did not write to you. There was other work to do, dear, for the book when the guides found his physical body strong enough to give a communication.

It made me happy, dear, when you made that visit to "Searchlight Bower," and I could talk to you riding in the cart; those were happy moments to me. I was grieved when I saw you suffering from that cold.

Before I forget it, allow me to thank you for sending the book, "Widow's Mite." It made a nice present for Justin's birthday. They were all delighted with the work. He is now lending it to others, and I hope it will be beneficial to those who read it.

Possibly you have read the communication from Charlotte Cushman in the Progressive Thinker. She is a beautiful spirit, with a great will power. She tells me she knew Little Justin ever since he was a little mite of a creature. She informs me

he had a bad temper when he was little. He has lived it down, as age has come upon his physical body. When he was about seventy pounds in weight he could get around the quickest of any living creature she ever saw. If anyone offended him he would lay hands on the nearest thing within reach and throw it at the individual who offended him. Yet withal, she says, his make-up was that of love and he would give everything he had to those in need. He never knew the value of money like other people. He was a born medium and went hither and thither as if blown by the wind.

Dear Charlotte Cushman has sent a beautiful letter to brother Peebles wherein she speaks of the San Diego Spiritual Temple and in glowing terms of all connected with it. She admired the speakers, especially Col. Dryden. I love her so much, dear, her nature is so pure and beautiful. She tells me when she lived in a physical body she knew and realized the truth of spirit return. She had seen so much of Justin's and other mediums' powers of mediumship that there wasn't a loophole to crawl out through. From young girlhood to old age she was constantly en rapport with obsession in some phase.

There is a band of spirits, dear, on our side of life that brought an influence to bear on brother Peebles in order to give that book to the reading public.

There is one beautiful spirit—Lucy Carlton—that I admire very much. My whole nature goes out to her as a sister and you will love her too, dear, when you come to me. Amiability and gentleness emanate from her whole spiritual condition.

I think, dear, that young man you recommended to Doctor Meyer is a spiritual individual, and I know if good health will return to him, he can be happy here in the mountains for some time.

In the mountains all looks beautiful now, dear, since they've had such a fine rain. The grass looks green. When it gets a little warmer it will be grand for the animal creation.

Justin and others suffer from the effect of the storm. He is good-natured and says he is willing to suffer some for the benefit of the country.

I want you now, dear, to be careful of your physical body

as long as you have to live in it. Be cheerful, dear, and ever remember I am near you.

I wish I could use some other person's organ of speech as I can Justin's—that is, someone living in San Diego. Oh, what happy talks and moments of love we could have together. Be patient, you will soon come to me.

Doctor Gould and others wish to be remembered to you. Now he expresses himself as if he would like to have done more for spiritualism. Could he have seen it then as he sees it now, there would have been a division of his property. He is sorry to know how things are now, but he cannot help himself.

I have met quite a number of people from San Diego that have come to spirit life. A number of them have said they wish they had left the coast and gone back into the mountains; they advise all that are suffering from pulmonary disease to seek the mountains, where it is high and dry; they say it is impossible for anyone suffering from pulmonary affliction to get cured on the coast, where the dampness is the prevailing element in the atmosphere.

It pleases me, dear, to see San Diego grow; you and I waited so long, hoping to see a good sized city. It is on the road now to have a large growth. You, dear, can lay down your interest very easily in order to come to me.

The lectures that we attend here in spirit life are grand and I long for the time when you can listen to them also. On this side of life, dear, everything that you come en rapport with is more natural than on your side.

Let your silent prayer ascend from your soul; it will be beneficial to me just as much as it is to you. Since I have come to the spirit side of life I believe more in prayer than I ever did before. Mrs. Bushyhead says she, too, believes in prayer. We do not pray to the God of the bible, whom they call Jehovah. We pray to that great Divine Generator of Life whose love is aspiration to the Spiritual Soul. After we have communed with divine nature there comes over our whole spiritual condition a glow of love for all in life. I have made the discovery, dear, that Wisdom can come to our spiritual soul through prayer. Justin says he does not pray. I know better; every loving thought that he sends out to a human being is a prayer. I wish,

dear, that all in physical bodies understood the prayer of loving thoughts.

Now, I ask you once more to remember, cheerfulness is a healing balm to the spirit as well as the physical body. I do not say good bye, I merely say good day for the present. I send this from a wife's loving heart to one of the dearest men on earth—at least he is to her the dearest man that lives in a physical body. Your loving wife and spirit mate, "Lovelight." When living in a physical form I bore a physical name, Mary C. Morse.

Brother Hulburd, I thank you with the greatest of kindness for taking down these few lines. Oblige me by sending them to my husband, Ephriam Weed Morse. I once more thank you and say good day.

P.S.—I return to say, be lenient and forgiving, dear; Bryant Howard is paying the penalty of his crime.

Friday, May 19, 1905.

Good morning, brother Hulburd. I thank you for the patience you have. I was here the other day, expecting to send a letter to my dear, dear husband. I found several spirits waiting. One, Joseph Jefferson, an actor while living in the physical body. I made the discovery he was very anxious to give a communication whereby he would have the people understand that live in physical bodies he is still in existence and expects to be throughout all time, the soul being immortal. I gave way in order to allow him to communicate.

Now, dear Ephriam, I will communicate with you. I am always glad when the guides permit me to send you a few words of comfort.

Dear, when you visit the mountains again you will find quite a change here. The house that brother Meyer lived in has been burned to the ground. All that remains is some iron hoops that surrounded the wine barrels. In the ruins lies some old iron and tin, with burned glass that has collected into crude forms, here and there interspersed through the debris. It is sad to look upon. Think, dear Ephriam, of the many people that visited that house, we among the others. How often Justin's organ of speech was brought into force, conveying messages and words of comfort to those living in physical bodies.

This is a beautiful morning and it made me sad to look upon the ruin that laid before me. I judge brother Hulburd and Justin had their hands full to care for the people that were rendered homeless. Rosa tells me outside of Mr. Meyer there were three extra men to take care of, which made the work almost too much for brother Hulburd, as his body and physical strength are not in the prime of manhood now. When you reach seventy-eight, you no longer are a youth of twenty-one.

In the adjoining little cottage, dear, there laid a man dying from his feet upward. His old wife and companion had an accident befall her. She slipped off a step leading from the kitchen door into the wood house; there a young man who bears the name of Lyon found her lying moaning on some sticks of wood. He came to brother Hulburd's cottage and asked brother Hulburd if he would not assist him in carrying the woman into the house. He did so and it was discovered that her back and thigh were considerably bruised. When that discovery was made they put her up a cot in the front room and laid her upon it. They sent to San Diego for a doctor and he provided them with some medicine. Alas, it was of no benefit. The spirit left the old man's body. It was a filthy body, dear, saturated and embalmed with pork grease, tobacco juice, wine and other strong drinks. Before he passed from the body there was a male nurse provided for him. A female nurse also attended the old woman. After the body of the old man was laid away, in about ten days two women conveyed to San Diego what was left of the old woman. In the wagon they made her as comfortable as conditions would allow. Rosa thinks she, too, will soon follow him.

Brother Meyer, dear, has fumigated the house and an Indian woman has scrubbed the floors and cleaned that, which required lots of hot water and soap.

Rosa said it was the most filthy den she ever entered. The stench that pervaded the rooms and impregnated the clothes hanging around was something abominable, so she tells me.

They paid part of their penalty for holding human beings in bondage. They were slaveholders and looked upon themselves as of the aristocracy. Rosa calls them low trash of the South that depended on negroes earning their living. So you see, dear, the last space they filled was a low one, as they did

not have negroes to attend them and do their dirty work. Now, dear Ephriam, I want to talk of you. That brings joy to my soul. The past conversation I relate to you as told to me by Rosa, the guide.

Well, you have passed through another severe cold. You must be careful, dear, as each cold leaves its mark and reflection upon your physical body.

No doubt of late you have wondered why your head feels a little itchy sometimes. It is I, dear, that is the cause of that. I run my fingers through your hair and that produces a little friction on the skin. I hope the coming warm weather will give you more vigor and strength, then you will feel like making another visit to the mountains. Rosa says you can occupy the same room that you did before, so you need not feel anyways delicate about it, as you will not be crowding anyone out of that sleeping apartment. Rosa says the guides are not going to allow any strangers to sleep in the house, only the old friends such as you, Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Hawley. It will not do, she says, to allow all kinds of magnetism to enter their home. It has too strong an effect on Justin. Every little passing breeze affects his physical condition, he has become so sensitive to the surrounding magnetic currents. They must finish their work and feel it their duty to protect him from outside influences. Dear, he is of both sexes; the female predominates, and that is why he is so sensitive. Some of the guests had left a Catholic influence behind them and the guides had a hard time to break it up. It has thrown the work of the book back for some time. All people outside of the old friends must go to the hotel. The guides say they will not permit them to sleep in the house.

Now, dear Ephriam, I hope you will feel like making "Searchlight Bower" a visit some time this summer. I am happy when I can talk to you face to face. I know brother Hulburd, Justin and Dr. Meyer would be pleased to have you make a visit. I took the liberty of making that expression, dear, for I know their hearts say it is so. Dear, I have a hard time to hold his organ of speech this morning. The effect placed on his physical body by the fire and the conditions that emanated from the adjoining cottage have weakened him much.

I will now close, hoping to see you soon. Write in answer

to this letter your feelings about coming. Rosa says you must try and make another visit.

With this letter goes much spiritual love to one that I am waiting for. The inspiration of my soul is laid bare to you, Ephriam, dear. Your loving wife and spirit mate, Mary C. Morse, or Lovelight.

I thank brother Hulburd for taking down my communication. Some day his reward will come on the wings of Love, through which he can cherish his soul's desire.

Aztecs

Monday, April 1, 1901.

Justin Hulburd being very unwell, had retired unusually early. About 9 p.m. E. W. Hulburd was sitting in Justin's room conversing with him, when Justin was suddenly influenced by some spirit, who commenced singing in what to Mr. Hulburd was an unknown language, but he thought it sounded somewhat like the Aztecs who came several weeks ago. By the voices there seemed to be two of them, male and female. After singing some time the female said, "Me Juanita; me speak little English; me no sing English." Mr. Hulburd inquiring what the language was, she said it was Aztec.

He asked how long they had been in spirit life. She said, "About 400 years, me think." She said her companion was Sacramatura. He was her lover and they came together to sing of their love and destruction to the Spaniards who slaughtered all their tribe.

First one would sing and the other would respond with interludes of talking, for about forty-five minutes, when Juanita said, "Now we stop; they say, 'You go to bed.'"

I did so in my own room adjoining Justin's, leaving the connecting door open in case Justin should want assistance during the night. As soon as I was fairly reclining in my bed, they sang a song, which she said was good night to me. Then they left.

Wednesday evening, April 3, 1901.

There were present Justin Hulburd, medium, Mrs. Gallup and her daughter, Mrs. Laskey of Chicago, Ill., H. R. Hulburd and E. W. Hulburd.

Justin was first controlled by Aztec spirits, who sang their songs in a very pleasing manner for some time. They were followed by Robert Burns, who gave a characteristic poem. Then came Margaret Wilson, who said Jennie Lees could not come, as she was engaged in Chicago. She gave an eloquent address on Truth, which we greatly regretted could not have been heard by more people, after whom came Margaret Fuller, who gave to each one present the name of their talisman. Then came an unknown Indian girl who said Rosa could not come and she was sent in her place to say that in two days' time, when Dr. Meyer returns home, Mr. Gladstone would come and give an address of about one hour's length, the subject of which would be the Soul Issue, and Mr. Overmeyer would also come and talk. She said her name was Quebechy, which in English is Waterfall.

R. M. Hooley and Others

Sunday, April 7, 1901.

Early in the morning, Justin Hulburt was notified that the spirits wished to have a little talk as soon as convenient after breakfast. Dr. Meyer and Mr. High were notified accordingly.

About 10:30 Mrs. D. S. H. Gallup, Mrs. Abbey Laskey, John E. High, Dr. Meyer, E. W. Hulburt and Justin Hulburt met at the home of E. W. Hulburt. After singing the "Sweet Bye and Bye," Justin was controlled by spirit Sir Thomas Clifton, who took for his subject, "What is Soul?" He gave a grand address, which was full of instruction to all present and there was a unanimous feeling of regret when he closed and that we had no stenographer to record it in full.

Mr. Clifton was followed by Margaret Fuller, who said that she came to add a little which Mr. Clifton had forgotten, which she did in her usual beautiful style. Then came R. M. Hooley, who was known throughout the United States as Dick Hooley, the great theatrical manager, who said he came to defend the Little One—as Justin was called by him during the twelve years he had been connected with his (Hooley's) companies—from the malicious attacks of that licentious beast, Breckenridge of Kentucky, but for the last two years in hell. This Breckenridge, although he had a wife and family, had at one time in

Justin's theatrical career become greatly infatuated with him. Justin was at this time representing female characters under the name of Fannie Blanchard, and dressed in female clothing. Breckenridge was so very conceited that he thought every smile was directed at him and followed Justin from place to place, persecuting him with his attentions to such an extent that he finally called for the protection of the police.

This Breckenridge passed to spirit life about two years ago and last Friday evening came, as he stated, to revenge himself on Justin, because in his egotism he fancied Justin, or the "Dashing Blanchard," as she was then called, had selected him from the whole auditorium as the one he favored.

Mr. Hooley's scathing criticism of the man's egotistical conceit must have made an ordinary man or spirit hide himself for shame. After Mr. Hooley, Margaret Fuller again came and gave a beautiful poem. Finally Rosa came with her characteristic humor, making the circle happy with her fun and jollity.

SPIRITUAL CURES

Spiritual Cures—Published in Sun Flower, April, 1905.

In the Sun Flower of August 20, 1904, I noticed an article entitled, "A Spiritual Cure," which strongly attracted my attention.

My cousin, Justin Hulburd, was a born medium. He was a very feeble child; none who saw him in infancy thought it possible for him to survive childhood. Justin tells me he has frequently been told by his foster father and others that when he was about one year old his grandfather—Sir John Robinson of Cottertown estate, Scotland—would hold him out on his hand and say to those present, "Is he worth raising?" But spirits had a work for him, which work will be made known to the public in a book entitled, "The Life of Little Justin Hulburd, Medium and Actor," which his guides say must be prepared for publication through his mediumship, and a powerful band has kept him in the body until he has reached his 77th year.

During the 24 years Justin and the writer have occupied the same home, at least a score of times I have thought him about to leave for a brighter home in that beautiful land "over there." Twenty years ago friends were gathered at his bedside to wit-

ness the passing away of the loved one. Physicians pronounced him dead—but no. After about two hours we thought we saw signs of returning consciousness; soon a movement of the lips—after an interval of some minutes a faint whisper, “Me come, we not let him go, he work not done.” After another interval of some minutes the voice became stronger and said, “Now go to bed; me take care of him.” They did take care of him and he is still in the body. Several times since he has been on the threshold of his spirit home, but was not permitted to enter.

When we came to our present home we frequently employed a young Indian named Cocha, who assisted us at intervals for several years, when he passed to spirit life. Justin was very kind to him—as he was to all—and Cocha formed a great friendship for him, which he evidently retained in spirit life. A few weeks ago Justin was very sick and unable to leave his bed. I was sitting by his bedside intently watching, when I perceived a change in the expression of his face. I then knew help had come. Soon his lips moved and a voice whispered, “Me come help some; me Cocha, me Cocha. Me come try help some. Me like medy. He good to me; he give plenty to eat.” He commenced treating Justin, which he continued for half an hour, all this time talking in his Indian way. Suddenly he burst into loud laughter, exclaiming, “Oh, I so happy, me so happy, me help some.” He continued repeating those words several minutes, then withdrew. In about half an hour Justin arose, dressed and went about as usual.

Here is another instance of spiritual cure, which perhaps will interest some readers:

About two years ago Justin was very low and sinking. A band of spirits called at Searchlight Bower, and seeing Justin's condition, stopped to see what could be done for him. A spirit controlled who said he went to spirit life from Chicago over fifty years ago. He said that when in the body he kept a low dive, that his place was the headquarters for the worst criminals in the city, that he was trying to work out of the terrible condition he had been in since coming to spirit life.

When the band saw Justin's condition they said to him, “There, Dan, go in and see what you can do to relieve him.” He was with us some time, telling of his wicked life when in

the body and his terrible suffering in spirit life. After he left Justin was able to leave his bed.

That he might better perform a certain work which the spirits wished done, he was kept in a dwarfed condition—being only four feet tall—until he was forty years old, after which, the work having been accomplished, he grew to be five feet in height.

Our home is a spirit station which they have christened, "Searchlight Bower." Justin is clairvoyant and clairaudient and no day passes that they fail to make their presence known. Nearly every night spirits make themselves visible and converse with him. Sometimes converse without materializing, sometimes manifest by raps only. They often come in groups, simply repeating their names.

The foregoing instances of spiritual cures are sufficient to prove to candid thinkers that there are many spirits who have a watchful care of their mediums—notwithstanding the "Great Psychological Crime" to the contrary.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS

Published in "Progressive Thinker" August 18, 1906.

To the editor.—Possibly the publication of some of the psychic manifestations coming from an old spiritualist, who has given thirty-four years' work for the glorious cause of advancing the religion of Truth through the earth's sphere, may be of interest to some of your readers.

There ever has been, and no doubt there will be for all time, great interest manifested by the human race in spiritual phenomena, therefore I send the following, which have come under my own observation:

In the spring of 1874 I was sojourning in the city of Topeka, Kansas. At that time there was a flourishing society of spiritualists holding regular meetings in that city. I attended the meetings of said society regularly. Among the regular attendants I noticed an elderly gentleman of very pleasing aspect, whose name I learned was J. G. Bunker. After service one Sunday I was impressed to approach him and introduce myself. Some two or three days later I met Mr. Bunker on one of the principal streets, when he accosted me, saying that his wife,

daughter and himself held regular circles in his home twice each week. At the sitting of the last evening their guides directed them to invite me to sit with them. He said, "If it would be agreeable to you, we would be pleased if you would come to our house tomorrow evening and see if our magnetism harmonizes." I did so. We found that the harmonious conditions were perfect. They were all mediums. Miss Mary, who was then sixteen years of age, was a fine medium. They had a grand band of spirit guides, the Indian portion being under the renowned Tecumseh.

I sat with them twice a week for seven months, and twice a week during that time for two hours I realized there was a heaven on earth. At the end of that time business called me to Cleveland, Ohio. The evening before I was to leave Topeka was the regular circle night. As we were about to close, Tecumseh controlled Mary, the daughter, and asked what time I would leave the hotel for the train. I told him. He then said to me, "We will escort you to the depot on our ponies." I asked him how many. He said, "Twenty-two; and we will throw moccasins after you for good luck." He said also he would send two Indians to take care of me on my journey.

At Kansas City my train left toward evening. I secured my berth in the sleeping car and entered the seat. We had been under way but a short time when I discovered that I had taken a severe cold from a draft which came through the transom above where I was sitting. I said to myself, "Now I am in for a disagreeable journey." But the next morning I awoke all right, with no symptoms of the cold.

I remained in Chicago two days; while there I visited a photographer who claimed to get spirit photographs. While waiting to be called, another person entered the waiting room. I soon noticed him looking intently toward me. After a time he said, "You must be a medium." I asked him what lead to that conclusion. He replied, "There are two Indians standing by you."

I went from Chicago to Indianapolis where I remained one day, then took the night train for Cleveland. The day following my arrival in Cleveland I received a letter from brother Bunker in which he said, "The Indians returned and reported

that they would not let you take cold; while in Chicago they went with you to a place where they took pictures; that you were then in a big city, but would go on your journey next day."

After I had been in Cleveland a few days, I received a call from that grand worker in Spiritualism, David Eddy, who told me of a good medium, Mrs. S. F. Pirnie, and gave me her address. I called at her rooms. She met me at the door and said, "Come right in; Tecumseh was here about five minutes ago and told me you were coming."

I remained in Cleveland several years. One night I was asleep, lying with my face to the wall. I was awakened by the jerking of my bed covering; I turned to see what it meant and there I saw two stalwart Indians standing by my bedside looking at me and laughing. On another occasion I was awakened and saw, in a row, on one side of the room, five figures from the waist up. They were of different nationalities—Indian, Oriental and Caucasian; they said nothing and soon faded away.

At one time, in the section of the city where I was living, burglaries were quite frequent. One bitter cold night I arose, about midnight, to examine the base burner which was in the room adjoining. I had returned to my bed and in a few minutes saw the head of a lad, apparently fourteen or fifteen years old, extended from the sitting room, looking intently at me. The head was drawn back, but soon reappeared in the same manner. I was then satisfied that I had a visitation from a burglar and watched him, thinking, "How can I get him to the station?" Again he drew back, but in a moment he rushed into the room, slipped behind the door, which opened across a corner. I said to myself, "Now I have you, my lad." I jumped from my bed, ran to the door, but found nothing tangible. There was no exit from the room except by the door through which we entered.

A few days subsequent to the above I had again been examining my stove. As I returned and laid down upon my bed, I discovered the entire ceiling of my room was covered with writing in some Oriental language, the letters being from two and one-half to three inches deep. I watched it until in a short time it faded away. In a few minutes it was again written over

in a different language; it also faded away and soon disappeared. Soon it was written over the third time; this time I saw the hand make the writing with the forefinger, the substitute for ink flowing from the finger like liquid fire.

The next day I called upon Mrs. Pirnie, who was controlled by my spirit wife. She told me one of the languages was Sanscrit, another Chaldean. She told me the name of the third, but I have forgotten it. She also told me the spirit that made the writing was an ancient king and seer, and was the same who played hob at the feast of Belshazzar. Several times, before and after the above, this spirit would draw diagrams on the walls of my room. Soon after the above manifestation, the spirit controlled Mrs. Pirnie and told me he had been my guardian spirit from birth. He never again talked with me, but many times gave evidence of his presence.

I will close this article by describing another spirit manifestation which led to a radical change in my life, and grand results. My health failing in Cleveland, by spirit direction I went to Central Kansas. Business there not proving satisfactory, I disposed of it, but remained there several weeks, undecided whether to resume business at that place or go elsewhere. One evening after having pondered long as to the future, without result, I retired to my bed, still thinking as to what would be the best course for me to pursue, when suddenly a spirit materialized by the side of my bed. He looked intently at me for a moment and then floated over the bed to the opposite side, again looked at me for a moment, then with his right arm motioned three times toward the east and disappeared.

While this spirit was manifesting another spirit appeared in a brilliant light from head to waist downward from the ceiling. In less than an hour the first spirit again appeared and again motioned toward the east. I then knew my spirit friends had decided that it was best for me to go elsewhere. Some time afterward this spirit controlled a medium and made himself known to me. When a boy he had been a schoolmate and an intimate friend.

I immediately closed up the business matters remaining to be settled and went to Kansas City, Mo., where I was guided to my cousin, Justin Hulburt, and for twenty-five years we were

close companions, never being separated until November last, when he left his physical body, on his seventy-seventh birthday and went to dwell with loved ones who had gone before.

After I had been in Kansas City about three years, by direction of Cousin Justin's guides, we removed to Southern California. In time they informed us why we were brought here, and the work we were to do.

What I have given you are a few of the scores of spirit manifestations I have received, but I must stop, as this article is already too long.

E. W. HULBURD.

Searchlight Bower, Descanso, Calif.

EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT CONTROL

An article sent to the "Progressive Thinker" for publication.

To the Editor—Through the mediumship of Justin Hulburd we are told the great discussion on "Obsession" which for some time has been occupying much space in your grand and valuable paper—for which every broad minded person should subscribe—has attracted the attention of highly advanced spirits, who tell us the spirit world is highly interested; that there, as well as here, there is diversity of opinion, but those who dissent from brother Peebles' views are an insignificant minority. They inform us that all advanced teachers in spirit life express surprise that the "Progressive Thinker" gives precedence to so great an extent to theories of the incarnates in preference to facts as known and given by denizens of the spirit world. They say the Open Court will be a great educator and will revolutionize spiritualism.

As in your No. 801 you kindly inform us acceptable short communications on the subject—Obsession—will still be received, I send the following, which came under my personal observation.

One day in 1875 I was standing on Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio, conversing with a gentleman whom I knew to be an ardent Spiritualist and a fine clairvoyant. While thus engaged a gentleman passed by. I noticed my companion's attention was immediately directed to him. He said, "Let us watch that man. Two spirits are following him. I am interested to know why they are attaching themselves to him so

closely. They now separate; one is on each side; now they each place a hand on his head. Let us see what they are up to." In a few minutes the gentleman turned and retraced his steps to a saloon which he had passed a few minutes before. He entered. My companion said, "Let us go in and see what they do." We entered the saloon. The gentleman went to the bar and ordered a drink, the spirits standing by. My friend said they seemed to enjoy it immensely. The gentleman then left.

After he had passed out the barkeeper turned to us (who were about to follow the man out) and said, "That's very peculiar; that gentleman comes in occasionally and gets a drink, but I never knew him to call for any such mixture before."

If that was not Obsession, what was the influence that took that man back to that saloon after he had passed it and proceeded nearly a block?

I am always ready and anxious to receive information by which I can arrive at Truth. I am open for conviction.

E. W. HULBURD.

SPIRITS—THEIR JOURNEYS

April 24, 1905.

In some of the spiritual papers and publications I have occasionally noticed articles expressive of different writers' ideas relative to spirits journeying away, leaving the physical body in a state of repose. Recently when reading Hudson Tuttle's grand work, "Psychic Science," the article on "Hallucinations" brought to mind several instances of which I was cognizant in the mediumship of Justin Hulburd that were in that line. Some years ago his spirit leaving his body was of frequent occurrence. Thinking it may possibly be of interest to some of your readers, I will relate some of which I have personal knowledge. Of course, there will always be skeptics, no matter how positive the evidence, doubting Thomas must express himself.

In February, 1848, I made my home in Morris, Ill. I soon made the acquaintance of a congenial spirit who in later years became known throughout the state as Hon. Perry A. Armstrong. We became warm friends and have continued such to the present time. Disability contracted during the civil war compelled a change of climate. I never returned to make my

home in Morris, but the friendship which had been cemented between Mr. Armstrong and myself was to endure for all time.

Scarcely a night passes that spirits do not come and converse with Justin, sometimes preventing sleep until near morning. In May of last year a spirit appeared to him who gave the name of Armstrong, who said he knew me very well. I was sleeping in an adjoining room. He conversed with Justin for some time. In the morning Justin told me of the visitation and described the spirit. I went to the library and got a book, of which my friend Armstrong was the author, containing his portrait. I showed it to Justin, who immediately exclaimed, "That is the man."

I immediately wrote to a mutual friend for particulars of his death. That friend replied, under date of June 10, 1904, "Perry Armstrong is still alive. He has suffered from a cancer for several years. His friends would not be surprised if he passed away suddenly."

I immediately wrote friend Armstrong and received two letters from him during the summer. He came and materialized to Justin four times while in the physical body. His spirit passed away in December and he has called to see us twice. Last night he came to Justin and said he had learned since going to spirit life that his spirit made those journeyings while in the body to prepare it for the life "over there."

While here last night he made the request that I prepare this article for publication in the "Progressive Thinker." He said, "In spirit life there is a great interest felt in Dr. Peebles' book, 'Obsession, or Demonism of the Ages.' It is going to revolutionize the spiritual Philosophy and it is about time those fakers were broken up calling themselves materializing mediums. While there is one genuine materializing medium, there are fifty frauds."

He did not believe any of those public materializing mediums were genuine. In company with other spirits he has visited a large number of them and found them to be frauds of the worst kind. He said, "It is about time they were broken up and sent to jail for receiving money under false pretenses."

At the home of W. W. Judson, Kansas City, Mo., one af-

ternoon in the month of June, 1883, while the family were sitting on the front porch, Maggie, the servant maid, came to consult Mrs. Judson on some kitchen affair. Justin, who was present, saw a spirit follow and stand alongside of her while talking to Mrs. Judson. Justin described the spirit to her as being a man about sixty years of age and had a peculiar way of holding his head.

She turned pale and placed her hand over her heart, saying, "That is my father you have described; I hope he is not dead."

After lunch she went to her room and wrote to her sister, asking if her father was well. In two days she received an answer to her letter, in which her sister said, "Father is as well as usual." Not long after that he passed from his physical body.

A merchant tailor in Kansas City, Mo., named C. B. Grabe, one day made a visit to our home. While sitting in an easy chair he laid his head back and said, "I am tired." Just then Justin saw a beautiful female spirit standing by him, which he described. Mr. Grabe said, "I have a letter in my pocket now from that lady. She was one of my dearest friends in Philadelphia. He wrote to her, asking her if her health was as good as usual. He received an answer saying she was as well as ever. Two weeks from that day she passed from her body, after which she appeared to him as a spirit.

In the summer of 1885, E. H. Davis, from Williamsburg, Long Island, was sojourning with us at our home in the mountains of Southern California. One day Justin was resting on his bed. He lay very quiet for some time and then seemed to awake. He said he had been to a place which seemed to be a good sized town and visited a house, which he described. The plan of the house, its furniture and ornaments (of which one was a large portrait of a young lady which hung in the back parlor.) Mr. Davis said it was an exact description of his father's home. The portrait was that of his sister, but Justin was mistaken in one thing. There never was a bed in the back parlor. He immediately wrote home. His mother replied they had received an unexpected visit from a relative and had been obliged to put a bed in the back parlor.

During a visit from Mr. Davis last summer he told us this circumstance had so interested his people that they investigated

and became spiritualists. Mr. E. H. Davis is now a prominent resident of Mesa Grande, San Diego Co., California.

Dr. Thomas Jennings of New York would frequently place his hand on Justin's head and will him to go to any place he wished. Justin would go, soon return, and report what he had seen, which was invariably verified. On one occasion he sent him to Philadelphia to the home of Dr. Van Ame. When he returned he described a lady whom he called Mrs. Chase. The name Chase Dr. Jennings did not remember. He wrote Dr. Van Ame for a list of the guests present on that afternoon. Instead of Mrs. Chase the name of that lady was Case, the wife of Col. Case of Philadelphia.

While Justin was playing at R. M. Hooley's Comedy Theatre, Chicago, one morning at rehearsal Mr. Hooley said, "Puss, I have received a letter from Mr. Hart, in which he says he can't get here until next Sunday evening. He will leave Jersey City Saturday night for Chicago."

The following morning when Justin appeared at rehearsal, on his way into the theatre he stopped at the box office, where he found Mr. Hooley and the treasurer. He said, "Uncle Dick, last night I boarded a train, entered a sleeping car, and about the middle of the car I threw back a curtain, looked into the berth, and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Hart lying there. They will get here this evening."

Mr. Hooley said, "I don't see how that can be. Mr. Hart's letter says they won't get here until Sunday night."

Justin replied, "Uncle Dick, they are on their way now. You will see they will get here this evening."

Just then a messenger boy tapped on the window. Mr. Hooley opened it, when the boy said, "Here is a telegram for Richard M. Hooley." Mr. Hooley read thus: "Friend Dick—I will be in Chicago tonight. Your friend, J. Hart."

Mr. Hooley turned around and said, "Puss, if you had lived a hundred years ago you would have been burned for a witch."

Mr. and Mrs. Hart arrived that evening, sound and well.

Rehearsal was called next morning for Hart's new comedy. Mr. Hart said that evening to Mr. Hooley, "A strange thing happened last night in the sleeping car. While my wife and I were lying in the berth the curtain was thrown back; there

stood Little Justin, who laughed at us. I said without thinking, 'Tell Dick Hooley I'll be there tomorrow evening.' It all seemed as real to me then, Dick, as it does now that I am talking to you."

Mr. Hooley laughed and said, "The little witch told me all about it this morning."

Mr. Hart said, "That little creature is a strange being, and don't you forget it."

Mr. Hooley said, "He has played for me off and on for over twelve years, and I have seen and heard a great deal of his antics."

Mr. White, the stage manager, said, "He's an uncanny being." They fuss and quarrel sometimes at rehearsal. At the same time Mr. White holds a great love for Little Justin.

Mr. Hart told Mr. Hooley he had cancelled his engagement at the Olympic Theatre on Broadway, New York, and that was why he was here to attend rehearsal. A question came up between him and the manager on which they did not agree; he cancelled his engagement and that night started for Chicago.

I will now relate two instances which strongly corroborate the claim that spirits can leave the physical body and journey whenever they will. As I could not vouch for their accuracy, I will let Dr. F. D. C. Meyer, who was most particularly interested, and who verified them, state them in his own style:

One evening in the year 1886, we were sitting chatting on various subjects, when the conversation turned on Spiritualism. I asked Justin Hulburd, medium, if his spirit could leave the body at will, or if he could send the spirit to any place, at any time, wherever he willed it. In reply he said he did not know, but he had known his spirit to leave the body and go visiting at different times. I then asked Justin if he would try to go to Des Moines, Ia., where I had a sister living at that time. He said he would. He became quiet and shut his eyes. In about ten minutes he spoke and said, "Your sister is packing her trunk; there is a lady there helping her whom I do not know. Your sister is going to move tomorrow. Your sister saw me and started to speak to me, when the other lady commenced talking and broke the conditions so I could not answer her." He de-

scribed the various things in the room. Next morning I wrote to my sister, telling her what Justin had told me.

Four days from that evening I received a letter from my sister, saying that she had moved to other rooms. She stated that on the evening before moving, while packing her trunk, a lady friend being present to help her, she saw the spirit of Justin Hulburd and recognised it at once. She started to speak to him when the lady friend asked her what she was talking about. With that the spirit vanished. She wished me to ask Justin if he remembered having been there. Our letters passed each other on the way. We were both astonished and delighted to know that the spirit of Justin had really visited my sister on that occasion.

When Justin had related to me his visit to my sister I requested him to try and go to Germany to my old home, where I was born. He said he would try. He became quiet, as if asleep. In about fifteen minutes he spoke and said, "I see a house," and described my birth-place inside and outside better than I could have done it. He described the people who were living in the house at the time, whom I did not know. By writing I found the description to be true. While I was asking him a question he said, "Wait a minute. I am attracted to another place." In a minute or two he described a house which I recognized at once. Then he described the rooms and a man who was sitting by a desk writing a letter. "Well," he said, "that letter is for you. It is in regard to some property. He has charge of your property; he is your guardian." I told him it was true. He described that man so perfectly I recognized him at once. That letter turned out to be the final settlement of some property we had in Germany.

I could cite many more cases of Justin's spirit leaving his body, not only to go to places on the earth, but to the spirit spheres, but it would make the communication too long.

WHERE IS TOM PAINE'S SOUL?

June 10, 1905.

To the Editor.—In the Sunflower of May 27, I find an article entitled, "Where is Tom Paine's Body?" from which I quote the following extract: "Suffering from a complication of

disorders brought on by his habitual intemperance, he dragged out the last hours of his life propped up in a chair by a window, poring over the pages of a book and drinking at frequent intervals from a bottle of brandy that stood on a table at his elbow."

I was surprised to see that vile slander in a paper devoted to the promulgation of spiritual thought. Christian ministers have persistently given voice to anything they could invent to besmirch the character of one of the grandest men of American history, a patriot of "the time that tried men's souls," one whom America should honor co-equal with Washington and Jefferson. Many of the ministers who uttered those falsehoods from the pulpit knew there was no truth in their statements, but they had so long been teaching that abominable criminal-producing doctrine of atonement, they undoubtedly believed when the time came to meet their Jesus all that was necessary would be to pray, "Oh Lord, forgive me," and they would immediately be "washed white in the blood of the Lamb" and clasped in Jesus' arms.

In 1882 at Kansas City, Mo., Thomas Paine gave a course of lectures through the mediumship of Justin Hulburd. During one of his lectures he wanted to give the Christian God a chance to perform a miracle by removing the life from the physical body of the medium while he had control of it. He said to the people present, "You see, it is a failure. Your Christian God has no power whatever. There is only one God and that is the God of Nature, unified throughout all life."

Mr. C. M. Aley, the stenographer who came to take down the lectures, became so interested in what the spirit Thomas Paine was saying that he forgot to take it down. It was a failure on that account. Mr. Aley, the stenographer, made us a visit here at our home in the mountains. During his visit he said to Dr. Meyer, Mrs. McKie and a Mrs. Allen, that "If there was anything in life that he regretted it was not taking down that lecture thoroughly. Now the lecture is lost to the reading public."

The spirit Thomas Paine says, "The only mediums that I ever found through whom to give my thoughts to the people with any satisfaction were Amelia Colby and Justin Hulburd."

April 16, 1902, Thomas Paine, through the organism of Jus-

tin Hulburd, gave a communication of considerable length for future publication, from which I make a brief extract :

"I was persecuted by the majority that I came en rapport with. When they thought they could not attack my character vile enough, then they called me 'a low drunken beast,' which was an infamous lie of the worst kind, as I was a temperate man on all occasions. The preachers only told that to people that had never seen me; finally it got into print and like many other lies made out of whole cloth, it was looked upon as a fixed fact by the people that never came in contact with me."

The persistency of the clergy and other religious bigots in vomiting forth their foul slanders on the name and character of one of America's grandest patriots in her time of greatest need will bring upon them a day of retribution compared with which a burning hell would be Paradise. The falsity of those Christian slanders of Paine have been repeatedly exposed, but gentlemen of the "sacred cloth" continue to repeat them when running short of material for their sermons. I once heard a Unitarian clergyman lecture upon the "Day of Judgment," in which he said, what is well known to all true Spiritualists, "Every day is a day of Judgment. Every act brings its own retribution." Let those who call themselves ministers of the gospel and other religious fanatics ever remember that for every slanderous word they utter for the injury of a fellow being there is a penalty from which there is no escape.

Phenomena

Chapter XXXII

On the sixth day of September, 1899, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Justin Hulburd was reclining on a couch in the home of his cousin, E. W. Hulburd, who was sitting by. They were conversing on current topics of the day when suddenly there occurred a very peculiar phenomenon. What had the appearance of a flame of fire flashed over Justin and passed through an open door into another apartment where it disappeared.

While they were conversing upon the unusual phenomenon a spirit came and through Justin's vocal organs informed them it was an occult manifestation to assist in preparing Justin for the work in which he is now engaged. That the manifestation was produced by the spirit Yawpan, who for many years was with him in Vineland, N. J., and Kansas City, Mo. At Vineland Yawpan would accompany Justin wherever he went, would open and close doors for him, whereby in one instance a servant girl became so frightened she refused to remain with the family. Orthodox ministers preach that witches should be put to death.

While in Vineland, N. J., Justin was one day visiting at the home of Doctor Jennings. There were present Doctor and Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Susan Cornell, Mrs. Julia Schroeder and her young son, Freddie Schroeder. They were sitting in the parlor conversing in the early twilight, when suddenly an unlighted lamp which was standing on the centre table—no one being near it—sent up a brilliant flame; then in a moment subsided until it became the usual flame of a lighted lamp and remained so.

This spirit Yawpan, who is said to have been a priest in a temple in Japan, told Mrs. Jennings, who was a fine medium, that he dealt with fire—they were fire worshippers. When the flame burst up from the lamp it was accompanied by powerful odor which pervaded the room upwards of an hour.

When in Kansas City, Mo., Justin was connected with F. D. C. Meyer in a cigar and tobacco trade. One evening at a cir-

cle being held at their home there were present Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, their daughter, Ina Whitman, a Mr. Samuel Hale, who was in the millinery business, a Mr. Joseph Green from Philadelphia, Pa., a public medium by the name of Mrs. Watrous and her husband, Mr. Watrous, Mr. Meyer's sister, Mrs. Schroeder and Mrs. Marsh, wife of a druggist and the servant maid, Helen Fenton. During the seance Catholic spirits through Justin's organism told the circle that unless he—Justin—quit converting people to spiritualism, they would kill him. Next morning Mr. Meyer was quite sick and Justin went and opened the store for business. It was a cold day in February. Justin had lighted the fire, which was of coal, the stove had become red hot and he was sitting by it warming himself. People in the vicinity saw smoke issuing from the store. Rushing in they found Justin lying on the floor covered with the hot coals and the overturned stove lying near him. The first to enter the store was a negro preacher, who afterward said the spirits told him he must get up and go down—there was something wrong with the boys. He was quite unwell, but told his wife he must go. The next was Mr. Whitman, about the same time James Morton, of Morton's confectionery store, entered. Two of them carried Justin to the street in front of the store, while others extinguished the fire. Two men, proprietors of a restaurant opposite, came over; on learning of the trouble one of them returned and brought coffee, which they gave Justin and restored him to consciousness. The stove was overturned, but what seemed very remarkable, the pipe was not disturbed, but remained in place.

Catholic spirits afterward said it would be all right if Justin would give his mediumship to the church. In the vicinity of Kansas City is a monastery of Franciscans. Justin was strongly importuned by them to come and reside with them and give his mediumship to their order. When he refused they made threats against his life.

The papers at the time published accounts of the matter and thought it very wonderful that Justin escaped without injury. Spirits told us that he was cared for and protected by Yawpan, the Japanese spirit.

After all was over the negro preacher said to Justin, "It was

Jesus Christ who saved you." On the next Sunday a reverend minister proclaimed from the pulpit that Justin was in league with evil spirits and that is what saved him; none but evil spirits returned and no spiritualist should be allowed to hold meetings. Mediums at that time in Kansas City were Doctor Van Horne, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Watrous, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, a medium known as Doctor Lewiston and Justin.

On the next anniversary Doctor Joshua Thorne, in a public address, asked why it was that preachers always pitched upon Justin, who was physically the smallest of them all.

Remarkable Spirit Manifestations.

Monday, December 21, 1903.

The medium, Justin Hulburt, while reposing in bed, feeling quite indisposed, was about 1 p.m. impressed to sing, accompanied by the writer he sang several spiritual songs in his usual soprano voice. Suddenly he burst forth in a powerful baritone and sang several pieces in a manner that was wonderful. After the singing had ceased, the control entered into conversation with the writer, announcing himself to be Frank Lumbard, who while in the physical body was a noted singer of Chicago, with whom the writer was well acquainted and at one time sang with him, having a bass voice.

Spirit Lumbard said, "It has for some time been my great desire to come back and see if I could sing through another organism." He declared himself pleased with the result. He said, "This medium has a high soprano voice, and you see he sang in a deep baritone." The spirit was asked how he found spirit life. He replied, "As well as could be expected by one who had lived such a life as I had."

He then withdrew. This medium sings in several voices, soprano, contralto and alto. I have also heard him sing a selection in which he introduced deep bass notes.

The peculiarity of it all is how the different voices will produce their notes, as if it required no effort whatever for them to do so.

I have seen and heard him at many circles.

Tuesday, December 22, 1903.

In the evening after dinner, and the day's work disposed of, Justin reclining on a couch in the sitting room, he was taken with an unaccountable fit of gaping, which continued for more than an hour. He was then impressed to sing, which he did, with the writer's bass accompaniment.

After singing several songs he was controlled by his guide, the Indian girl Rosa, who seemed to be in great glee and on a regular lark. She sang several songs or snatches of songs, one of them being "Climbing the Golden Stairs." The medium's small dog, "Dick," was lying on the couch with him. It joined in the singing, howling its accompaniment, much to our amusement.

Rosa, in her Indian manner of expression, said, "Me make Dick sing. You no make him sing. Me go now."

In a few minutes the medium was controlled by two spirits who sang a duet. One was a powerful baritone, the other a high soprano. They sang a splendid duet in the Aztec language, their voices blending beautifully, both voices coming from the medium's vocal organs, producing the words and singing from his mouth at the same time.

In this lies the great test that both spirits used the medium's organ at the same time, not each controlling after the other. They had attempted this feat at different times, but without complete success.

Fitch Adams

Chapter XXXIII

Saturday, December 27, 1902.

Justin was quite ill. About 12:30 p.m. a very familiar voice was heard saying to E. W. Hulburd, "How are you, old boy?" and Mr. Hulburd's old schoolmate and chum of nearly fifty years, known when in the physical body as Fitch Adams, of Warren, Ohio in his youth, and of Cleveland, Ohio, during his manhood, gave through Justin's organism an eloquent dissertation—or revelation, as he called it—on different phases of embodiment. All persons from the beginning are of the sex which they will retain through eternity. Many have a desire to reincarnate in the other sex, but the change is never complete. Females wishing to reincarnate as males cannot fully throw off their feminine nature, but retain it to a marked degree, hence so many hermaphrodites. Males wish to reincarnate as females, and the result is the condition known as masculine women, or women with men's natures. They wish to have a woman's experience, but can never fully throw off the male nature, hence females in every community who have no affiliation with men.

It is necessary for progression to experience all phases of physical life. If you wish to advance to the perfect of perfectness, you must experience all of those conditions.

Hermaphrodites have been known since humanity has been on the planet. In the days of antiquity hermaphrodites were far more numerous than today. I think I can safely say there were a thousand to one at this time. As they progress through different embodiments they little by little advance toward perfection and finally reach that condition which is beyond the necessity for such experiences.

I heard you talking of the communications from some of

the spirits and the expressions used by them regarding the Jewish God, Jehovah, in which they speak of him as low, brutal and licentious. If you go back to your Sunday school days you must recollect what was taught you from the bible; that book tells us Jehovah was a murderer, thief and licentious brute. Of course, our orthodox Christians, who have swallowed the bible whole and been taught from infancy that the said book was the word of God, will be terribly shocked and say such publications should not be allowed; but many will begin to think and reason for themselves and soon the shackles of bigotry will fall from them; then they will see the rottenness of that filthy book called the "Old Testament."

F. K. Hulburd

Chapter XXXIV

Monday, December 29, 1902.

Today a very interesting talk was given by spirit F. K. Hulburd. He said, "Those who have been connected closely by family ties and were congenial and warmly affiliated in former embodiments will always be brought together in subsequent incarnations; it never fails. Every spirit must work out through successive embodiments the conditions of former embodiments until all its debts are paid and they reach the perfect of perfectness when they become merged in Deity, becoming one with God. The great central Sun is God; all suns thrown off by the great central Sun become suns to give light to some planets and are called Messiahs, or Sons of God.

"General Winfield Scott is called in the spirit world the President of the band that is interested in the development of the great California desert and is hovering around and over it the greater part of the time. He says that the bringing of water through canals upon the desert will absorb the alkali and it will arise into the air, forming clouds which will increase the rainfall; not only on the desert, but throughout the surrounding country for a distance of two hundred miles, thereby changing the general characteristics of Southern California. Rains will be much more frequent during the summer, or dry season. The people will be affected by it favorably, particularly sensitives, and the desert will become the Garden of California. General Scott says the development of the desert is taking place much sooner than he expected when he made the prediction through this medium in 1885."

Poem

Chapter XXXV

November 19, 1889.

There are three Spiritualists in the mountains of San Diego,
Their neighbors think they are a regular plague-O,
And wish that their God would blast them-O,
Since they can't drive them back to San Diego.

Now in this their spiritual home,
They invite the spirits, so they are never alone.
Their neighbors are no sooner come than gone,
For they are afraid some spell might be put upon

Their ignorant and unhappy lives.
So they keep away their children and wives,
Such is the prejudice of these mountaineers' lives,
For most of them are married to halfbreed wives.

We live up here in nature's free air,
And read of the outside world of care;
Then we inflate our lungs with lots of air.
In that we are extravagant and do not spare.

Now perhaps you would like to know
Why we came to live in these mountains so.
A certain development we had to undergo;
It required the mountain air to bring it out so.

There are three of us old chaps that live here,
We were directed to the live oaks by the spirit sphere,
And our love for them is true and sincere.
We all hope to come out the better for it here.

We have had ups and downs of every kind,
Now we hope they have all passed with the wind.
Some of us have gone through enough to make us blind,
But after all we are only frail human-kind.

While there is life there is always a spot
As this development came in our lot,
So we will go through like the Irishman's pot,
And perhaps come out of it like a solid rock.

When we came here they tried to drive us away,
But we told them we came here to stay,
For who had a better right in that way,
Since the climate is the best you ever saw any day.

We have had many communications here,
Given through Justin, our medium and seer,
And hope they will come to pass, in this we are sincere,
As they will be a great benefit to earth life here.

In spring our mountains are covered with flowers,
Which make our homes perfect bowers,
And the odors are wafted at all hours,
As we become magnetic with the flowers.

Then we look at the cattle grazing in the grass,
At each male calling his mate a bonnie lass,
As they smile and wink at us as we pass,
They know we look upon them as the animal class.

Warnings

Chapter XXXVI

In 1842 I was in Liverpool, England—I was playing at the principal theatre of that city. I was going from rehearsal, walking down one of the principal streets. I came to where there was a scaffolding up in front of a building—there was some work being done on the front of the building. As I was about to pass under the scaffolding a voice said to me, "Walk out into the street." I did so, and I don't think I was over twenty feet from the scaffolding when it gave way and fell to the sidewalk, killing five people.

The following year in the month of August while staying at Nice, Southern France, I was invited by three friends, who were staying at the same hotel, to take a carriage ride through the city. I accepted the invitation and the three friends and myself entered an open carriage. After we had taken our seats I noticed the driver was a rather peculiar looking man with a dark complexion. I whispered to one of the friends, "What a peculiar looking man the driver is." His reply was, "He has both French and Moorish blood coursing through his veins." After we had driven down one of the streets a short distance I noticed he would holler in a loud voice to the other drivers passing by. When we had driven perhaps as far as half a mile a voice said to me, "Tell the driver to stop; if not, jump out as quick as you can." I asked my friend, who spoke French, to ask the driver to stop and let me out. He spoke to the driver, but he would not stop, but commenced cursing at my friend in French. Then the voice said, "Jump." I sprang from the carriage and landed on my feet—I was both nimble and light of foot then. I looked after them and do not think they had gone more than one hundred yards when they came in collision with

a large wagon—commonly called a truck—drawn by large Normandy horses. The truck tore off two of the carriage wheels and in some way that I do not understand the carriage was upset, the driver killed, one of the horses was so badly injured that they were obliged to shoot him to put him out of his pain, one of my friends had an arm broken and an ankle sprained, one of the others had a large gash cut in his head and two ribs broken, the third one's breast was hurt, he had a cut across his face and an ankle sprained. I was informed afterward that this driver was in the habit of getting drunk, and he must have been under the influence of liquor that day.

While at Monte Carlo I stood near one of the gaming tables. A voice said to me, "Move back quick." I did so; just then a man that had entered shot at a lady who stood near by. The one who stepped into my place was shot down by the second bullet that came from the pistol.

While in Havana, Cuba, the yellow fever broke out. It was spreading quite rapidly. A voice said to me, "Tell the manager to get his company on board a ship as quickly as possible and leave the island, as the fever is going to become epidemic." One of the company who was too slow in getting to the ship was left behind and died with the fever. His name was George Gould.

On board the ship while out at sea they discovered that I had a touch of the fever. The voice said, "Tell them to give you sulphur and salt, a teaspoonful of each in a glass of brandy; drink it all down without stopping, then let them have a pitcherful of water, almost hot; drink all you can of it after taking the brandy and you will come out all right." I did as directed and it broke up the fever; on the third day I was walking the sunny deck.

While in Lima, Peru, I was in a large store making a purchase. The proprietors of the store were Germans. While making the purchase the voice said to me, "Get out, and right quick." I did as commanded. I do not think I was out of the building over five or six minutes when a terrible earthquake took place. Several people became dizzy and fell to the ground. That building fell in and over forty people were killed and buried in the ruins.

While lying down one afternoon to rest the voice said to me,

"Tell the manager not to take the company on board of that steamer for which he has purchased tickets; tell him to wait for the next steamer." The manager said that he would not go on that steamer for any money. About three o'clock next morning while the steamer was out on the ocean it took fire and was burned to the water's edge and more than one hundred people were lost.

During the Civil War, acting under orders from President Lincoln, I took passage at New York on a large steamer for New Orleans. While passing Cape Hatteras there came up a terrible storm and the steamer sprung a leak and sunk with nearly all on board. A number of women and children, with a few men, were put into the boats, which were never accounted for afterward. On a raft was the captain, his wife and a little son about sixteen months old, the first mate and myself. We drifted about on that raft four days and nights. Finally the wind drove us toward the North Carolina coast. We were washed in toward a place called by some Morehead City, and by others Morehead Landing. Some negroes discovered us on the raft and came to our rescue; they brought us safe to land. We remained with them three days, until we recovered somewhat from our cramped condition and recovered the use of our limbs. They were very kind to us and did everything in their power for our comfort.

When the steamer sprang a leak the voice said to me, "Do not go in any of the boats, but wait; there will be a raft built and on that you will reach the shore, for we have more work for you to do yet."

From the sun and salt water the skin on our faces commenced to peel off, which made us suffer intense pain. The captain's wife, while on the raft, became very sick and could not attend to her baby. The captain tied the baby to me with a rope and then tied me to the raft. I laid there chewing crackers to feed the baby with in order to keep it alive. We all reached the shore in safety, but in a terribly demoralized condition.

That little baby afterward, when he became a grown man, made me a visit in Chicago, Ill., while I was playing at Hooley's theatre. His name was Wm. Prentiss. He presented me with

a beautiful ring for saving his life on the raft. Harry Thorne made the presentation.

When I was playing at the Randolph street theatre, Chicago, Ill., in the fall of 1875, I was lying down in my room at the hotel, taking an afternoon nap. About six o'clock in the evening I was awakened by the voice saying, "Go to the theatre and take your jewelry with you; go now." I dressed and went to the theatre, taking my jewelry with me, as directed. When I arrived at the corner of the street near the theatre I met Mr. Kemble, the stage manager. He addressed me, saying, "Puss, we open Monday night in St. Louis for one week. The company starts from here Sunday night. Clara Louise Kellogg comes here to the theatre for one week with her opera company."

As we were walking toward the stage entrance a boy ran past us; as he did so he turned around and looked at me, saying, "Justin, at your hotel there was a fire, but it's out now." I should judge I had been in my dressing room about ten minutes when I said to Mr. Kemble, "John, I shall go to the hotel and see about that fire." He said, "No, don't go; you will get nervous and it will upset you for the evening." Just then J. H. Murphy, the tenor singer, entered the green room, and when he saw me he said, "Puss, I was glad that you wasn't at the hotel during the fire; it would have made you so nervous; there was a big commotion there for some time. A fire broke out in the laundry room and the guests of the house became quite excited. I went to the office and got the key of your room, opened the door, went in and dragged your trunk out into the hallway; I also dragged mine out and had them ready to get someone to take them out into the street in case the fire made much headway. They kept the fire confined to the basement and the men put it out after awhile. So it's all right. Now I would like to ask you a question: Why did you leave the hotel so early? I did not see you at dinner; had the spirits anything to do with it?" I said, "Yes; the voice told me to get up and go to the theatre and take my jewelry with me." He said, "I am glad they did; they know how afraid of fire you are since you lost your wardrobe in the Arch street fire."

One day in the fall of 1877, while I was playing at the Broadway theatre, New York, Clara Louise Kellogg was play-

ing at the Academy of Music on East 14th street. After rehearsal at our theatre I was standing in front of the building talking to Francis Wilson, William Hamilton, the baritone of the Kellogg company, and Mr. White, when Mr. Hamilton said, "Come, Justin, let's go and have lunch before the matinee performance." Mr. Hamilton hailed a carriage to take us to the hotel where he was stopping. He opened the door of the carriage for me to enter, when the voice said, "No, do not ride in that carriage; walk and watch the result." I told Mr. Hamilton we had better walk. He said, "Just as you choose. You've had a warning—I can tell by your eyes." When we got in front of A. T. Stewart's building that same carriage came up Broadway with two gentlemen in it; as it got in front of the Stewart building it drove in between two Broadway stages and one of the stages broke one of the wheels and damaged the carriage somewhat; neither of the occupants were hurt. Mr. Hamilton laughed and said, "It beats the Dutch how you get those warnings." We did not go to his hotel but entered a restaurant on Broadway and partook of lunch. As we were about to sit down at one of the tables the voice said, "Do not sit at this table, take seats at one of the tables at the extreme end of the room." I told Mr. Hamilton we would take seats at a table further on. He laughed and said, "Another warning, eh?" I said, "How can you tell I had a warning?" He said, "By your eyes; I always noticed when we were playing at the Operahouse in Philadelphia and you received a warning your eyes would always glisten as they did today."

While we were laughing and talking a mad dog rushed in from the street and bit one of the men sitting at the table where we thought we would take our seats. Most of the people jumped onto their chairs. A man that had a pistol in his pocket shot the dog in the head twice. It made me very nervous.

I went to the matinee with Mr. Hamilton and remained in the dressing room all the afternoon. He treated me magnetically several times. So you see that spirit warnings are very beneficial. Instead of being ruined by my mediumship as asserted by the "Great Psychological Crime," it has been a benefit to me throughout my life.

While playing in Baltimore Md., in January, 1868, with our

company from Philadelphia, the Caroline Richings Opera Company was also playing in the city. Both companies stopped at the same hotel. Mr. James Arnold—one of the members of the Caroline Richings Company—and myself were walking down Baltimore street. As we approached a drug store the voice said, "Both of you get into the drug store as quick as you can and shut the door." I said, "James, let us get into this drug store." He laughed and said, "Now you little witch, what's up?" We had no sooner entered the drug store and shut the door than a runaway horse with part of a buggy attached to it dashed up onto the sidewalk, knocked down two people, killing one woman. Mr. Arnold said, "It's wonderful how the spirits can warn you in this way."

While the Caroline Richings Opera Company was playing at the Academy of Music, Broad street, Philadelphia, Mr. Arnold, on a Tuesday evening, came to my dressing room at the Seventh street theatre. After sitting there a few minutes he said to me, "I see you are only in the first act tonight. I will wait until you get through, then we will go up to the Academy; they are playing 'Crown Diamonds' tonight and I am not in the cast, so we will enjoy it in the front of the house." We did so. When returning from the Academy on Broad street near Walnut the voice said, "Cross to the other side of the street." We did so; I do not think we had walked more than ten yards when we heard a dreadful scream from a female voice and looking across the street we saw a man rush into the street, brandishing a big carving knife and yelling like he was mad. It took two policemen and two other men to hold him. He had cut and wounded five different people before he was secured and taken to the station house. His first victim was a lady whose name was Jeanette Taylor. Afterward I became well acquainted with her. Her arm bore quite a scar where he cut her with a knife. The madman's name was Silas Wilkes. He became crazy from the opium habit. We had a narrow escape. Mr. Arnold said, "Now I believe in Spiritualism. Our loved ones are around us to guard and protect us from danger when they possibly can. I never told you before, Puss, but sometimes I think I see their shadows."

At one time in the forties Edwin Forrest was playing in

New Orleans. The play was Julius Caesar and I played the Page in the tent scene. While I was singing and playing the lyre a voice said, "Throw the instrument down and go immediately to Mr. Forrest's dressing room." I did so. As I neared the door of his dressing room a man came out of the room with a bundle in his arms. I kicked him on the ankles with all the vim and strength I possibly could. He fell to the floor. I sat down on him, took my dirk out of its sheath and told him if he moved I would kill him. I held him there until the curtain went down on the act. Just as the curtain had struck the stage he in some way got his hand into his pocket and whipped out a pistol. As he was presenting the pistol at me I struck his hand with my dirk. The pistol went off, the ball went into the door, his hand fell by his side just as the people from the stage reached where we were. Mr. Hill came running as he heard the report of the pistol and was the first one to reach us. Mr. Forrest and the others of the company dragged the man into his dressing room; his hand was bleeding profusely and I wrapped a towel around it. I told Mr. Forrest he had better search him. Mr. Forrest and Mr. Conway searched him. They found Mr. Forrest's gold watch and chain, Mr. Forrest's purse with over two hundred dollars in gold and silver and a number of other things that he could put in his pockets. In the bundle they found Mr. Forrest's street clothes, even to his socks and boots. Mr. Forrest sent for an officer to have him taken to the station house. In the street when the policeman was not on his guard he struck the policeman a terrible blow on the stomach. The policeman fainted and fell to the sidewalk and the man escaped. As Mr. Forrest and I were going to the hotel that night a pistol ball came whizzing past our heads. Afterward on a Mississippi boat I recognized the man and told Mr. Forrest, who went to the captain of the boat and informed him who the man was. The captain had him secured. When we reached St. Louis the captain sent for two officers. He was arrested, had a trial, was convicted and sent to the state prison.

At one time the company was playing in Cincinnati. After our engagement was finished there we were to take a steamer for Louisville, Ky. In the afternoon of the last day that we played in Cincinnati I was sitting in Mr. Forrest's room amus-

ing myself perusing a beautiful book of steel engravings that had been presented to me for a birthday gift. He said to me, "Puss, while you are looking at your book I will lie down and take a nap." I guess I had got about half way through the book when the voice said to me, "Tell Mr. Forrest not to take that boat tomorrow afternoon, but wait another day." When Mr. Forrest awoke I told him what the voice had said. He said, "All right, we will not go on that boat. I will go down stairs and have Mr. Hill telegraph to Louisville that we will not appear until the second night." The boat that we were to take caught fire and many of the passengers jumped overboard into the river.

When I was traveling with the Broadway Company under Warren & Clifford's management, while playing in Pittsburg, Miss Louise Burch, Robert Meldrum, the leading man, Mr. Warren and myself were walking down the principal street of Pittsburg after rehearsal. The voice said to me, "Do not go any further, make quick tracks for the hotel." I told Mr. Warren what the voice said, when Mr. Meldrum spoke and said, "We will go to the hotel, for you know warnings always come true."

In the evening paper we read that a party of men rode down the street in an open barouche under the influence of liquor; before they were taken into custody they had wounded several people by shooting at them; how many I do not now remember.

While the company was playing in Youngstown, Ohio, our rooms were on the second floor of the hotel. Part of the company stopped at a second-class hotel. One morning about five o'clock the voice woke me and said, "Tell Mr. Clifford and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Burch, Mr. Warren and yourself to remove to the other hotel after breakfast." The voice said, "Do not fail to do what I tell you." We went to the other hotel and secured rooms. At about five o'clock that afternoon the hotel that we had left took fire and some of the inmates had great difficulty in escaping from the burning building.

While the company was playing in Dayton, Ohio, we were intending to take a night train for Cincinnati. The voice said to me in the afternoon, "Tell the manager not to take that night train, but to wait until morning." They did as requested. The night train was wrecked and several people killed.

After we had returned to New York from our traveling tour

the manager invited the principal members of the company to go on a picnic to Long Branch. We were to go all the way by water. The boat was to start in the morning, but the night before it was to start while I was in bed the voice said to me, "Tell the managers not to go on that picnic to Long Branch." I woke Mr. Warren and told him what the voice had said. He said, "We will not go then, but go to Coney Island instead." We went to Coney Island, remained three days and had a grand time bathing in the surf. The boat that we were to take to Long Branch collided with a Liverpool steamer below Sandy Hook. There came up a great wind storm with rain and hail, hail being very unusual at that time of the year—August. It became very dark and the ships came in collision, as stated. There were quite a number of lives lost on the picnic steamer, I do not now recollect how many. I think the name of the picnic boat was Flora Meade.

The company was at one time traveling on the cars between Pittsburg and Chicago. Mr. Warren and a Col. Smith of the army went forward to the smoking car. After they had been there about an hour and a half the voice said to me, "Tell Mr. Hill to go to the smoking car and tell Mr. Warren to come back into the passenger cars if they wish to pay attention to a warning just been given." Mr. Warren, Col. Smith and several others returned to the passenger cars, while several of them laughed and remained where they were. About an hour afterward the engine, baggage car and smoking car were thrown from the track and all those who remained in the smoking car were injured. Some obstruction had been placed on the rails. I could tell of many other warnings which saved us from injury while with this company, but it would take up too much space.

While in San Francisco, Cal., in 1872, we were under engagement to Thomas McGuire for three months. We had played ten weeks, when one afternoon I was lying down on a lounge in my sitting room; the voice said to me, "Now pay particular attention to what I am going to say. Mr. McGuire wants to send the company out traveling. You go and tell Mr. Slocum, the manager, to go and have an interview with Mr. McGuire; tell him to tell Mr. McGuire that he has learned the fact that he, Mr. McGuire, wants to send the company out on the

road for the remainder of the engagement. Have Mr. Slocum tell Mr. McGuire that he will not have the company do anything of the kind. The engagement was for San Francisco, and here we will remain until the time is up." Mr. McGuire was so surprised and taken aback that he at first did not know what to say; finally he said to Mr. Slocum, "Who informed you of such a project? I have never mentioned such a plan to anyone, not even to my business manager, but I did intend to send the company out." Mr. Slocum replied, "We have a way of finding out such things."

While Mr. Warren and I were sojourning at the New York Hotel on Broadway, New York, we received a note of invitation from the beautiful Lola Montez to join her and a party of friends to take a sail on the Hudson river on the beautiful floating palace, St. John, the next day. While I was lying down taking my afternoon nap, the voice woke me up, saying, "Tell Lola Montez not to take her friends on that steamer as she intends to do tomorrow morning; tell her to wait three or four days." I told Mr. Warren what the voice had said. He immediately dispatched a note to Lola telling her of the warning I had received and that she had better come and take dinner with us at the hotel and we would talk it over. She reached our hotel about half past six and I explained to her what the voice had said. Then she said, "We will not go." After dinner I furnished her with pen and ink and paper. She wrote a note to each friend saying that she had put off the sail for three or four days and would notify them in time, when they would make the excursion up the Hudson. The steamer she intended taking her party on took fire the day she intended going and burned to the water's edge, and many of the passengers were lost.

Six days afterward we made a visit to Newburg on the Hudson, visiting the house where Washington made his headquarters. While we were all standing out in front of the house she addressed the company, saying, "Friends, where we now stand, the greatest general the world has ever known stood—right here—and looked down on one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. His name was George Washington, the Father of the Great Republic." Then we sang "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner." After that Lola took the man to one side

that had charge of the house. I think she gave him a piece of money. He permitted us to eat our lunch from off the same table that General Washington ate from; he filled the General's teakettle with clean water and filled up our silver mugs with the same. She asked us to stand up and hold our mugs in our hands while she and the company sang "Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow." After that we drank General Washington's health and gave three cheers for the land of the brave and the free.

In a few minutes I was under control and a spirit said, "It is not the land of the free yet, and it will not be until every black man and woman is released from bondage and stands on a footing of equality with the white race." Lola asked the spirit, "Do you think such a condition as that will come to pass in the United States? I do not think the South will allow that." The spirit said, "We will compel them, and the black man will hold some of your high offices in the boasted land of Freedom." To that Mr. Warren and some of the others gave three cheers. After they had finished cheering the man who had care of the place said to Lola, "If I had known that you had a witch with you I wouldn't have allowed you in the house; but for God's sake never tell this to anyone; what would the people say if they knew a witch had drank out of General Washington's teakettle—and one no bigger than a walking cane? God have mercy on me this day. I'll get down on my knees tonight and pray to the Lord Jesus Christ to forgive me for the crime I have committed." Lola said, "Suppose we pray to God now for his blessing and protection." He said, "Not until we put the witch out of the house." He grabbed me by the collar of my jacket and the seat of my pants and threw me out of doors before anyone could stop him. They say he shut the door and locked it, placing his back against it said, "Now, lady, please pray, and see that you do it strong, too." Lola offered up a beautiful prayer, asking God to bless them all, even to the little witch outside; at that the man got very angry, opened the door and ordered them all out. When they came out I was dancing the Highland fling. He told them if they did not take me away from there he would kill me. Mr. Warren had given him a five dollar gold piece. He threw that and the money Lola had given him after us, saying, "Take your

cursed old money—no good can come of it." When we went down to go on board the steamer four of the company—three women and one man—refused to go on board the steamer with me and waited for the next boat. One of the women became the beautiful Mrs. Keogh and traveled with the great Edwin Forrest. Ten years afterward she became an ardent spiritualist and a great friend of Doctor Newton. The others of the party were invited, by Mr. Warren, to take dinner with us at the New York Hotel. One of the party was Doctor Nickless, the well known druggist, corner Broadway and Washington Place.

One day Lola Montez asked me if I would accompany her to an art gallery. She was going to have her picture taken to present to a young lawyer named Mr. Chamberlain. It was in the days when they took daguerreotypes. When the picture was finished it was a beautiful one. I think she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. That night when I bade the beautiful Lola Montez good night was the last time I saw her in the physical body.

She was a grand character and was not understood by the public—only by her intimate friends. After we had left the gallery she said to me, "Puss, I hope Mr. Chamberlain will like this picture." I said, "He ought to—it is a beautiful picture." She said to me, "Puss, what do you see for him and me?" Just then the voice said, "Tell her she never will marry him; there will come a time when she will take a great dislike to him." The voice then said, "Leave this street and walk on one of the back streets." When we had reached the back street she grew so weak and pale that she had to sit down and rest on the brown stone steps of a dwelling house. While we were sitting there I saw a great many people running on the cross street. I went up and hailed a man and asked him what was the matter. He said, "There has been a terrible crime committed." I said, "What kind of a crime?" He said, "The beautiful Lola Montez, the actress has been shot down in front of the drug store." I returned to where Lola was sitting on the steps. I asked her "Did she think she could walk now? If so, we would return to the hotel." She said she thought she could. Then she said, "Why are all those people running on that cross street?" I told her a man and a woman had got into some difficulty and the

man had shot the woman. She said, "God help her; I hope the Saviour will receive her soul in peace." After we had reached the hotel and I had seen her seated comfortably in a rocking chair, I said, "Now, Lola, I am going to tell you the truth about those people running on the side street." She said, "Let's have it; I feel it is something connected with me, why, I cannot tell." I then said, "There was a woman coming out of a drug store and a man had taken her for you; he shot her down on the sidewalk. I believe it is the man that has been writing you notes and otherwise annoying you." She jumped up, screamed and said, "Puss, that is why the voice told you to go on the back street. I am going to pray to God to calm the spirits of those she has left behind." She knelt and prayed.

The mother of this Mr. Chamberlain to whom she was going to present the picture, was well known during the Civil War in connection with Dorothy Dix, as matron of the great hospital at Baltimore, Maryland.

The last time that I saw that beautiful picture of Lola was in the fall of 1883 in Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Harriet Hosmer Chamberlain went to a bureau drawer and brought it forth, saying, "If that woman had become my daughter-in-law I could have adored her as one of the modern saints that never was understood by the people." Then she commenced to cry like a child, at the same time saying, "Lola, Lola, you never was understood, only by the friends that you loved and that loved you and understood your true character."

I was one of many children that were invited to the home of Rev. Dr. Brooks to partake of a nice lunch given on that occasion. Everything was very pleasant and sociable and we were all enjoying ourselves in the two large parlors when the voice said to me, "Tell Mr. Brooks to get the children out of the house as quick as he can." He kept questioning me so long, this way and that, why he should do so, when all of a sudden the dinner bell that sat on a table in the hall was elevated into space and commenced to ring in a furious manner. The children saw no hand attached to the bell while it was ringing; they became alarmed and rushed out of the house. After we were all out on the grass Mrs. Brooks discovered there was a fire which had started in the dining room. The maid had knocked over a fluid

lamp that was kept in the dining room for heating water—that is what started the fire.

Afterward Mr. Brooks wanted to know in what manner I heard the voice or how it talked to me. I told him I heard it just as I did his voice. He said, "Do not tell of this to any of the children or they will not play with you; that is what they call witchcraft." Just then the voice said to me, "Tell Mr. Brooks to walk back with you under the trees." He did so and I was controlled by his brother, who said to him that "This coming light would spread throughout the world; it is history repeating itself; the Catholic and Protestant churches have tried to crush it out, but like all great truths it will flourish and blossom throughout life." Mr. Brooks said he saw a light shining on top of my head; he wanted me to keep it away from him, as he was afraid of it. He said, "You are a witch, and I do not want you to come to my house again." He ordered me off the place. This took place nearly seventy years ago.

At one time the Broadway Company was playing in Brooklyn, N. Y. After the performance we were to cross over to Jersey City to take cars for Pittsburg. When we got ready to start and were walking toward a restaurant to get something to eat the voice said, "Hurry up and cross the East River; you can get something to eat when you get to Jersey City." I told Mr. Warren what the voice said. He said to the company, "Let us hurry to the ferry as quick as possible and get across the river." When we reached the ferry house we discovered that a fog was rising on the river. The boat was about to leave the slip. Mr. Warren, Mr. Clifford and Mr. Meldrum rushed forward, crying out to the men on the boat to wait for us. They did so. The rest of us hurried up and in a few minutes we were on board the boat. We reached the New York side in safety, entered carriages to be taken to the Jersey ferry. The fog became so dense that the hack drivers had some difficulty in reaching the ferry. It took them one and a half hours to go from the Fulton street ferry to the Courtland street ferry for Jersey City. The managers paid the hack drivers double fare for getting us there in safety. We got aboard the ferry boat to take us to the Jersey City side and we all stood in a group in fear of the boat coming in collision with some other boat, the fog was

so dense. We arrived safely at the Jersey City side. The next boat that followed us was run into by a ship and several of the company that remained behind to get something to eat were on board that boat: two of them were killed outright. Their names were Jos. Naylor and Wm. Saxton. A Miss Sarah Clinetop had two ribs broken; her sister Jessie escaped with a bruised arm. There were a number of accidents that night on both rivers and the ferry boats had to stop running. The fog was all the way from New York to Philadelphia. There were several accidents on the Delaware river that night.

The company arrived safely at Pittsburg the next day, minus the four mentioned. Mr. Warren warned the whole company, but those who remained behind were very hungry and had no faith in such warnings. Miss Louisa Burch fainted after we were all safely in the cars. Afterward she became Mrs. Dave Wilson, well known to the public of New York, Philadelphia and Buffalo, the latter city being her birthplace.

One Sunday Justin went with a Mr. Hill and family to dine with the family of Mr. Weber, who resided about one mile from Mr. Hill's home. The following Wednesday while Justin was calling at Mr. Hill's home he suddenly saw Mr. Weber's barn weaving as if about to fall. He sprang up and cried out, "Mr. Weber, jump—the barn is falling." About two hours later Mr. Weber's boy came to Mr. Hill's and said his father had barely escaped being crushed under the falling walls.

A poem given by Laura Courtland to her friend, Ebenezer Wallace Hulburd on his 77th birthday, August 5, 1904, at Searchlight Bower, Descanso, California.

As you sit side by side
Your spirit friends through the trees doth glide.
They come to sing their songs at eventide,
As round the trees they like to hide.

This is your seventy-seventh birthday,
So I've heard the angels say.
Your home's not far, only over the way,
And we'll welcome you some bright, sunny day.

Under the live oaks rich and green,
You sit in your armchair all serene,
On your head the sunlight leaves a sheen
While the moonlight plays the night queen.

Out in this beautiful mountain glen
Away from the vile thoughts of women and men,
Nestled in this bower like a beautiful wren,
That is why you wield an intellectual pen.

See, they are coming from near and far;
Electricity draws their spirit car
As each are tuning their guitar
To serenade the "Morning Star."

That is your spirit name now,
As in your soul they've placed a vow.
All has been cheerful, you must allow,
Since God and the angels are here I trow.

Listen to those bright angels' feet,
With joyous songs they come to greet
A soul so sincere and sweet,
At the spiritual gate we're sure to meet.

I bring my love to you
As on your honor I know it's true.
I made that vow to love you
As the queen of night is azure blue.

Your loving friend, Laura Courtland.

Lewis Justin Hulburd

Chapter XXXVII

Saturday, August 12, 1905.

Good morning, father dear. I enter Searchlight Bower this morning with blessings from our spirit band to you and all that dwell on Mountain View Ranch.

It is the desire of our spirit band to pay an honored tribute, or compliment if you choose to call it, to brother Francis, the editor of the "Progressive Thinker." It is a well-earned compliment; the band proclaims with one accord. It is he that is the Pathfinder in advanced Spiritualism. As he blazes the way frauds and mountebanks hide in the brush. Swift Eagle calls him the "Big Chief with a long think." He means by that he has a deep mind with many thoughts. When these thoughts are developed and brought to the front they produce a result. He is the friend and monitor of true Spiritualism, the champion of all genuine mediums. One of those highly developed thoughts has worked out an action; that action is cleaning up and clearing out the debris of the spiritual ranks. He is filling a long felt want in your beautiful spiritual philosophy. He is a terror to those individuals producing bogus materializations; all honest minds feel this to be a reality in Spiritualism. The octopus that has been crawling through its ranks dreads the voice of brother Francis.

Father dear, in spirit life we read your spiritual papers; every issue of the "Progressive Thinker" is devoured with a relish and brings a blessing upon the name of J. R. Francis.

Father dear, it is utterly impossible to produce a full formed materialized spirit in a promiscuous circle; they are made up of such a variety of minds. I will describe them—weak minds, positive minds, credulous minds that are hovering between a

will power and one that has no stability whereby they can decide for themselves; then there are minds that seem impossible to understand the action and condition that produces a genuine materialization, a visionary mind that is constantly hovering around a diseased intellect whereby all things seem wonderful to them, especially in the line of a fakir's trade. Wisdom, Reason and Truth are entirely left out. If a shadow should produce its condition they think the whole spirit world has come to visit them.

There is a band that has selected brother Francis to burst the bubble and destroy those vapory delusions. He is the Herald of the great spiritual development that is coming to your earth planet. There is a wave that is passing between the higher spirit realms and that of Earth that will sweep away all corruption placed on your spiritual philosophy by degraded fiends in human form, the outlaws of Truth who are constantly seeking to devour whom they can; feeble minded Spiritualists who see in every filthy, dressed up vampire a spirit form. If they can—which is not possible—produce a genuine spirit form, a thousand dollars awaits them, held in the hands of that gentleman in Los Angeles, California. No genuine medium dreads exposure; why is it then that there is no one brave enough to accept that offer and silence reigns when Truth prevails, deception and mockery hides itself in the dark waiting to pounce upon some victim called a "new phase" in the spiritual ranks or a degradation to your spiritual philosophy.

There is a spirit who says it is his wish that I should speak a few words for him. When in the spiritual form he was called Doctor Gould; lived in San Diego, Southern California. He says, "May the angels always keep brother Francis in their care; constantly shower blessings on his head, the deliverer of the true Spiritualism from those vultures that would disgrace it by their criminal actions if they could." While living in a physical body he was misled and wasted much money on those wantons representing themselves to be materializing mediums. Now, when it is too late, his desire is that he had helped the philosophy more than he did. Being of a stubborn disposition no one could appeal to the truthful part of his nature, showing up the deception of those wantons, as he knew it all, and what he did

not know about materialization was of no value to the world. The reading public that did not think as he did were persecuting and driving those poor materializing mediums to an early grave. Now he says he will do all in his power to break them up and send them to prison if he can; he is constantly watching to influence a truthful mind to enter those dens and break up the devilish work going on there. He says he will devote his life to create in the minds of honest people an abhorrence for all such filthy work produced by vagrants claiming to be Spiritualists.

Father dear, I know that etherialization is a genuine fact in nature. When true souls meet together in private life they produce a spiritual harmony; they receive manifestations in etherializations. It is only in private life it can be produced, never in public gatherings of any kind; harmony has no place in a promiscuous circle.

Helen Blavatsky says, "There are many so-called mediums who claim that I have materialized at their seances. That is a straight lie." Others have claimed and placed in print that she has given communications through their organism; such has been published through spiritual books and pamphlets. She says that is another lie. She has only controlled two mediums since passing to spirit life; one of them is Lady Mansfield of England, the other is the organ that I now control. She also tells me that Spiritual Theosophy will become the principal religion of your earth planet; it was the religion of past antiquity. Continents and races rise and fall; they pass away to be revived at a future time. As it is today the religion of the past is asserting its rights again in a more progressive form, the modern spiritual philosophy was brought into full force in order that Spiritual Theosophy would build on a strong foundation. True Spiritualism is the foundation of all that is good. It never can be banished from off the face of your planet. Your planet was created through a spiritual manifestation; the sunlight took possession of that manifestation and produced life, a reproduction of that which was before. All minds have a part in that creation, even from the lowest fibre in plant manifestation. All life has a mind, no matter if it should develop into a beautiful expression, when the full fruition comes outward shell decays,

the mind still remains. In that eternity is deified through the laws of Nature.

I thank you, father, for taking down my communication and leave my love for Little Justin. Your loving son, Lewis Justin Hulburd.

John Grover

Chapter XXXVIII

Sunday, November 19, 1905.

How are you, sir? I hope I find you well and happy, brother. Health adds a great deal to happiness, especially on a beautiful morning like this. The air is so sweet and the trees so green. I will name this valley "Enchanted Valley," where the spirits revel in spiritual delight.

Your home, I understand, is called "Searchlight Bower." My presence and spiritual condition is now in Searchlight Bower in the midst of all that is beautiful and green in the "Enchanted Valley."

I have a friend and brother named Warren who says you are getting up a book or life of your medium—that is, you are doing the physical work while the spirits are feeding your medium with the mental. Their communications will convey to the reading public some of your medium's life.

Through the desire of brother Warren I enter Searchlight Bower in order to give you a communication for your book. You can judge after I have given the communication whether it is wise or not to hold space or take it up, as I should say, in your valuable book. Now allow me to give you my name. When living in the physical body I was called John Grover; born in Surrey, England; an artist by profession. Sometimes I would take part in painting scenery for certain plays; at other times I would paint portraits. An English stage master by the name of Marshall engaged me to come to America and take charge of some scenery that was to be painted for "William Tell." It was the desire of the manager then holding a lease of the old Broadway Theatre on Broadway, New York City, to produce "William Tell" in big style. He said, "Mr. Forrest will play

William Tell and I want some grand Swiss mountain scenery, with the Alps in the distance. Spare no pains or work on the scenes. You shall have all the material in abundance required for such work. You need not economize in anything, as it is my desire the scene shall loom up and produce a grand effect. When the curtain rises on that scene I want it to become the admiration of the people." I told him, "It will be as you desire."

The other hands and my own worked on that scene for over two months. On the opening night the manager's desire was gratified. When the curtain arose on that scene the applause was immense. Our snow effect on the Alps was grand. Mr. Marshall, the stage manager, hugged me for joy, for the effect I had given the scene. The lessee of the theatre came to the green room and his praise was so great that I do not wish to describe it here. That was in the long, long ago; it created for my name that which a painter loves to hear. I do not wish to take all the praise; the other artists deserve much of the credit for this beautiful effect given to the scene. Mr. Forrest's praise was great; he told me he never had the pleasure of acting in such a beautiful scene before. Then he was a young man; his power and ability in acting was wonderful.

After the performance the painters partook of a wine supper furnished by the lessee of the theatre.

It was in those days of long, long ago that I first met Little Justin, or Puss, as he was called by his professional sisters and brothers. I think he was the strangest child I ever met in the physical body. I know he was. Mr. Forrest had a great friendship for the Little One.

One day while I was talking with Mr. Forrest in the green room the Little One said, "Uncle, let's go. There's a man at the hotel who wants to see you and you will be glad to see him." I said to Justin, "Don't be in such a hurry—I want to talk with Mr. Forrest." The Little One said, "He's got to go. You go and take a smoke, you old dauber." Mr. Forrest laughed and said, "John, I will see you at another time. I understand his ways." He bid me good morning and as they were passing out the Little One kicked me on the leg, saying, "Take that, you old English duffer." It surprised me so that I turned around and said to Mr. Hilton, "What kind of a creature is that, and

how can Mr. Forrest stand his nonsense?" Mr. Hilton said, "He's a strange individual; we all love him just the same. Did you not think he played his part beautifully, Grover? That Little One controls Mr. Forrest, as you shall see." I said, "How strange it looks—more like a girl than a boy. Oh, those eyes; they have haunted me ever since I first saw them; they have such a peculiar look; they put me in mind of a fawn's eyes, pleading with the one that has captured him to be kind; they have such a dreamy look; that has captured Edwin Forrest." He came close to me and whispered in my ear, "The Little One is a witch, they say, and has the second sight; he is a native of Scotland, as you perceive by his manner of speech, and they say he deals in the black art." While we were playing in Baltimore he said to Mr. Forrest, "Don't let us go riding in the park to-day. I feel funny and don't want to go. I want you, uncle, to tell me that story about the hounds and the hunter where they met the fairy queen."

That afternoon a dreadful storm came up; a terrific tornado; some of the hail that fell I should think was as large as a hen's egg. The hail did much damage, hurting a great many and killing several that were out riding in the park, as they had no protection over their heads. He said, "Grover, don't let that Little One fascinate you. I believe he is one of the imps of the devil. I can see you are drawn toward him, but beware."

I went that afternoon to Mr. Forrest's rooms at the hotel. It was about four o'clock. I found Mr. Forrest and another gentleman. The Little One was lying on a couch asleep. I was introduced to the gentleman and we three had a social glass. During my visit I made the discovery that man was a theatrical manager and Mr. Forrest had signed a contract for New Orleans.

The Little One woke up; when he saw me he said, "Hello, old Grove, how's painting?" I laughed and said, "I guess I'll have to paint your picture on canvas." He said, "See that you get your Sunday look on," which caused a laugh. The man turned and looked at me and said, "Are you an artist? Do you paint pictures?" I said that was my profession. He said to Mr. Forrest, "I would like to have a picture of you in the 'Gladiator,' also the Little One in the picture as your boy." He said to me, "How much will you charge for a canvas eight feet high and six

in width?" I told him that depended on the time it took me to paint the picture and how much work I had to put on the canvas. He said, "How would a thousand dollars do?" I told him I did not think I could produce the picture for that amount; it would be more in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars to hand him over a first-class picture, then I would have to get the consent of Mr. Forrest and the Little One to provide me with sittings on the different occasions as I required them. He looked at me and said, "Some of you artists demand big prices for your pictures." Just then the Little One jumped off the couch and said, "By God, the picture shall be painted, or I'll know the reason why." I looked at the child in amazement and wondered where that heavy voice came from. The man laughed and said, "That sounds like my brother Henry's voice." The voice said, "Hal, you can bet every dollar you own it's me. I want that picture painted and send it to our home in South Carolina." The man said, "Brother, is it possible this can be you and the dead return and talk with their friends?" The voice said, "Yes, brother Hal, this is me. Your wife, Hal, at nine o'clock this morning gave birth to twin boys; I want you to name one of them for father and one after me." I saw the perspiration come out on the forehead of the man like beads; he jumped to his feet and said, "Forrest, if this is true the picture will be painted; will you sit for Grover? I know I will get the consent of the Little One." He said to the Little One, "Come here, Justin, and stand between my legs. I want to talk to you." Justin walked over and stood between his legs. The man took out of his purse a twenty dollar gold piece and said to the Little One, "Now, Pet, if you will sit for Mr. Grover and allow him to paint your picture, I will give you this twenty dollar gold piece." Quicker than I can tell it the Little One nabbed the twenty dollar gold piece out of his hand and said, "Twenty dollars for standing up straight; if you want me to stand on my head it's five dollars more." The man hugged him and kissed him, saying, "I wish you belonged to me. I would convert you to become a little Southerner, then I'd be a happy man." A peculiar circumstance happened then; the piece of money flew from the Little One's hand and struck the man in the face; then the Little One said, "I cannot take your money.

Bob tells me it would do me no good, but I will sit for the picture." This occurred before the days of the Rochester knockings. The man's name was George Halifax Gordon. He turned pale and said to Mr. Forrest, "Why is not my money as good as any other man's money to the Little One?" Mr. Forrest said, "I have no explanation to give (rap) only this, he is a strange child and is influenced by others outside of himself." A loud rap came on the door. I said, "What does that mean? I will go and see if anyone is at the door." Mr. Forrest said, "It is useless, Grover. I am acquainted with those knocks. They always come when it is their desire to decide anything, with a strong emphasis on the knock."

Mr. Forrest stepped to the table, filled up our glasses, saying, "Gentlemen, drink to the health of Mr. Gordon's picture." I said, "The Little One has no glass." He said, "No, he has never known the taste of liquor and I hope he never shall." We drank, hoping the picture would turn out satisfactorily. Four days afterward Mr. Gordon received a letter telling him he was the father of twin boys. He gave me a check for four hundred dollars in advance.

I understood afterward why they would not allow Little Justin to become a Southerner in feeling; they had other work laid out for him and he never was permitted to take up his residence in the South before the war.

Mr. Gordon returned to his home and we made arrangements to commence the picture. I rented two beautiful rooms on Fulton street, near Broadway. On the day of our first sitting I did not have things thoroughly arranged, as I was a dilaatory man in many ways in life. Finally we got things arranged, they donned their costumes. I had Mr. Forrest sit on an old Roman chair with his tiger skin mantle hanging from his left shoulder and a portion of it lying on the ground, which made a good effect. I placed some short boughs of a tree that was covered with moss between the Gladiator's legs; I had Little Justin sit on the wood with an old Italian harp of small size standing in front of him; his fingers were touching the strings of the harp; his mouth was partly open as if in the act of singing. The effect was beautiful. The right hand of the Gladiator was resting on the boy's head as if trying to inhale the notes

as they passed from the lips of the singer; his eyes were gloating on the loveliness of the child sitting at his feet. After remaining in that position for about thirty minutes Justin was getting nervous. He said, "Say, old man, I can't stand this any longer; won't you let me have a dollar, then you can buy a cheaper suit." I had promised that I would buy him a nice suit of clothes if he would give me all the sittings that I required for the picture.

While he and Mr. Forrest were looking at the outlines that I had placed on the canvas the strings of the harp commenced to vibrate and sounds came forth. As there was no one near the harp, that astonished me. I said to Mr. Forrest, "Did you hear those sounds coming from the harp?" He said, "Oh, yes; no doubt it is some one that owned the harp at some time. Where did you get it?" I told him I made the purchase at a second hand store on Chatham street. As I turned around to see where the Little One was he came from the adjoining room partly dressed for the street. As he walked toward Mr. Forrest his little body was bent like an old man's; he shook hands with Mr. Forrest and smiled. After that he came to where I stood, and to tell you the truth, brother, I commenced to feel a little shaky; a queer feeling was passing over my body; he raised my hands to his lips and kissed them, saying in the Italian language, which I understood, "I was old and hungry, senior, and I sold it to get bread. I could not play it any longer in the streets for my fingers were getting old and stiff; the people laughed at me and would not stop to hear me play. At one time, senior, I was rich and made plenty of money; I was like him (pointing to Mr. Forrest) an actor. I fell from grace through the accursed wine cup. I came to this country—America—to see what I could do. My wife deserted me and went away with a singer here in America. I drank more and people would not hire me to play for them, so the streets became my last resort, senior. My name was George Lorenzo. I was the natural son of the Count Lorenzo. My mother sang in the opera. Now I have told you my history and I am so glad (kissing my hands again) you bought my old harp. Take care of it, for I loved it so. I sat here in New York and played it on the different curb stones and in the different streets to win a few pence from the people; little did

they think the old man they bestowed a penny upon was the son of a Count." Then he kissed me upon both cheeks, went and knelt down by the harp, run the Little One's fingers along the strings and produced such tones that could only be produced by the fingers of angels. The Little One laid down on the floor by the harp and we heard a deep sigh. The spirit released him; he came back to consciousness and said he was hungry. "I want something to eat—right now, too." Fortunately, I had some cake in a japanned box. I produced it and he ate ravenously. While he was eating Mr. Forrest said, "If that harp belonged to me no money could buy it, Grover. I believe that harp will bring you good luck." I retained the harp for many years. I lent it to a brother artist, whose desire it was to introduce it in a picture. That night I had a peculiar dream. I saw my friend's studio in flames. An old man stood there with a harp in his arms, shaking his closed hand at me. I awoke from the dream; it had made such a strong impression upon me I immediately dressed and went to my friend's studio. When I had reached the building I saw it was on fire. I rushed up stairs and entered his room, where he lay upon his bed. I caught up the harp and held it on one arm while I seized one of his arms and dragged him out of the room. At the head of the stairs I threw his body down, which saved his life. I followed, carrying my harp. When I reached the lower floor the inmates of the house were in their night robes, with bundles in their arms. I dragged my friend out of the building onto the lawn. I discovered he was in a drunken stupor and in some way he must have knocked over the lamp in his room. I went home a happy man, with my harp in my arms. When I laid it down in my room the strings vibrated and the same tones came forth that I heard when Justin and Mr. Forrest were present.

On the day of our second sitting I proceeded with my work very rapidly. They sat for me on that occasion one hour. While my brush was passing over the canvas I was taken with the hiccoughs. Little Justin said to me, "How many drinks do you take a day, old man, when it affects you as bad as that? Are you funny when you get drunk, or do you get cross and want to lick everybody in the town?" Mr. Forrest said, "Hush, Little One, and don't talk like that."

On that occasion I had provided a nice lunch for them. While we were eating Mr. Forrest raised his glass and said, "Here's to the old harp player. May his spirit find rest and peace on the other side of life." All of a sudden unseen hands commenced to play the harp and played a beautiful Italian waltz to which the Little One got up and danced around the room. I discovered I was keeping time to the music with my fingers on the table. When the Little One took his seat again at the table he was under some influence and commenced to sing a hymn. I thought how much that sounded like mother's singing. After he had sung the hymn he placed one of his arms on the table, raised his hand and supported his face upon it, just as mother used to do when she was talking to father. My mother had been an invalid for twenty years; her physical body was weak. When talking she would place her face in her hand. It was my mother true enough. She controlled his organ of speech and gave me a motherly communication. It was too sacred for publication, so I will pass it over. In the communication she advised me to return to England, as my father was growing old and required my presence and help in his old age, not in a pecuniary way, only to assist him in business. After the picture was painted I returned to England.

Tuesday, November 21, 1905.

Good morning. We will continue the communication. For our third sitting we had a stormy day; the rain came down in torrents and the wind blew hard—so much so that many of the signs were blown down.

When Mr. Forrest and Justin entered my studio Mr. Forrest said, "We can give you a long sitting today, John, as it is stormy out doors and impossible for us to take our walk." They sat for half an hour, then Little Justin waltzed around the room, he said, to keep his legs in motion; he didn't want them to forget how to waltz. Then they sat another half hour. Mr. Forrest and myself indulged in a cigar and a glass of spirits. Little Justin, as usual, waltzed around the room. I gave him a book that had many beautiful prints in it to look at, which he admired very much. They sat another half hour, then we had lunch. For that occasion I made some hot coffee. While eating lunch I spoke on the different qualities of liquor. Little Justin said,

"It told in the bible where a man got drunk and was caught up into the fifteenth heaven and there he lost his senses because they were not any good." He said to Mr. Forrest, "That's in the bible, ain't it, Uncle?" Mr. Forrest said, "Puss, I'm afraid I'd have some difficulty in finding that passage in the bible. I think you'd make a good temperance lecturer." Little Justin said, "I don't care much for the bible if it can't tell the truth."

The strings of the harp commenced to send out tones, when Little Justin said, "The old man don't like liars; now, which of you is the liar?" A rap came on the door; I opened it to see who was there. To my surprise a middle aged woman stood there, who looked like a faded beauty. I said, "My good woman, who are you looking for?" She said, "I am looking for work. I will do washing or anything I can get to do to buy bread for my children." Little Justin came to the door and said, "Good woman, you are hungry and I know it; come right in." The woman hesitated. Little Justin caught hold of her hand and led her into the room. He said, "This is Uncle Forrest and that's old Grove; I'm the other one." He led her up to the table, saying, "Sit down on my chair and I'll wait on you. Uncle Forrest says I'm the boss waiter." I had some sardines on my plate. He scraped them off my plate onto the one she was going to eat from. He did the same with Mr. Forrest's sardines, saying, "Those men don't need them; they're getting too fat now and the tailor will have to let their pants out." The woman smiled faintly; he gave her my cup of hot coffee, saying, "They can fill up on sponge cake and spirits." That made the woman laugh. She said, "Gentlemen, I do not wish to deprive you of your food, but I'm hungry. I've had nothing to eat for two days; the last loaf of bread that was in the house I divided among the children." Little Justin said, "Auntie, they don't need it. You fill up. When actors and painters eat too much they get the nightmare and that wears on their nerves." She smiled and said, "You are like a sunbeam, child, that makes men and women happy." Mr. Forrest said, "Let us leave her to the Little One. He will cheer her up. We will go into the other room and smoke. When we had taken our seats I said, "Edwin Forrest, at one time that woman was beautiful; suffering and poverty has brought her to where she is. I am going to

put her face on canvas if she will permit me, and call the picture "Faded Beauty." It goes into the gallery this fall." He laughed and said, "No doubt it will be an interesting picture." Just then we heard the woman and Little Justin laughing. I said, "They are happy now." Mr. Forrest looked through the door into the other room and commenced to laugh, saying, "John, look here." I looked into the room and there I beheld a spiritual manifestation. The table with its contents was levitated into space, about three feet from the floor. As we entered the room it descended to the floor. The woman was a strong physical medium and had a power, the gift of which she did not understand. Coming en rapport with Little Justin brought it out. When Justin discovered us looking on he said to me, "Old Grove, advance her five dollars on that suit you was going to get me." I took five dollars out of my purse and handed it to him. He said, "Now, Uncle Forrest, chip up another five." Mr. Forrest also handed him five. He said to the woman, "Now look here, auntie, you can't do hard work or washing. You are not made that way. You purchase a good-sized basket and fill it with knickknacks such as laces, threads and needles, combs and pins and other articles that people use. Here is ten dollars to purchase stock with. You can go around and sell them; that will help to furnish bread for yourself and children. I will call at your home tomorrow afternoon and see how you are getting along." I said to the woman, "Madam, would you object to me taking a sketch of your face and placing the same on canvas?" She bent her head and did not look at me for several minutes. When she did speak her words were so low it was all I could do to catch them. She said, "Surely you don't want to paint the face of sorrow." I said, "I do, and I will call my picture 'Faded Beauty.'" Little Justin placed his arms around her neck and kissed her on the cheek. He said, "Oh, auntie, please do; he will pay you for the different sittings." She hugged Little Justin and kissed him, saying, "For your sake, my child, I will sit for him. Some good angel has guided my steps to this place where I have found people with hearts and feeling for those that only know sorrow." Mr. Forrest said, "Cheer up, my good woman, there are brighter days in store for you. Little One loves to help the afflicted and has his own way of doing things." Just

then there came musical tones from the harp and it commenced to vibrate and rise in space. That made Little Justin laugh; he went over and hugged the old harp, kissed it and said, "Bless the performer." Oh, brother, I wish you could have heard the music that came from it then. Little Justin came over to where the woman was sitting, took her hand and led her to the harp, saying, "Let's kneel and pray, for the angels are here." The Little One—Justin—commenced to repeat the Lord's prayer. We remained silent for some time, when Justin said, "I'm going to clean off this table and we will all sit by it." He took from the back of a chair a beautiful towel I had placed there, gathered up what food was left on the table, placed it in the towel and handed it to the woman, saying, "Take that home to the children. These duffers here are getting so fat it's all they can do to see out of their eyes." The woman laughed and received the bundle. He placed the dishes on the floor, saying, "I guess they won't fall there."

We sat around the table and sang several hymns. I noticed a peculiar look come into the woman's eyes. She stared at Mr. Forrest so intently that her eyelids commenced to droop. She laid her head on the table and said, "I am tired; life is not worth living, for you never loved me. If you did I would not have left you. Edwin, our child I gave to a negro woman, sold the last of my jewels to help pay for its keeping. My funeral cost no one anything, only my soul had to pay the penalty of my crime; my body found rest in the river." Mr. Forrest jumped to his feet and said, "Good God, is this you, Jennie? You know it was all your own fault. I would have married you, had you only waited a little longer. Your impatient nature annoyed me. That man took advantage of it and led you to ruin. Where is our child, that I may see it and care for it?" She told him where he would find it.

As she returned to her normal condition we could hear gurgling in her throat as if the water was choking her. This woman proved to be a fine medium. After coming en rapport with Little Justin the table was once more levitated into space.

That fall I placed the picture on exhibition. A man from Tarrytown visited the gallery. In that picture he found some of the features of his sister. He asked who was the artist, re-

ceived the information as to where I could be found. He called, asking the direction of the subject and where the model could be found. On one of my cards I wrote her address. In that woman he discovered his lost sister; she had married a man that her parents could not bear to look upon. That man became infatuated with a ballet girl at the Old Bowery Theatre. He abandoned his wife and three children. That desertion was his ruin. In a fit of passion the ballet girl shot him down like a dog, fled the city and was never heard of. Fannie Wilson had to struggle with the cold world to support her children. She sold all her jewels, her furniture and clothing, finally taking up her abode in an attic with her three children at 714 Delancy street, where her brother found her. He, Fannie and the three children returned to the old home on the Hudson. She married a man by the name of Thomas Green. In after years she was known as Fannie Wilson Green. Fred Wilson, the journalist, was her son.

Mr. Forrest and Little Justin sat for me until the picture was finished. I notified Mr. Gordon that I could turn the picture over to him when he was willing to receive it. I acquainted him with the fact the picture would cost him two thousand, three hundred dollars. He came to New York, received his picture and had it conveyed to his home in South Carolina. During the rebellion the northern soldiers set fire to his house and that picture went up in smoke, with other pieces of art. Such is the fate of war. One peculiar thing about the picture was—a halo of light surrounded Little Justin's head; how it came there I cannot tell you. I was not conscious of producing such an effect. The only reason that I can give you, it was the hand of a spirit that placed it there. After I had received my fee I engaged passage for England. I presented Mr. Forrest with a beautiful ring. Little Justin received a hundred dollars in place of a new suit of clothes. He said he guessed that six dollars I lent him was the interest on the hundred dollars he had waited for so long. I called it square and kissed him good bye. He threw one of Mr. Forrest's slippers after me for good luck.

When I arrived at my home in England I found my father's health was failing fast. He only lived three months after my arrival at home. I settled up affairs, left my sisters in charge

of the home, crossed over to France, where I passed two years in constant study and hard work at my easel. I got the American fever and once more made the United States a visit.

One day I was walking up Broadway. Among the people coming down Broadway I saw a military man holding a little boy by the hand. As I approached them I heard the little boy say, "Great Caesar, if it ain't old Grove. I guess they've run him out of England again." He let go of the man's hand, grabbed a hold of me, saying, "You old English duffer, I'm glad to see you." You can imagine, brother, how glad I was to see Little Justin. He hadn't grown a mite and looked so natural. He said to the military man, "Papa Warren, this is old Grove, the dauber. Grove, this is papa Warren, that hasn't got his full growth yet." Mr. Warren laughed and we shook hands. Little Justin said, "Grove I know where they've got the finest fish balls you ever swallowed. Let's go and get some." He remembered I was fond of fish balls. As we walked along the street he said to me, "Papa Warren is so rich he's getting parrot toed. Oh, Grove, that brings to mind—there's an old woman at the hotel where we are stopping that looks like a rhinoceros; there is something growing out of her forehead and her teeth grow out over her under jaw. Oh, she'll make a dandy picture for you. You must come up and live there and get acquainted with her; they say she's richer than all hell. Maybe you'll want to marry her." Mr. Warren commenced to laugh; he laughed so much he had to stand up against a brick wall. When he stopped laughing he said to me, "Mr. Grover, my Little One is trying to be a matchmaker."

That evening I dined with them. While sitting in the dining room the lady that he described to me that afternoon entered and was shown to a seat at another table. Little Justin kicked me on the leg and said, "Ain't she a beauteous?" After we left the dining room a desire came upon me to paint that woman's picture. I took up my abode at that hotel, got the landlord to provide me—or I should say furnish me—two sunny rooms just as I wanted them. Mr. Warren, Little Justin and myself passed many happy hours in my studio. Mr. Warren liked to smoke, and so did I, and with a sociable glass once in a while we lived a happy life, watching the antics of Little Justin.

Finally that woman permitted me to transfer her features to canvas. She was the most peculiar looking woman I ever looked upon. She had a large head and face. Something similar to a horn grew out from her forehead, which she generally kept covered; she wore a lace cap and part of the lace fell over that foreign growth; her upper teeth protruded out over her under lip; the two centre teeth were large and white and gave one the impression they were small tusks. She had a broad set jaw that gave her a masculine appearance, her ears were large, more so than the general class of human beings. You would call her a freak or a malformation in life. I discovered she had a strong masculine voice, was above the ordinary class of women in intellect and culture, and was a well read woman. It was a pleasure to converse with her, her conversation was instructive on all points of discussion. Her picture—or portrait as I should call it—I had conveyed to my home in England. My sisters placed it on exhibition at a music store in London. Sir Henry Green-ville purchased the picture for his private gallery.

While in New York Joseph C. Crossman, a wealthy man, had a desire to obtain a portrait of Lola Montez and of Little Justin. While we were trying to decide what style of picture he would like, he came to the conclusion he would have a large canvas with Lola Montez and Justin on the canvas. When the picture was finished he found fault with the pose I had given to Lola Montez and would not receive the picture. He lost three hundred dollars by the transaction, as he had advanced me that sum on the picture.

A Mr. Lody admired the picture, gave me fifteen hundred dollars for it and had it conveyed to his home in New Jersey. About three months after he made the purchase he told me that picture would dance on the parlor floor for the little children by swaying from north to south. If he placed it in any other position it would not move. So he related it to me.

After, I think, about thirteen months I had a desire to see more of the United States. During the time that we lived at the hotel we had many spiritual manifestations.

Mr. Warren and a man by the name of Meldrum took a concert company out on the road. Outside of the musical part each evening they played a funny farce in which Little Justin

displayed much of his art. I enjoyed that tour through the United States; after the season was up I returned to England. Mr. Warren and I kept up a correspondence.

If I was to describe to you all of the spiritual manifestations that I witnessed while in the United States their description would fill two volumes, therefore we will let that pass.

Mr. Warren notified me that he and Little Justin were going to make England a visit. I received them at Liverpool and escorted them to my home in Surrey.

While they were visiting with me Lord Dunraven made me a visit. During that visit he made an engagement with me to paint the portrait of his young wife. I noticed there was a strong attraction between him and Little Justin. Little Justin had fascinated the old man.

One day while they were in the garden—it was on a Sunday afternoon—Little Justin sat upon the lord's lap and was admiring the lord's kilt. The lord took from his belt a beautiful hilted dagger with a large jewel set on the end of it. He said to Little Justin, "Now this dagger I am going to make a present to you. It belonged to my son, whom I loved so well." He placed this dagger in Justin's hand. Justin threw it from him; it stuck in the ground. He threw his little arms around the lord's neck, kissed him and commenced to cry, saying, in the Gaelic tongue, "Oh, father, take back that dagger. Do not give it to this innocent child as a token of admiration for his winning ways. With that dagger I killed two women that refused to obey my wishes. I ravished them, after which I threw them into the lake for the fishes to feed upon. My life in the spirit world is a regular hell; it is the hell of the conscience. My two victims are always accusing me of the atrocious deed I had committed on their physical bodies. I was not the moral man you thought your son to have been. They told you I was thrown from a horse; that was not so. The brother of a peasant girl that I had ruined struck me on the head with a stone, fracturing my skull. The spirit left the degraded body and you find me here today. To me you were noble and kind; for that I love you, father. The love you lavished upon me I was not deserving of. I ask you to take back the dagger; do not allow it to contaminate the hands of an innocent child." The old man broke

down and wept like a little child. He said, "Oh, my son, my son, how you deceived me, and I loved you so much. I am glad you died so young; had you lived you would only have been a disgrace to the name of Dunraven and broken your father's heart. You cannot be dead, or how could you speak to me like this?" He looked at me and said, "Then it is true, we live after death." He raised his hands to heaven, imploring for mercy on his poor, degraded son. He said, "Holy Mother, plead with Christ for the soul of my son," then fell on the ground in a fit. The shock was too much for him then. Mr. Warren and I carried him into the house, applied restoratives to his weak physical condition. When he came back to consciousness he was a very weak old man and called for the boy that his son lived in. Mr. Warren said, "My lord, your son does not live in my Little One, he only controlled his organ of speech." The old lord said, "I want him near me; perhaps the good God will let him speak with me again." When Little Justin returned to his normal condition he looked at us all; seeing the old lord lying on the bed he said, "What's the matter with old Duriny—is he drunk again?" Mr. Warren said, "You must not speak to his lordship like that." Little Justin laughed and said, "I didn't come over here to call old bloats like that lords and dukes. I guess he's on another tear for six months; give him room." Mr. Warren shook Little Justin; at the same time while he was getting the shaking he kicked Mr. Warren on the leg, saying, "Damn you, I'm going home. I didn't come over here to associate with old drunken bloats." He grabbed one of my slippers, hit me in the face with it, saying, "Take that, blast you." Before Mr. Warren could catch hold of him again he jumped over the centre table, grabbed up a sofa pillow, threw it at the old lord and almost knocked the breath out of him. He yelled out, "I'll do you all up before I go back home." When I removed the pillow from the lord's face he gasped out, "He's an imp of the devil and I thought he was an angel. Holy Mother of God protect me and let me die in peace." Mr. Warren caught hold of Little Justin, placed him on his lap, then placed his right hand on Justin's head. The Little One commenced to quiet down. After he had quieted down he commenced to sing, "Jesus, Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly." After he had finished singing Mr.

Warren said, "Puss, you have hurt that old man lying in the bed there. You almost knocked the breath out of his body." Little Justin said, "Oh, ain't that too bad? I guess I'll have to hug the old man." He got up onto the bed. Then the old lord screamed out with what little strength he had left, "Take him away, take him away." Little Justin went up to him and put his arms around his neck, kissed the old man and said, "Are you getting sober?" The lord's eyes looked like they were bulging out of his head. He finally got the words out, "I'm in the clutches of the devil. Oh, mother of God, I'm lost." Little Justin commenced to smooth the old man's hair with his hands, kissed and hugged him repeatedly, saying, "You want to be careful the next time and not mix your drinks," which made Mr. Warren and myself laugh. He laid down alongside of the old man and placing his little arm around the lord's neck sang a pretty Scotch ballad. After he had finished singing the lord and Little Justin went to sleep. I shaded the windows with the curtains and we—Mr. Warren and myself—withdrew from the room. We will take it up at another time.

The next day, November 22, 1905, which was the seventy-seventh anniversary of Justin's birth, his spirit left the physical body for his home in the bright celestial spheres, leaving the communication of Mr. Grover unfinished.

While General Warren and Justin were visiting Mr. Grover in his English home they planned and carried into effect a tour throughout the European continent; Mr. Grover, when here for the purpose of communicating, would occasionally hold social converse with me on subjects not intended for the book. On one occasion he gave a short synopsis of their tour on the continent and spoke of what he intended to communicate of the interesting incidents which occurred and the many remarkable spirit manifestations which took place through Justin's mediumship, but the sudden transition of Justin brought his valuable communication to an abrupt conclusion.

E. W. HULBURD.

Memorial Address

Chapter XXXIX

A Memorial Address delivered in the Spiritualist Temple, San Diego, by Dr. Peebles upon the death or departure from Mortality of Justin Hulburd, a noted Actor, a remarkable Medium and Abraham Lincoln's special private Detective during the Civil War.

While the Infinite Principle and Presence of the Universe may be considered as absolute causation, manifest everywhere from atoms to oceans, and from seashore sands to the stars in the heavens, the minor causes and more important plans relating to human beings as moral actors, are doubtless first conceived above by great, invisible intelligences, and because of their innate humanitarian sympathies.

Death, an incident in the line of evolution, is the leaving of the body with its limitations and entering into a larger sphere of opportunities and conscious relations. The unfleshing of the spirit through death affects neither the individuality nor the immediate status of human beings; they take with them beyond the casket—beyond the cypress shaded cemeteries that dot cities of the dead—their tendencies and their great leading life purposes. Varied are the employments of the so-called dead. Scientists in the territorial zones encircling us, further explore the mysteries of nature; astronomers cease not to count and weigh the circling, whirling planets that gem the starry immensities; philosophers peer into the depths of life, light, ether, the potency of thought, the transference of forces, and the relations of spirit to matter and motion; poets continue to sing in rhythmic measures the harmonies of the many-mansioned heavens; travelers over there traverse the strata of the lower spheres up

to the celestial residences of the seers, and the palaces of the gods; actors, theatrical actors, in those regions supernal—continue their educational work of translating the ideal into the real and the emotional tragedy and comedy into soul-stirring manifestation of mirth or of love and wisdom.

Justin Hulburd was the cousin of this intellectually able and excellent man, E. W. Hulburd, originally from Orwell, Vermont, and later well known and esteemed for his business capabilities and moral integrity in Morris, Ill., and Traverse City, Michigan. He now resides in Descanso, California. In 1872 he became a spiritualist and his interesting articles have often appeared in the columns of Spiritualist journals.

Strong were the affectional ties between Wallace and Justin. They were like heart to heart brothers in the work of spiritual unfoldment.

What the San Diego Press Said of this Deceased Actor.

The San Diego Evening Tribune and other journals said in speaking of this death: "The theatrical world has lost one of its best known celebrities, and San Diego County one of its best known characters. To members of the profession and to the theatrical world Mr. Hulburd was known under the name of Justin Robinson, a name which he assumed for stage purposes. Though a number of years have passed since he appeared behind the footlights, his name is still remembered by the older members of the theatrical profession. Up to the time of his retirement in 1877, he was considered one of the foremost actors on the American stage. He was very small in stature until after the war of the Rebellion, when, as reported, he grew in height twelve or fourteen inches. He was considered in some directions a prodigy. Many actors, as well as his special friends, looked upon him as a sort of mystic, with psychic phenomena peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland."

His Peculiar Origin.

He was born in Perth, Scotland, to Justin Hulburd, a Jesuit priest, and Mary Elizabeth Stuart, a grand-niece of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, known in history as the pretender to the British throne. His father's mother was Margaret Hulburd, a

lineal descendant of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland. Though knowing all this in his riper years, he cared nothing for his distant relation to royalty. He was, in fact, so intensely American in his nature that he greatly disliked, even in life's prime, to have his kingly blood descendency mentioned.

When this child, Justin, was ten months old, he was taken, for various reasons, to live with Sir John Robinson, a Scotchman of great wealth. He remained with Sir John until he was in his sixth year. Mrs. Robinson was a rigid Roman Catholic and repeatedly called the Little One a "witch" because he "pretended to see ghosts" and described them. He was considered premature and strange. When he described the scenes and the bright spirits he saw in the air, he would be whipped for lying. Still he insisted in childish innocence that he saw the sights and heard the voices. While Sir John Robinson, caring nothing for religion, made a pet of Little Justin, Mrs. Robinson pronounced him a "freak." As a sample of the physical manifestations occurring in his presence, it is related that when the family had arranged for a May-day festival, the carriage at the door, the coachman on his seat, Lady Robinson and Little Justin seated and Sir John Robinson stepping in and signalling the coachman to start on, the horses walked right out from under and through their harness, every buckle remaining firmly buckled. Lady Robinson screamed aloud, declaring that this was another proof that the boy was a "little wizard" and ought to be killed. Sir John then, to save Justin's life, took him up into the mountains for a year, and later this little waif was put in charge of Mr. John Puller and family, Mrs. Puller being a cousin of the child's mother. These parties, solemnly promising to care for him, removed to New York.

Many times invisible influences would take him from the home of the Pullers and he would be found in the streets, preaching or singing. He was taken up two or three times as a truant by the police, for obstructing the by-streets, where the crowds gathered to hear him. It was said that he "was never two days alike." He was a mystery.

When eight years of age he wandered doubtless obsessed, from home, and went to the Five Points of New York (equalled in depravity only by the Seven Dials in London) where he was

found by Mr. Puller, staying in a cellar with low people, telling fortunes. Again and later he was found at the Five Points with the Rev. Mr. Pease, a Methodist preacher, exhorting and singing. His voice was as sweet and musical as a seraph's. He sometimes appeared on the rostrum as a girl and sometimes as a boy. He had the perfect, delicate and well rounded form of a woman, but was a man—two in one.

At ten years of age he made his debut at the National Theatre in New York, as a singer and dancer. In future years he traveled in this country, England, Wales, and Ireland, as an actor in different companies, and once, because of his high Scotch ancestry and clairvoyant gifts, he was introduced to Queen Victoria. He was often with the lesser royalty.

At times he was on the stage as an actor with Edwin Forrest, George Knight, Charlotte Cushman, Laura Keane, Hooley, Florence and others, and all this time he was conscious of influences from the invisible realms of existence.

As a child Justin was very high tempered and yet exceedingly affectionate. He knew nothing of restraint or fear. He was admired for his beauty, his wit, his wise sayings; his far-off gaze at times exciting inexpressible wonder. For years he was attired alternately as boy or girl, and when attaining the years of manhood, he was by actual measurement but four feet tall. He had a sweet, attractive and winning way; his eyes were deep blue, his skin a delicate white, hair long and dark brown in color, while his wierd appearance and his temperamental tendencies made him understandable only upon the principle of mediumship.

He used to be asked even by the staid Quakers of Philadelphia to go into "the state"—they did not say spiritual trance, but that "state"—and describe the visions or pictures that he saw.

When the rebellion broke out he was on the stage with a company of his own, in the South; but, ardently in love with American institutions and the glorious Union he hurriedly left for Washington, where, knowing a number of statesmen and Senators, he was introduced to President Lincoln who, becoming, after a little while, seemingly infatuated with him, made him his private detective—a trustworthy "spy," to cross and re-

cross the lines leading into Southern camps, getting hold of maps, drawings and communications and bringing them through varied wily devices to Lincoln. The White House was open to him at all hours. He once got into Gen. Longstreet's headquarters in the guise of a poor little Irish boy selling peanuts and searching for his father. Upon telling Gen. Longstreet in tenderest tones that he could sing and dance some, some officers were invited into camp in the evening to witness an exhibition of his singing Irish songs and dancing. The officers were delighted, but during the night he slipped valuable papers and maps into his pockets and hurriedly crossing fields, streams of water and by-roads, led by a voice—mark this, led by a "voice"—he escaped and reached Washington. Prices were put upon his head, once twenty thousand dollars in gold by Jeff Davis, and ten thousand dollars by Gen. Longstreet. He was several times condemned to be shot or hanged, but always escaped, aided by the guiding voice. He was informed after the war that this directing voice was the voice of Washington.

Conceived and Planned in the Spirit World

For centuries had angels, inhabitants of eternity, yet once mortals, seen the curse of slavery—seen human beings torn from their homes, separated and sold in slave markets like the cattle in the field. The sympathies of these exalted ones were touched. Their advanced natures being afire with love for humanity, they said slavery must, shall, end; the colored man must, shall, be free; and we must impress, inspire and raise up men and women to break the chains of the oppressed and usher in the long desired era of emancipation. Among those wisely chosen for this end, was Justin Hulburd. Accordingly he was brought to this country from his Scotland home and kept in that physical dwarf-like condition by these mighty intelligences who, by invisible impelling forces which move nations, to be the better detective in aiding and hastening the Proclamation of Emancipation.

This feat accomplished and four millions of human beings made free by Lincoln's presidential pen-strokes, and Justin's work as a sharp detective done, this wonder—this seeming miracle in his organization—began to manifest itself, though nearly

forty years old. His physical body began to grow, to literally elongate, till it lengthened upwards of fourteen inches; and further, a full beard, becoming a vigorous manhood, made its attractive appearance.

Is there anything impossible? Who can set bounds to Nature? Is there any limitation to spirit power, the proper conditions being given? There are no miracles in the sense of the seventeenth century churches, or the eighteenth century theological schoolmen.

After the closing of the rebellion he returned to the stage for a few years, but failing in health, caused, as his best friends believed, by invisible intelligences, that they might do a more spiritual work through his finely tuned organization. He was clairaudient and clairvoyant. He had visions. He prophesied and was entranced, both consciously and unconsciously.

His friends, E. W. Hulburd, Dr. F. D. C. Meyer and others inform me that for several years he was seldom entirely free from the overshadowing influences in various stages of unfoldment. Similar instances are confirmed by history. The distinguished Quaker, George Fox, frequently heard spirit voices. Upon the authority of Cicero, Scipio Africanus declared that he was guided by spiritual beings, and at times conversed with them. Mohammed, hearing the voice, spoke with an angel when tarrying for a season in the deserts of Arabia. His mission, like that of Jesus and Guatama Buddha, was angel inspired. Socrates had his demon or spirit guide, Dante had his, Joan of Arc heard heavenly voices. These and similar manifestations have been the demonstrations of immortality all along the fading ages.

In the early eighties, Justin lectured upon Spiritualism in Kansas City, Mo., for a year or more. While in the city he was told by his guardian intelligences to move to California, where he would do his final work. They selected Descanso, a lovely retreat, in a grove of live oaks in the mountains—a grove that would charm the Grecian gods. Here he received communications for two or three volumes, his cousin, E. H. Hulburd, being his scribe. It has been my privilege to hear a number of these communications read. They are plain, positive, off-hand; in a word—unique. Now in preparation, they will appear in book form for perusal and spiritual assimilation.

Unexpectedly, suddenly, this noted man passed from his material body in Descanso on his birthday, being seventy-seven years of age; and agreeable to his expressed wish, his body was cremated.

Shall we Burn or Bury Our Dead?

During all the historic ages, there have been but three methods of disposing of human bodies—burying, burning or exposing them in trees or wall-enclosed towers. "Towers of Silence," as the Parsees of Bombáy, India, term their consecrated places for leaving the perishing forms of their loved to be devoured by birds, or to be disintegrated by suns and storms, and then scattered by passing winds.

Personally, I am strongly in favor of incineration. Our oft repeated burial services plainly recognize cremation. "Ashes to Ashes." Poets have breathed in tenderness, "Peace to thy ashes." Gerald Massey, in a wailing moment, sings:

"Set is the sun of my years

And over a few poor ashes

I sit in my darkness and tears."

While Tennyson, in a more cheerful mood, says:

"And from his ashes may be made

The heather of his native land."

Ashes and dust, interchangeable terms, relate to fire as the residuum of burned matter. Fire is a symbol of both brightness and purification, hence the phrase, "the baptism of fire." Trees are the mausoleums of their dead leaves, which autumn fires and winds lift the clouds. Life, conscious life, is comparable to Phoenix rising from the ashes of funeral pyres.

The human body, ever changing, lives largely by combustion. Diseases and fevers are mortal bodies on fire, the wastes constituting the ashes; and incineration at the crematory, literally gives "beauty for ashes" by freeing the spirit that it may pass unconfined into the encircling zones of earth or the higher Isles of the Blest.

If not wishing to retain the sealed ashes of the dead in the home of the friends, the burying of them would diminish the area of our cemeteries, reduce the cost of graveyard plots. Many in our great cities are denied, because of their poverty, owner-

ship in flower-embroidered Mount Hopes, Green Woods and Spring Grove cemeteries and so are forced to lay their loved ones away in weed-grown yards or "Potters fields."

The Burial of Human Bodies Unhealthy

The moment that a human body is dead, the soul-body elements and energies, having felt the human-shaped shell change, disintegration and putrefaction begins. The Jews were taught in the Talmud not to even touch a dead body. A corpse should never be kissed. Why kiss a cold cadaver—a shell from which the conscious spirit, like a bird, has flown? Many, the trance being mistaken for death, are doubtless buried alive each year. What can be more horrible? Cremation would obviate this.

We bury the dead, and yet know from their slowly decaying bodies there rises mephitic gases which, floating over cities, poisons the atmosphere the people are compelled to breathe; it is a most painful thought. Graveyards are most unsanitary visiting places. They should be made beautiful, with roses blooming and wild briars twining around the tomb stones, and then abandoned, only for repairs. None, aglow with the truths of the spiritual philosophy, would think of looking down grave-ward, but rather upward, for those called dead.

It is said that over five thousand acres in the vicinity of New York are used for burial purposes. Brooklyn is fast girdling her city with the graves of her dead; while busy, bustling New York is constantly encroaching on Woodlawn and Calvary, by nearing Greenpoint ferry. Cincinnati and other cities are reaching out toward the silent tombs of their buried dead. During heavy rains the waters percolate these graves, affecting, if not filling, cisterns, wells, and reservoirs, preluding fevers and deaths.

The air of thickly peopled cemeteries is loaded with germs of disease. The French Pasteur demonstrated that angle worms lift to the surface countless bacteria from the putrescence of the dead in graveyards. The mold and the affluence of the dead feeding and fattening the grassy turf, all too often ensnares the thoughtless living, leading to untimely disease and death. Often dead bodies, to increase building lots, are removed from their resting places and every time a grave is opened a cloud of pois-

onous effluvia is freed to taint the air or poison ripening fruits and adjoining waters.

Prof. Bianchi shows that the Modena plague was produced by the excavations of earth from an old cemetery. In the fourth municipal district of New Orleans, 1853, four hundred and fifty-two persons out of one thousand died from yellow fever, double that of any section of the city, because of cemeteries in the immediate vicinity. Inhaling poisonous air into the lungs taints the blood and breeds disease and death; therefore cremation, with neither smoke, nor smell, nor poisonous vapor, is infinitely preferable to the burial of the body.

Buried Alive

Can there be anything more awful than for a rational mortal awakening to consciousness and finding himself encoffined and buried, gasping—choking with carbon dioxide? Statistics in this and foreign countries show that hundreds each year are buried alive, the trance being mistaken for death.

Prof. A. Wilder relates the case of the undertaker at Mullican Hill, N. J., who, upon opening the grave of a boy six years old for removal to a Philadelphia cemetery found, when the crumbling coffin was opened, that "the body was drawn up in a manner that told the mute story of a horrible struggle. The arms were bent over the skull, one leg was drawn up and the other crossed in such a way as to afford unmistakable evidence that the little sufferer had been hurried off to the grave while yet alive."

Recently in Sandy Creek, N. Y., Mr. Case, a man thirty-five years old, supposed to have died with scarlet fever, was hastily buried. Breathless and seemingly unconscious, he had been pronounced dead by the attending physician. On the 29th of March his father died and when arrangements were made to dig the grave in the family plot it was found necessary to move the son's coffin several feet. Upon disintering the casket, the grave diggers found the glass front of the coffin shattered to pieces and the bottom kicked out and the sides considerably sprung. The lid was then removed and the body of Mr. Vett Case was found resting on its face with the arms bent at the sides and in

the clenched fists were handfuls of hair, showing that most terrible struggles had taken place.

No artist can transfer to canvas, nor tongue describe the anguished horrors of this man, confined and buried alive. Cremation prevents such burial catastrophies. The new Pennsylvania law requiring graves to be dug two feet deeper, is causing the abandonment of cemeteries in favor of crematories.

Rising From the Dead

The past, molding the weary years, converges in the present. "That which has been, shall be," said the Syrian prophet. Spiritualism under different names, has illumined all the past centuries; the light increasing with the progress of the ages. The Babylonian soul-group chambers and the biblical mansions of the old seers were as real, as substantial, and wisely adapted, fitted for the abodes of spirits, angels and gods. These exalted intelligences, ever aflame with love, are continually active in some great educational work. They condescend to descend to us to teach, as the professors graciously mingle with their pupils in the universities. They delight to educate and uplift. Coming to earth enriches their experiences. They glory in self-sacrifice, knowing that in educating and lifting up others, they become still more highly and divinely exalted.

They delight to give. The infinite superiority of God, himself, consists in that he is eternally giving and never receiving. All is life—all in the inmost is energy. Heaven's rest is not idleness. The soul's activities are intensified by the translation from earth. The immortal life, then, is not a dissipated "shell" life, but a conscious social life, where the emancipated soul sweeps onward and upward in wisdom, excelling wisdom and in glory transcending glory through the measureless eons of eternity.

Spiritualism does not say "Good night" in the hour of death, or in the day of cremation; but rather gives the glad assurance, the irrefragible demonstration of a most welcome "good morning" just across the crystal river—a cloudless morning whose sun never sets.

I am sure that I speak the wishes of the kind-hearted and royal souled Justin, the medium, the actor, the honored detect-

ive of Abraham Lincoln, who was himself a Spiritualist, when I say that this gifted soul would see no mourning garments worn, nor would he see doors or caskets draped in black; but rather would he see homes, cemeteries and crematories made as beautiful as groves in spring-time with buds and blossoms and all resonant with resurrection songs of music—music that thrills and echoes along the evergreen shores of immortality.

“The world has felt a quickening breath
From Heaven’s eternal shore,
And souls triumphant over death
Return to earth no more.
Our cypress leaves are laid aside
For aramanthine flowers.
For death’s cold wave does not divide
The souls we love from ours.
From pain and death and sorrow free,
They join with us to sing—
‘O grave, where is thy victory!
O Death, where is thy sting!’ ”

Battle Creek, Mich.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

